This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

**Usage guidelines**

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

**About Google Book Search**

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

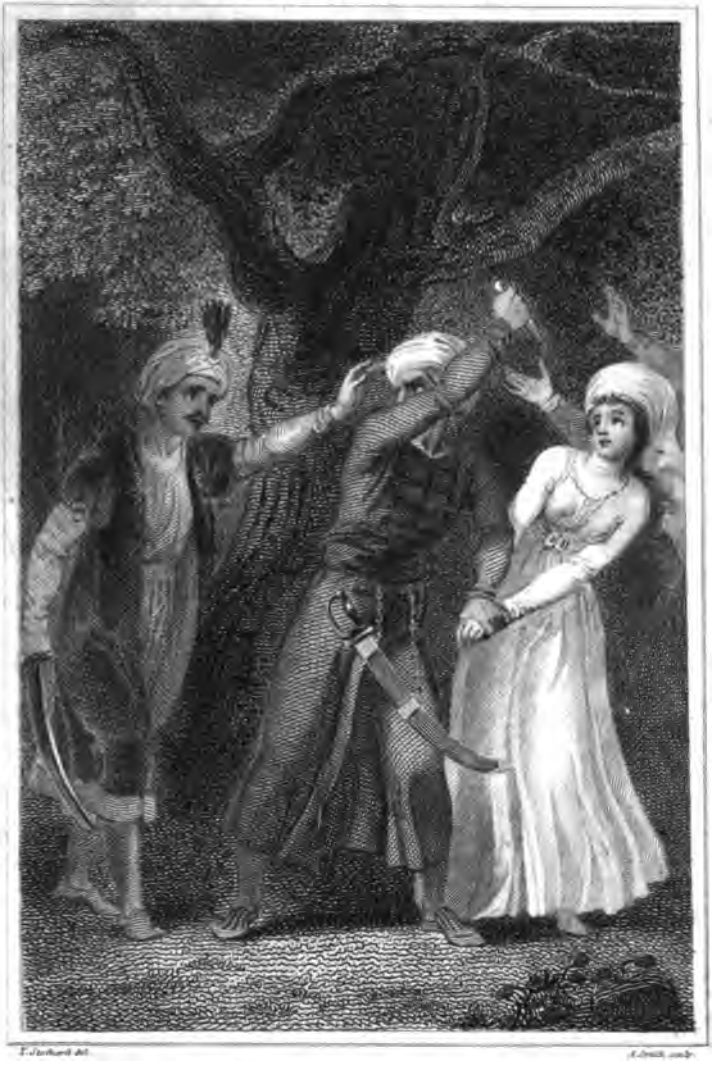
Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

FRONTISPIECE, VOL. III.



*Zep. Forbear, or by this Hand Zenobia dies.*

*Zenobia. Act III. Sc. III.*

*Published June 4. 1800. by Cadell & Davies, Strand*

Digitized by Google

Wm Barnett

# DRAMAS

AND

# OTHER POEMS;

OF THE

Antonio Domenico Buonaventura

# ABBÉ PIETRO METASTASIO.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN

BY

## JOHN HOOLE.

VOL. III.

*LONDON:*

PRINTED FOR OTRIDGE AND SON; R. FAULDER; J. CUTHELL; J. NUNN; J. WALKER; R. LEA; OGILVY AND SON; LACKINGTON, ALLEN, AND CO.; CADELL AND DAVIES; LONGMAN AND REES; W. J. AND J. RICHARDSON; AND VERNOR AND HOOD.

MDCCC.

[*H. Baldwin and Son, Printers, New Bridge-street.*]

Digitized by Google

C58
P5
1781
v.3

Digitized by Google

Library of E. A. Barnes
10-(2)3-40
3 v.
Replac

# CONTENTS

OF

## *THE THIRD VOLUME.*

PAGE

ZENOBIA..... 1

THEMISTOCLES..... 73

SIROES..... 153

REGULUS..... 239

ROMULUS AND HERSILIA..... 311

THE DISCOVERY OF JOSEPH: A SACRED DRAMA..... 369

## CANTATAS.

FISHING..... 401

THE DREAM..... 403

THE NAME..... 406

SPRING..... 408

THE RETURN..... 411

FIRST LOVE..... 414

TIMID LOVE..... 416

THE NEST OF LOVES..... 418

Digitized by Google

## ERRATA.

p. 46. line 16, read,
" And doſt thou ſtill, inhuman, live? Still breath?"
p. 130. line 10, for "Perſia" read "Egypt."
p. 160. line 11, for "thus" read "that."
p. 170. laſt line, read "Are ſteadier," &c.
p. 231. laſt line but one, read "*Arax*. All Selucia yields."
p. 350. line laſt, read "to gain him."
p. 387. line 8, read "would fix," &c.
p. 388. line 19, dele "on."
p. 409. line 16, for "conqueſts" read "conqueſt."

Digitized by Google

# ZENOBIA.



Digitized by Google

## PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

ZENOBIA, Princeſs of ARMENIA, wife to RHADAMISTUS.

RHADAMISTUS, Prince of IBERIA.

TIRIDATES, a PARTHIAN Prince, in love with ZENOBIA.

ÆGLE, a ſhepherdeſs.

ZOPYRUS, a falſe Friend to RHADAMISTUS, in love with ZENOBIA.

MITHRANES, Confidant to TIRIDATES.

Followers of ZOPYRUS.

Soldiers of TIRIDATES.

SCENE near ARTAXATA, the capital of ARMENIA.

Digitized by Google

# ZENOBIA.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*A deep ſtony valley, ſurrounded by rocks and ſhaded with thick trees.*

RHADAMISTUS *aſleep upon a rock,* ZOPYRUS *obſerving him with attention.*

*Zop.* O! no, I am not deceiv'd, 'tis Rhadamiſtus:
How favouring ſtars have anſwer'd to my wiſhes!
I have long purſued his ſteps; and chance has now
Expos'd him to my arm, immers'd in ſleep,
Alone in this ſequeſter'd part. Neglect not
The gift that Fortune offers—Let him die:
This even his father bids; he hates in him
The rival of his throne, and I, in him,
The rival of my love—Then let me ſerve
My vengeance and my king.
[*about to draw his ſword.*

*Rhad.* [*dreaming.*] Leave me in peace.

*Zop.* He wakes! malicious fate!—We muſt diſſemble.

*Rhad.* Leave me in peace, O! ever honour'd ſhade! [*waking.*



Digitized by Google

*Zop.* Almighty powers!

[*ſeeming not to have ſeen him before.*

*Rhad.* My ſtars! what do I ſee!

*Zop.* Ha! Rhadamiſtus!

*Rhad.* Art thou Zopyrus? [*riſing.*

*Zop.* O! prince! thy country's boaſt, the care of Heaven,
Belov'd of Aſia and thy faithful Zopyrus;
And is it given me once again to ſee thee?
O! let me on that royal hand impreſs
A thouſand times the kiſs of loyalty.

*Rhad.* What evil chance has led thy feet to tread
Theſe horrid rocks, which ſcarce the ſun has known?

*Zop.* I fly the rage of impious Pharaſmanes.

*Rhad.* Guard more thy ſpeech: remember he's thy king,
And Rhadamiſtus' father—Say, what crime
Seeks he in thee to puniſh?

*Zop.* This alone,
That I am friend to you.

*Rhad.* Alas! 'tis juſt;
All, all ſhould now abhor me—I confeſs it.
O! I'm an object hateful to the living,
And hateful to myſelf.

*Zop.* Not ſo, my lord,
You are unhappy, but not criminal;
I know

Digitized by Google

I know your cruel fortune.

*Rhad.* Little ſure
Thou know'ſt my fatal ſtory.

*Zop.* Yes, I know
That all Armenia roſe in arms, and deem'd
In you they view'd the murderer of their king.
But well I know, that from your father came
The blow in ſecret dealt; that he with art
Transferr'd the guilt to you—Zenobia too—

*Rhad.* O! ceaſe——

*Zop.* And why, my prince?

*Rhad.* With that dear name
Thou ſtabb'ſt my ſoul.

*Zop.* But late ſhe was your joy.
I'm not to learn you ſought her hand in marriage.

*Rhad.* I ſought and I obtain'd it—Such a treaſure,
Alas! was mine—But O! ye Gods!——

*Zop.* You weep:
Have you then loſt her? Speak: where is Zenobia?
What fate could e'er divide ſuch happy bands?

*Rhad.* Ah! Zopyrus, ſhe's dead, and died by me.

*Zop.* By you?—Juſt Gods! and why—

*Rhad.* Becauſe the earth
Has ne'er produc'd a wretch like Rhadamiſtus;
A monſter

A monſter void of good; becauſe I knew not
To curb the mad exceſs of jealous fury.

*Zop.* I know not what your words intend.

*Rhad.* Then hear:
Believ'd a traitor by Armenia's ſons
In tumult rais'd, thou know'ſt I was conſtrain'd
But late to fly. Along Araxes' banks
I took my courſe: my lov'd Zenobia then
(Too virtuous conſort!) would with me partake
My toil and peril; but her tender frame
To theſe unequal prov'd—By ſlow degrees
Her ſtrength grew leſs, and pale and breathleſs now
With tardy ſteps ſhe follow'd, when the tread
Of fierce purſuers, thickening at our heels,
Drew near and nearer—" O! my much-lov'd lord!"
(At length ſhe cried) " I faint! I can no more—
" Save, ſave thy life alone; but let thy weapon
" Firſt pierce this boſom: leave me not expos'd
" To hoſtile fury." Think, O! think, my friend,
What then was Rhadamiſtus—Loſt in grief,
And frantic with deſpair, I wept, I rav'd;
When, O! my Zopyrus, the fatal moment
Was come, when full before my eyes I ſaw
The Parthian Tiridates' banners wave:
I ſaw, I knew him; and that inſtant baniſh'd
My ſmall remains of reaſon: then to mind
I call'd the loves of him and my Zenobia.
Reflection told me all defence was vain.

To

Digitized by Google

To ſave her from his hands; and cruel fancy
Now ſhew'd my conſort in a rival's arms.
I trembled, while a ſudden chillneſs crept
Through all my veins, and every thought was madneſs.
My tongue refus'd its utterance; night appear'd
To cloud the air and veil the troubled ſun.

*Zop.* On what could you reſolve?

*Rhad.* Furious, diſtracted,
I drew my ſword and plung'd it, (Heavenly powers!)
Deep in my conſort's breaſt, and next my own:
Senſeleſs ſhe ſunk within Araxes' ſtream,
While on his banks I ſtagger'd, reel'd and fell.

*Zop.* Unhappy princeſs!

*Rhad.* For my puniſhment,
I died not with the wound: the ſudden fall
Conceal'd me from the foes. At morning light
A ſtranger's pitying hand convey'd me thence—
—But thou attend'ſt not; with diſorder'd looks
Thou ſeem'ſt abſorb'd in thought. I know too well
What thou would'ſt ſay—Thou marvell'ſt ſtill to ſee
The earth ſupport me; that theſe ſavage rocks
Fall not in vengeance on my guilty head.
Believe that I am puniſh'd; Heaven is juſt:
The righteous Gods have, for my chaſtiſement,
Conſign'd

Digitized by Google

Confign'd me to myſelf to feel the ſtings,
The cruel ſtings of late but dire remorſe.

*Zop.* [*aſide.*] What ſhall I do? This arm will not ſuffice
Alone, to take the forfeit of his crimes.

*Rhad.* I know what juſtice now demands. This hand
Should free a paſſage for my guilty ſoul:
But let me firſt find out thoſe dear remains;
Pay them the laſt ſad rites of ſepulture,
Then cloſe theſe eyes in death. Unburied, now
Her ſpirit wanders 'midſt theſe gloomy ſhades;
I ſee it ever flit before my eyes:
I have no peace—O! let us then, my friend,
Depart to ſeek her. [*going.*

*Zop.* Hold: for while the foes
Encloſe us round, the attempt would prove in vain.
Here, in this vale, awhile remain conceal'd,
And wait for my return: with utmoſt ſpeed
I haſten to purſue the pious ſearch.

*Rhad.* Then be it ſo, Go, Zopyrus, and then—

*Zop.* No more: confide in me, nor quit this place;
Expect me ſoon. Meantime, my prince, compoſe
Your troubled ſoul, and moderate your ſorrows.
Think what you owe yourſelf: forget that face,
And from remembrance raſe the once-lov'd name.

*Rhad.*

Digitized by Google

*Rhad.* Fain would I, Zopyrus, take thy friendly council,
But O! what power can drive her image hence?

Ah! why, when fated to ſuſtain
The loſs of all we love below,
Muſt recollection ſtill remain
To keep alive a cureleſs woe?

When grief is vain the afflicted mind
Will prize the bleſſing once our own;
And each neglected good we find
Then more, by loſs, ſeverely known.

[*Exit.*

## SCENE II.

ZOPYRUS *alone.*

Alas! Zenobia, all my hopes are vaniſh'd—
Yes, tyrant, thou ſhalt meet thy due reward.
Soon, with my truſty friends, not far conceal'd,
I'll haſten to return and glut my vengeance,
And from its boſom tear thy treacherous heart.

The wretch ſhall fall with gaſping breath,
And ſtruggling in the pangs of death,
Shall view the hand by which he dies.
Let him but fall: let Phœbus' light
For me be chang'd to endleſs night,
So day to him its beam denies. [*Exit.*

SCENE

Digitized by Google

## SCENE III.

*An open country watered by the river* Araxes: *on one ſide are paſtoral cottages, and on the other ſide the view is terminated by a range of pleaſant hills. At the foot of the neareſt hill is a ruſtic grotto, the entrance almoſt covered with ivy and ſhrubs. At a diſtance beyond the river is ſeen the royal city of* Artaxata, *with a magnificent bridge leading to it. The* Parthian *army encamped by the river.*

*Enter* ZENOBIA *and* ÆGLE *from one of the cottages.*

*Zen.* No, gentle Ægle, ſeek not to attend
Zenobia's ſteps: I muſt not now permit thee.
A wretched fugitive, who knows, alas!
Where fate may lead me next? Should I receive thee
To ſhare my dangers, ill muſt I repay
The goodneſs of thy heart; enough already
Thy kindneſs has been ſhewn: let this ſuffice.
Twice have I liv'd by thee: thy pity drew me
From the ſwift eddies of Araxes' tide:
My wounded boſom by thy care was heal'd:
I found a ſweet aſylum in thy cottage,
And thou to me wert comforter and friend,
Companion and adviſer: leaving thee,



Digitized by Google

My loſs is more than thine. Thou muſt not hence;
In this thou haſt no will: thy duty here
Detains thee near an aged father; mine
Commands me to purſue a huſband loſt:
Our ſeveral duties claim us each—Farewell.

*Ægl.* But thus alone, without a guide, to trace
Theſe ſavage woods—Such courage in a woman
Is ſurely wondrous.

*Zen.* Long I've been inur'd
To every trial. From my earlieſt age
I learn'd to ſuffer: thrice five years are paſt
Since, once before, Armenia's rebel ſons
Conſtrain'd my flight; and then, alas! I loſt
A dear and infant ſiſter, raviſh'd from me;
Or happier, ſhe amidſt the tumult periſh'd,
While I ſtill live reſerv'd for endleſs woes.

*Ægl.* And would'ſt thou, midſt ſuch peril, thus purſue
A cruel huſband's ſteps?

*Zen.* More kindly name
A hero fam'd for every royal virtue.

*Ægl.* Is jealous fury then a royal virtue?

*Zen.* Say, who is perfect? Let us learn to pardon
The faults of others while we view our own.

*Ægl.* To ſlay his wife!—

*Zen.* Involuntary crimes
We call not guilt.—Alas! in ſuch a ſtate

My

Digitized by Google

My Rhadamiſtus was no more himſelf,
But, urg'd by ſudden frenzy, rais'd his weapon.
Not Rhadamiſtus then aſſail'd Zenobia:
Not love, but fury ſtruck; nor ſaw he then
The victim of his momentary rage.

*Ægl.* O! generous dame! permit me now to ſeek
For tidings of your ſpouſe, while you remain—

*Zen.* No, deareſt Ægle, no—it muſt not be.
My longer tarriance here would riſk too far
Zenobia's fame and virtue.

*Ægl.* How, Zenobia?

*Zen.* Full well I know thou little canſt conceive
What mean my words: then hear, and truly ſay
If fear in me is blame. The youthful leader
Of yonder ſquadrons, which thou ſee'ſt encamp'd,
Is Tiridates, brother to the king
Who ſways the Parthian ſceptre. Never yet
The Gods have form'd a prince who better claim'd
The love of all: a ſpirit more exalted,
A form more graceful, or of gentler manners.
I lov'd him, and was lov'd, (without a bluſh
I may confeſs a paſſion ſince ſubdued)
He wiſh'd, he ſought my hand: my father gladly
Receiv'd his ſuit, but Rhadamiſtus then
With him contended for Zenobia's faith;
And hence the king, my father, urg'd my lover
To ſeek for ſuccour from his royal brother,
Of arms and warriors: ſtrengthen'd thus againſt



Digitized by Google

His rival's force, to ſeek Armenia's court,
And tie th' expected knot. He parted thence,
And I remain'd. I tremble, while remembrance
Recalls that mournful parting: well my heart
Preſag'd in that, alas! our laſt farewell.
While anxious, reſtleſs ſtill, my ardent vows
Would haſten his return, one day my father
Declar'd, (O! death to hear!) he wiſh'd me now
The wife of Rhadamiſtus; that a cauſe
Of high import had chang'd his former purpoſe;
That my refuſal would expoſe to peril
His peace, his throne, his dignity and life.
What could I do, a ſubject and a daughter?
I wept, deplor'd my fate, and begg'd to die;
But I obey'd; nor was my hand alone
Given at his will: I gain'd a mightier conqueſt,
And moulded my affections to his choice:
With honour's ties I fortified my virtue,
And ſacrific'd the lover to the wife.

*Ægl.* And ſaw you never Tiridates more?

*Zen.* Forbid it all ye powers! This fear alone
Now drives me hence; not that I doubt myſelf:
No, Ægle, no; I feel Zenobia's ſoul
By reaſon meaſures every thought and deed—
My victory is certain; but the ſtruggle
Is dreadful in extreme: we muſt not leſs
Avoid the ſhew of guilt than guilt itſelf.
A woman's fame is like the cryſtal, ſoil'd
With every touch; or like the feeble reed,

That

That bends with every blaſt.

*Ægl.* Unhappy prince!
What muſt he feel at ſuch heart-breaking news?

*Zen.* To him 'tis yet unknown. A ſecret marriage
United Rhadamiſtus' fate with mine;
And Tiridates to the promis'd nuptials
Return'd unconſcious of th' event.

*Ægl.* O! Heavens!
To find Armenia rous'd to general tumult;
The throne now vacant and the monarch ſlain,
And all his hopes deſtroy'd!—Zenobia too—

*Zen.* To find Zenobia in another's arms.

*Ægl.* O! cruel deſtiny!

*Zen.* Now ſay, my friend,
Can I expoſe my conſtancy to view
The grief of ſuch a prince; of one ſo lov'd?
Of one who merits all? Who, when he hears
This heart is made another's——O! farewell.

*Ægl.* And will you leave me?

*Zen.* Yes, my deareſt Ægle,
I fly this place, for danger threatens here;
A thouſand thoughts, a thouſand kind memorials—

*Ægl.* And whom can harmleſs pity wrong?

*Zen.* Alas!
The ſnares of guileful pity muſt be fear'd:
Farewell! one kind embrace and reſt in peace.

Ah!

Digitized by Google

Ah! reſt in peace, on all thy days
May ſtars propitious ſhine;
Nor dart on them malignant rays,
As now they dart on mine.

Thou well may'ſt render thanks to Heaven,
Thus born in humble ſtate:
O! might it e'er to me be given,
To change for thine my fate! [*Exit.*

## SCENE IV.

*Æ*GLE *alone.*

Unhappy princeſs! how my boſom feels
For all her pains! A ſimple ſhepherdeſs,
Poor and unknown, to thee is cauſe of envy!
Ah: what are Fortune's gifts? And what avails
To toil for theſe, if when Heaven frowns upon us,
Theſe gifts ſo ill defend the fond poſſeſſors?

Though Indian ſeas rich gems diſcloſe,
Not gentler there the current flows,
Nor more ſerene the ſkies.
The land that leaſt will fear the power
Of ocean's tide, where tempeſts roar,
Is ſome lone bay, whoſe quiet ſhore
The diſtant wind defies. [*Exit.*

SCENE

Digitized by Google

## SCENE V.

*ZENOBIA alone, ſearching round the ſtage.*

O! Rhadamiſtus! whither art thou gone?
My lord, my huſband—Surely I beheld
And cloſe purſued him—Midſt theſe foreſt paths
I've loſt all track. That way his feet were bent—
Ah! whither haſt thou wander'd, ill-adviſ'd?
Theſe parts are fill'd with Rhadamiſtus' foes:
Preſerve him, Gods! in ſuch impending dangers.
But what is my deſign? Shall I proceed?
I riſk too far—Then let me find out Ægle,
And ſhe ſhall ſeek—Suffice, ye cruel ſtars!
Suffice, my wretchedneſs is now complete.

Leave, O! ye pitying powers! O! leave
My breaſt awhile in peace;
But if for ever I muſt grieve,
Yet grant a ſhort releaſe.

So ſhall, alas! my wounded mind,
Long ſtranger to repoſe,
At leaſt recruited vigour find
To bear redoubled woes.

[*goes out and returns again.*

O! wretched me!—Behold from yonder part
Where Tiridates comes! Almighty powers!
O! how

Digitized by Google

O! how I tremble! All my ſoul's in tumult!
Zenobia, fly—Ah! fly this fatal meeting.
That hollow cavern in theſe friendly rocks
Shall, while he paſſes, hide me from his ſight.
[*enters the grotto.*

## SCENE VI.

*Enter* TIRIDATES. ZENOBIA *in the grotto.*

*Tir.* Mithranes not return'd? His long delay
Fills me with terror—But he comes—Alas!
What mean thoſe looks diſturb'd? O! haſte, my friend,
Kill me, or give me comfort—Where's my love?
What tidings haſt thou brought?

## SCENE VII.

*Enter* MITHRANES.

*Mit.* Ah, Tiridates!

*Tir.* O Heavens! what cruel ſilence! Speak—Is then
Zenobia's fate a ſecret? None can tell
What has befallen, or whither fate has driven her?

*Mit.* Alas! too-well 'tis known.

*Tir.* O! ſpeak.

*Mit.* She's dead.



Digitized by Google

*Tir.* O! all ye powers of Heaven!

*Mit.* The wretch who ſlew
The father, took the hapleſs daughter's life.

*Tir.* What villain?——

*Mit.* Rhadamiſtus; he, the inhuman,
By him Zenobia died.

*Tir.* O! murderous ſlave!
And could he then—O! no, it cannot be:
What heart would not relent at charms like hers?
He lov'd her too—Believe it not, Mithranes.

*Mit.* Grant Heaven 'twere doubtful! On Araxes' banks
He gave the wound, and from the further ſhore
A fiſher ſaw her, with the cruel ſtroke,
Fall in the rapid ſtream: ſwift plunging in
He ſwam to give her aid, but all in vain;
She ſunk beneath the tide, from which he drew
Her floating bloody veſt. Alas! his tale
Admits no gleam of hope; myſelf beheld
Zenobia's veſt, and knew it for her own.

*Tir.* Aſſiſt me, heavenly powers!

*Zen.* [*liſtening.*] O! cruel trial!

*Tir.* The day now fails before my darken'd ſight. [*leans againſt a tree.*

*Zen.* [*apart.*] O! give me counſel, Gods!

*Mit.* Be calm, my prince:
The mighty Gods ſuch ſufferings ſend to prove
A hero's

Digitized by Google

A hero's virtue.

*Tir.* Leave me.

*Mit.* Shall I leave you
In ſuch a ſtate? How would the world reproach
Mithranes' loyal truth?

*Tir.* Depart, depart.

*Mit.* Muſt I depart? Your mandate ſtill
Directs my faithful heart;
Obedient to my prince's will,
Reluctant I depart.

What dire effects from grief may riſe,
That mines the ſecret ſoul,
When counſel no relief ſupplies
The danger to control. [*Exit.*

## SCENE VIII.

TIRIDATES. ZENOBIA *apart.*

*Tir.* Is then Zenobia dead, and does my heart
Still cheriſh life? For whom? What hope can more
Attract thee now? What haſt thou now to wiſh?
Enjoyments, treaſure, pomp, life, honours, all
For her were dear. I loſe the object now
Of all my toils and cares—To me the world
Is loſt for ever!—No, ungrateful ſtars! [*riſes.*
Think not to part me from Zenobia ever:



Digitized by Google

This ſword, in your deſpite, amid the dark
Oblivious realm ſhall join me to my love.
[*draws his ſword.*

*Zen.* [*coming out of the grotto.*] What do I ſee!

*Tir.* [*to himſelf.*] Dear object of my wiſhes!
Ah! think not yet to paſs the Stygian waves
Till Tiridates comes—'Tis this——
[*about to ſtab himſelf.*

*Zen.* O! hold! [*ſtopping him.*

*Tir.* Ye Gods!

*Zen.* O! hold and live. [*takes away his ſword.*

*Tir.* Zenobia! Heavens! [Zen. *is going.*
My life, my ſoul! [*following her.*

*Zen.* Forbear to follow me:
I am not what I ſeem. [*going.*

*Tir.* Ha! would'ſt thou then——
[*about to follow.*

*Zen.* Forbear to follow me—O! let me, prince,
Entreat thus much; and ſhe who gave thee life
Can aſk not leſs.

*Tir.* But is it poſſible? [*following her.*

*Zen.* Stop, or I ſlay myſelf.
[*about to ſtab herſelf.*

*Tir.* Juſt Heavens!—Ah! yet——

*Zen.* If you advance a ſtep this weapon's point
Shall drink Zenobia's blood.

*Tir.*

Digitized by Google

*Tir.* Ah! hold—I yield——
I quit thee—I obey—But hear me: whither,
Ah! whither goeſt thou?

*Zen.* Whither fate now calls. [*going.*

*Tir.* Zenobia!—O! unkind——

*Zen.* Zenobia's dead. [*Exit.*

## SCENE IX.

TIRIDATES *alone.*

Princeſs! my love! O! hear me ſtill——Ye powers!
Where ſhall I turn? I dare not, thus forbidden,
Purſue her ſteps, nor can remain behind:
This, this is torture.

## SCENE X.

*Enter* MITHRANES.

*Mit.* From Artaxata,
My lord, the ambaſſadors are now arriv'd,
Deputed by Armenia.

*Tir.* [*ſeeing, but not attending to him.*] Haſte, my friend,
O! haſte—For me purſue—In pity haſte,
And ſtay her flight.

*Mit.* Whom ſhall I ſtay?

*Tir.*

Digitized by Google

*Tir.* She lives!
And breathes this vital air.

*Mit.* Who lives, my prince?

*Tir.* Zenobia lives.

*Mit.* Alas! he raves.

*Tir.* O! Heaven!
Why doſt thou loiter? Yonder lies the way:
Her track is there.

*Mit.* But yet——

*Tir.* [*impatiently.*] While thou delay'ſt
The time in vain debate—ſhe's loſt.

*Mit.* I go.
[*aſide.*] O! how exceſs of grief diſtracts the ſenſe!
[*Exit.*

## SCENE XI.

TIRIDATES *alone.*

I know not where I am—I'm ſtruck with wonder,
And all appears a dream. Alas! how ill
Her former tenderneſs agrees with rigour
So harſh and cruel! Does Zenobia hate,
Or love her Tiridates? If ſhe hate me,
Why would ſhe ſave my life? And if ſhe love,
Then wherefore fly my ſight? O! I ſhould doubt
'Twere all deception, but too deeply here,
Here in this breaſt her image is engrav'd.
And can it be, ſome other nymph may bear
Thoſe

Digitized by Google

Thoſe ſemblant features? Nature, with her work
Perhaps enchanted, might again produce
Another form like hers—O! no, thoſe eyes
Were ſure Zenobia's—Thoſe, and thoſe alone
Could wake the inward tranſports that I feel.
This ſoul could ne'er to other eyes conſign
Such power to rule the heart of Tiridates.

I know ye well, dear beauteous eyes,
I know ye by the heaving ſighs;
The tumults here confeſs'd.
I'm not deceiv'd; for ſtill the ſame,
Thoſe looks alone can feed the flame
That burns within my breaſt. [*Exit.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

Digitized by Google

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*The open country, with* Ægle's *cottage.*

TIRIDATES, MITHRANES.

*Tir.* But if myſelf I ſaw her? If myſelf
Heard her but now? Yes, ſtill her living form
Is plac'd before my eyes; her well-known voice
Still vibrates on my heart—Zenobia lives!
I dreamt it not, Mithranes.

*Mit.* Lovers, ſir,
Even waking dream—Affliction clouds the ſenſe
And blunts our reaſon: what is not, we ſee;
And what is preſent oft eludes our ſight.
The ſoul, from habit, figures to herſelf
The ideas that delight us.—Each with eaſe
Will feign what moſt he wiſhes.

*Tir.* No: theſe feet
Had trac'd her ſteps, but that the cruel ſight
Of my Zenobia, arm'd to pierce her boſom,
Froze all my vital powers.

*Mit.* O! think, my prince,
Think of the duties which your rank demands.
The Armenians offer you their vacant throne,
And aſk, for this, the head of Rhadamiſtus.
Embrace the moment of propitious Fortune:
You know too well her favours never laſt.

*Tir.*

Digitized by Google

*Tir.* Let Rhadamiſtus then be ſought; the traitor
Shall meet his puniſhment. But think not, friend,
The bright reward of royalty incites
The zeal of Tiridates; no, I burn
To ſlay a victim to Zenobia's wrongs.

*Mit.* Then ſtill you cheriſh hope?

*Tir.* But late I queſtion'd
A gentle ſhepherdeſs, her name is Ægle:
Behold her cottage here; from her we beſt
May learn more certain tidings.

*Mit.* But what ſaid
The maid when queſtion'd?

*Tir.* Nothing ſhe replied.

*Mit.* And yet you hope?

*Tir.* I do—At what I aſk'd
She ſeem'd confus'd: ſhe look'd on me and bluſh'd.
She ſtrove to ſpeak—began as if to explain
Her ſecret thoughts, then ſunk again to ſilence.

*Mit.* Alas! how little will ſuffice to feed
A lover's hopes.

*Tir.* I'll ſpeak again with Ægle;
Go, lead her to me.

*Mit.* Inſtant I obey. [*goes into the cottage.*

*Tir.* What cruel conflict now of hope and fear
Divides my breaſt! No other ſtate on earth
Can equal what I feel.

*Mit.*

Digitized by Google

*Mit.* [*returning.*] The ſhepherdeſs
Is abſent thence, and vacant now the dwelling.

*Tir.* I'll wait for her return.—Go, ſeek the camp.

*Mit.* Your care is vain: the bloody robe which late
Theſe eyes beheld——

*Tir.* Cruel, unkind Mithranes,
What have I done?—O! take not from me thus
The laſt dear hope—At leaſt——

*Mit.* Too oft, my prince,
You know that hope is with deception join'd.
[*Exit.*

## SCENE II.

TIRIDATES *alone.*

I know not if deceit may give
That hope the wretched find;
But this I know, by hope we live;
The balm that heals the mind.

I know that oft in ſleep we prove
The ſolace of our woe;
And oft from dreams of thoſe we love
Our waking comforts flow.
[*goes into the cottage.*

SCENE

Digitized by Google

## SCENE III.

ZENOBIA, ÆGLE.

*Zen.* Go then, my friend, go ſeek and bring
him to me.
From what I have ſaid thou wilt not fail to know
The huſband I have loſt. Amidſt theſe woods
He ſurely dwells. Till thy return I'll wait
Conceal'd within thy cottage—O! I tremble,
Leſt once again I meet with Tiridates.
The firſt encounter teaches me with care
To ſhun a ſecond.

*Ægl.* He who loves you, princeſs,
May plead forgiveneſs: never have I view'd
A mien more graceful.

*Zen.* Haſt thou ſeen him then?
Ah! where?

*Ægl.* But now I met him: he, who ſeeks
Tidings of you from all, with me awhile
Diſcours'd of his Zenobia.

*Zen.* Ah! what then
Could Ægle ſay?

*Ægl.* With ſtupid gaze I ſtood
To wonder at his form, his gentle looks,
His pleaſing ſpeech——

*Zen.* I aſk not this, my friend:



Digitized by Google

Awake not thus, with ſuch inſidious praiſe,
The conflict in my boſom.—Didſt thou then
To him reveal my fortune?

*Ægl.* I remember'd
Your caution given, and kept a faithful ſilence.

*Zen.* Now go, and with my ſpouſe return——
Take heed,
And ſhould'ſt thou meet with Tiridates, ſtill
Obſerve my laws preſcrib'd.

*Ægl.* Were I diſpos'd,
I never could betray you: in his preſence
My lips refuſe an utterance to my words.

A magic in thoſe eyes I view,
A charm that ne'er before I knew:
With him my tongue its ſpeech denies.
He queſtions me: I ſtrive to ſpeak;
Confus'd, the bluſhes ſtain my cheek;
And while in vain for words I ſeek,
My words diſſolve in broken ſighs. [*Exit.*

## SCENE IV.

ZENOBIA. TIRIDATES *in the cottage.*

*Zen.* Alas! my heart, too well I underſtand
Thy feelings now: thou gladly would'ſt embrace
(Thus left alone,) the freedom to complain.
Complaints are bred from weakneſs, but Zenobia
Leſs

Digitized by Google

Leſs fears another's cenſure than her own;
And even in ſecret would ſhe bluſh to find
Her firmneſs ſhaken. You, ye powers! who breath'd
Such virtue in my ſoul, expoſe it not
To meet a ſecond trial; let one proof
Suffice my triumph: lead me not again
To Tiridates' ſight.—How can I ever
Declare myſelf another's? This confeſſion
Might kindle all his rage againſt my huſband.
I tremble at the thought—And ah! his grief
Would ſtrike too deeply here. Should chance once more
This way conduct him—Let me haſte to ſhun
The cruel riſk. This cottage offers me
A wiſh'd aſylum—Ah! ſome ſtranger here—
I ſee, or fear impreſs'd upon my mind,
Has feign'd—O! Heaven! 'tis he! 'tis Tiridates!

*Tir.* [*coming out.*] Zenobia! 'tis in vain to fly me now:
Where'er thou goeſt behold me preſent ſtill.

*Zen.* Stay, Tiridates—hold.

*Tir.* Alas! Zenobia,
What ſhall I ſay?

*Zen.* [*aſide.*] Now, now my trial comes!

*Tir.* And am I Tiridates? Is it thus
Thou giv'ſt me welcome? Princeſs moſt belov'd,
Is this the hour for which ſo much I languiſh'd?
Could

Digitized by Google

Could the ſhort ſpace of two revolving moons
Suffice to change thee thus? What mean theſe cold,
Theſe freezing looks? Ah! what has robb'd me thus
Of all thy wonted tenderneſs? Has aught
Againſt me kindled thy reſentment? Speak:
Haſt thou forgot thy faith? Impoſſible!
Thou art not capable of ſtains like theſe,
I know, my life——

*Zen.* My lord, ſince you compel me
With you awhile in converſe to remain,
Though but ſome moments, let not theſe at leaſt
Be ſpent in vain.

*Tir.* And does it then diſpleaſe thee——

*Zen.* It does—Reluctant I remain; then hear me,
And give me proof of Tiridates' virtue.

*Tir.* I tremble while thou ſpeak'ſt.

*Zen.* The ſacred ties
Of regal nuptials, by the hand of Fate
Are form'd in Heaven; nor is the choice our own.
For had the ſtars allow'd me to direct
My life, I then had found in Tiridates
The man of all mankind to make me happy.
But this can never be; our deſtiny
For ever parts me from thee, and I bow
Beneath the hard decree.—Go then in peace,
And

Digitized by Google

And leave me here in peace.—O! never more
Appear before theſe eyes; take from us, prince,
Such danger to our virtue—Yes, that virtue
Which join'd us firſt, and now diſſolves the bands.

*Tir.* Aſſiſt me, Gods! and muſt I never more
Indulge my hopes?

*Zen.* You have no longer hope.

*Tir.* But wherefore? Who, ah! who can bear
thee from me?
What crime of mine?

*Zen.* Ah! what avails it, prince,
To dwell on that with pain, which will but raiſe
The affections duty bids us now ſubdue?
Farewell! too long already you detain me.
'Tis not your guilt or mine that parts us now:
Let this ſuffice, and ſeek to know no further.

*Tir.* Barbarian! canſt thou then ſo coldly ſpeak?
Thou know'ſt not thou art my fame, my peace,
my life;
That if I loſe thee, all to me is loſt;
That never other object——

*Zen.* Prince, farewell! [*going.*

*Tir.* Tell me at leaſt——

*Zen.* I cannot.

*Tir.* Hear me.

*Zen.* Oh!
I muſt not hear you.

*Tir.*

Digitized by Google

*Tir.* Doſt thou hate me thus?
Thus fly my ſight?

*Zen.* Ah! did I hate you, ſir,
I ſtill might have remain'd.—I fear your preſence;
'Tis hoſtile to my duty: though my reaſon
Is firmly fix'd, yet great are your deſerts,
And O! ſuch conflict ſerves at leaſt to rend,
If not ſubdue my heart—And ſee you not,
(O! Heaven!) that now before you——that remembrance—
Depart, depart—I ſhall confeſs too much—
Reſpect at once my virtue and your own.
Yes, I entreat you, prince, by all your ſoul
Has priz'd on earth, or moſt reveres in Heaven;
Even by the tender love that bound us once;
By the dear ſpirit that informs your boſom;
By theſe ſad tears you force me thus to ſhed,
O! leave me—fly, my lord—avoid my preſence.

*Tir.* And muſt I ſee thee never, never more?

*Zen.* No, never, prince, if ſtill to you are dear
My peace and glory.

*Tir.* Cruel, cruel ſentence!

*Zen.* Go, ſeek for comfort and farewell!
And happy, though in abſence dwell,
Nor loſe a thought on me.

*Tir.*

Digitized by Google

*Tir.* Ah! ſpeak not thus, relentleſs fair.
But ſooner from this boſom tear
The heart that bleeds for thee.

*Zen.* I feel a cold through every vein.

*Tir.* My pulſe forgets to move.

*Both.* What ſufferings now muſt both ſuſtain!
O! unpropitious love!

Such anguiſh only death can cure:
Not ſuch the happy know,
Who ne'er, alas! like us endure
The pangs of parting woe.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

[*Before the departure of* Zen. *and* Rhad. Zop. *appears behind, unſeen of them, and ſtops to obſerve them.*

## SCENE V.

ZOPYRUS *and followers.*

Zenobia, Heavens! and Tiridates here!
Zenobia lives again? And wherefore thus
Depart from him in tears? It muſt be ſo—
She loves him ſtill—But no; the rigid fair,
Virtuous Zenobia, wife to Rhadamiſtus—
—Yet, what can rigour or can virtue aught
Avail to rule the boſom's tendereſt paſſion?
What cruel, what unheard-of jealouſy



Digitized by Google

Is this I feel? To find ſome happier lover
Diſpute her heart, yet know not who's my rival.

With doubtful jealouſy that glows
Within my tortur'd breaſt, nor knows
What ſecret rival to oppoſe,
A thouſand racking pangs I prove.
At once I love, at once I hate,
And ſuch the tenour of my fate,
I dare not hope revenge or love.
[*as he is going he ſees* Rhad. *and ſtops.*

But ſee from far where Rhadamiſtus comes,
And comes this way. My followers are at hand;
Delay not then his death. Perhaps already
He may ſuſpect me: where we parted laſt,
He ſtay'd not my return.—But if Zenobia
Is Tiridates' lover, by his death
I ſhall but from a powerful foe deliver
A favour'd rival.—Could I find the means
To kindle ſtrife between them; make them fall
By mutual ſlaughter, and myſelf from both
Uſurp that fruit the victor ſhould have gain'd—
This were a maſter-piece of policy.
It muſt be duly weigh'd.——[*to his followers.*]
Amidſt theſe trees
Be now, my friends, conceal'd.——[*they retire.*]
Behold him here:
Now to my work—But with him comes a nymph.
I'll

Digitized by Google

I'll wait till ſhe retires, and he alone
Remains for my deſign. [*conceals himſelf.*

## SCENE VI.

*Enter* RHADAMISTUS *and* ÆGLE, *as in converſation.* ZOPYRUS *apart.*

*Rhad.* Deceive me not,
Ah! courteous ſhepherdeſs.—To ſport with miſery
Were cruelty, alas! that ill would ſuit
Thy gentle nature.

*Ægl.* Think not I deceive you:
Your conſort lives.—I drew her from the ſtream
Pierc'd with her wound, and ſav'd her at the peril,
With her unhappy life to loſe my own.

*Rhad.* Ah! lovely nymph! my tutelary Goddeſs!
Is ſuch compaſſion found in ſavage woods?
Yes—virtue there reſides; in peopled cities
Are only known the ſemblance and the name.

*Ægl.* We now have reach'd the place.—Expect me here;
I'll haſte before you and prepare Zenobia.
[*goes into the cottage.*

*Rhad.* I burn with fond impatience to behold her,
And yet I tremble to approach her preſence:
I'm warm'd by love and chill'd by deep remorſe.



Digitized by Google

*Ægl.* [*coming out of the cottage.*] Zenobia is departed; vainly there
I ſeek to find her.

*Rhad.* O! Almighty Powers!

*Ægl.* Be not diſmay'd: ſhe ſurely will return;
Perchance for us ſhe ſeeks.

*Rhad.* O! no—She hates,
She ſhuns me now—Alas! I cannot blame her;
Juſt is her hatred, Ægle; nor have I
Deſerv'd to ſuffer leſs from her reſentment.

*Ægl.* Zenobia hate you? Shun you? Ill indeed
You know your ſpouſe: ſuch falſe ſuſpicion wrongs
The trueſt conſort that the world has known.
For you ſhe ſeeks, for you alone ſhe ſighs,
And trembles but for you.—She even defends,
And loves your cruelty; while he, who hears
Her plead your cauſe, no longer can condemn you:
She calls the hand that ſtruck her merciful.

*Rhad.* O! let us haſte to find her; at her feet
Let me expire with love, with ſhame and ſorrow.

*Ægl.* Removing hence, you may perchance but loſe
Her whom you hope to find.

*Rhad.* Go then, my Ægle,
Do thou purſue the ſearch—Alas! delay not—
Forgive my haſty warmth—I ſigh to gain
A bleſſing mourn'd ſo long with heart-felt anguiſh.

*Ægl.*

Digitized by Google

*Ægl.* Though preſs'd with anguiſh, who would e'er
Beneath his grief repine;
Who, though decreed ſuch grief to bear,
Could ſay, "That heart is mine?"

Two ſouls whom equal paſſions ſway,
One only ſoul will prove;
Since both but one deſire obey,
And glow with mutual love. [*Exit.*

## SCENE VII.

RHADAMISTUS. ZOPYRUS *apart.*

*Rhad.* O! princeſs, worthy of a ſpouſe leſs cruel;
Generous Zenobia! When was ever known
A ſpirit more exalted?—You, who ſeek
With envy to detract from female glory,
Say, which of all our heroes e'er could boaſt
A virtue more ſublime?

*Zop.* [*coming forward,*] Where, where, my prince,
Have you at diſtance wander'd? Is it thus
You waited my return?

*Rhad.* O! come and ſhare
With me my happy fortune—my Zenobia—

*Zop.* Zenobia lives.

*Rhad.*

Digitized by Google

*Rhad.* And doſt thou know it too?

*Zop.* Would I had never known it!

*Rhad.* Say'ſt thou? Wherefore?

*Zop.* Wherefore? Enquire no further, Rhadamiſtus:
Forget her—She's unworthy of your love.

*Rhad.* Tell me what cauſe——

*Zop.* Ah! what avails, my lord,
To afflict you further?

*Rhad.* Speak: thy ſilence more
Afflicts me than thy ſpeech.

*Zop.* I ſhall obey.
I ſaw your faithleſs ſpouſe—but, prince, already
Your cheek is pale—Forgive me, ſir; it better
Becomes me to be ſilent.

*Rhad.* Speak, I charge thee.

*Zop.* Since you command—then blame not me, my lord:
But late I with her Tiridates ſaw
Your faithleſs conſort: from their view conceal'd,
I heard them ſpeak of love.—He to her mind
Recall'd each promiſe given, while ſhe to him
With ſolemn vows declar'd her former flame,
Long cheriſh'd, burnt with all its wonted warmth.

*Rhad.* Falſe traitor! peace—Too well I know Zenobia;
She ne'er could thus betray me.

*Zop.*

Digitized by Google

*Zop.* 'Tis my duty
To ſuffer all from you; but, O! my prince,
This ſure I merit not, for having ſeen
Your deareſt peace betray'd: yourſelf compell'd me
At firſt to ſpeak, and then——

*Rhad.* O Heaven! I never
Would doubt Zenobia's truth.

*Zop.* Without my ſpeaking
You knew ſhe fled you—but perchance you knew not
That all her ſoul was fix'd on Tiridates,
And that a firſt affection never dies.

*Rhad.* Too true, by Heaven!

*Zop.* [*aſide.*] 'Tis well—the poiſon works.

*Rhad.* Immortal Powers! Are women thus inconſtant?
O! happy you, by friendly ſtars ordain'd
Inhabitants of old Arcadian ſhades,
If you, as fame reports, deriv'd your birth
From ſenſeleſs trunks.

*Zop.* Ere you, my lord, aſpir'd
To gain her heart, 'twas given to Tiridates,
And whilſt he lives he ever will poſſeſs it.

*Rhad.* But ſhall not long—I fly to pierce his breaſt.

*Zop.* Yet hold—What can you hope? Amidſt his guard



Digitized by Google

Of troops in arms, you but in vain expoſe
Your life to hazard.—Could we draw him thence
Far from his friends to ſome ſequeſter'd part—

*Rhad.* But how?

*Zop.* Who knows? Let me reflect a little—
We muſt ſecure the blow.

*Rhad.* But rage like mine
Brooks no delay.

*Zop.* Then hear—By my contrivance,
A wily meſſage, in Zenobia's name,
Shall lure him to a place that ſuits our purpoſe.

*Rhad.* But what if he miſtruſt the truth?—
'Twere well
At leaſt to cloak it with ſome ſpecious token.
Ah! hold—this ſhall ſecure it—take this ring;
It was Zenobia's, given by Tiridates
When laſt they parted: ſhe, that fatal day
Which ſaw our nuptial rites, (as if ſhe meant
To abjure all memory of her former love,)
On me beſtow'd it—then a treacherous pledge,
But now the faithful inſtrument of vengeance.

*Zop.* [*aſide.*] Auſpicious Fortune! [*to* Rhad.]
In the lonely valley
Where firſt we met—

*Rhad.* But what——

*Zop.* The charge be mine
To make our plot ſecure,

*Rhad.*

Digitized by Google

*Rhad.* But ſtill remember
Ten thouſand furies ſtruggle in my boſom.

I nought but venom now reſpire,
My heart Megæra's torches fire,
Alecto's ſnakes my boſom breeds.
No more with ſighs and tears I mourn,
All grief is paſt—I rave, I burn
With rage that every rage exceeds. [*Exit.*

## SCENE VIII.

ZOPYRUS, *and followers apart.*

*Zop.* O! glorious victory! For me my foes
Will wage the fight, while I, without a blow
Shall make Zenobia mine.——Come forth, my friends, [*they come out.*
Go hence, and round encloſe the vale of myrtles;
Thither will Tiridates come to fight
With Rhadamiſtus: there remain conceal'd,
Nor interrupt their combat; but when one
Shall fall beneath his rival, let your weapons
Transfix the victor, wearied with his toil.
Away—but ſome behind abide with me:
I have a meſſage ſoon for Tiridates.
Yet ſoft—I fear no follower of my own
Muſt be an envoy here: he might diſcover—
Some artleſs nymph, or ruſtic ſwain were beſt—
But

But is not that I ſee—[*looking out.*] Propitious
Gods!
Look there, my friends, look where Zenobia comes:
I leave her to your care.—When I am gone,
By ſtratagem or force conduct her to me.
What have I more to aſk, could I but call
That heart my own; or could I know at leaſt
Who would diſpute it with me? Both the rivals
'Tis true will periſh, but of theſe my hatred
Knows not on which to fix; and doubtful hatred
Muſt tarniſh all the pleaſure of revenge.
This ſecret ſhall be known: my mind even now
Suggeſts an artful falſehood that ſhall force
Zenobia's ſelf to unveil the truth to me.

## SCENE IX.

*Enter* ZENOBIA.

*Zen.* [*entering.*] What do I ſee? Thou in Armenia here;
Thou Zopyrus?

*Zop.* Ah! princeſs, bleſt event
That brings thee thus before me: 'tis from thee
I counſel ſeek, or rather ſeek command,
In what concerns thy heart's moſt dear affection.

*Zen.* Even now I haſten to purſue my ſpouſe.

*Zop.* To find or loſe him muſt depend on thee.

*Zen.* What doſt thou mean?

*Zop.*

Digitized by Google

*Zop.* I'm bound by ſolemn compact,
(Which nothing can annul,) to take the life
Of Rhadamiſtus or of Tiridates.

*Zen.* O! heavenly powers!

*Zop.* Attend my words.—The firſt
Is by my followers now detain'd a priſoner;
The ſecond, by a meſſage forg'd to blind him,
For which this gem muſt ſeem a certain pledge,
[*ſhews the ring.*
Will ſoon be drawn to where his death is plann'd.

*Zen.* Whence did thy hand receive——

*Zop.* Firſt hear me ſpeak:
The power is mine of theſe to kill or ſave
Him whom my will elects.—That choice ſhall now
Depend on thee: the one by thee was lov'd,
And one thou haſt eſpous'd: for me determine,
And, at thy pleaſure, now abſolve or ſentence.

*Zen.* And muſt I then—O! cruel fate!—But whence
Such impious mandate?—What deteſted cauſe—
Who thus compels thee?

*Zop.* Now 'twere long to tell;
Time preſſes: much already have I loſt
In ſeeking thee—now open all thy heart,
And let me be diſmiſs'd.

*Zen.* Eternal Powers!
And could'ſt thou then conſent (O! moſt inhuman!)

To

Digitized by Google

To ſuch a deed as this?

*Zop.* The ſovereign mandate
Admits of no diſpute: my life muſt anſwer
Should I neglect to obey.

*Zen.* What puniſhment,
What recompenſe, what power, howe'er ſupreme,
Can make that juſt which bears the ſtamp of guilt?

*Zop.* Adieu!—I came not hither to diſpute
With idle words.—Thou ſee'ſt how far, Zenobia,
Reſpect for thee might fix my wavering choice.
—Myſelf ſhall then determine. [*going.*

*Zen.* Stay, O! ſtay.

*Zop.* [*returning.*] What would'ſt thou ſay?

*Zen.* Fain would I—yet reflect—
Aſſiſt me, Gods!

*Zop.* I underſtand thee well.
I muſt, without thy ſpeech, prevent thy wiſhes:
This ever was the privilege of women.
Full well I know with reaſon muſt thou hate
Inhuman Rhadamiſtus: well I know
His ſtormy paſſions, jealouſy unjuſt;
The impious barbarous wound—enough—ere long
Thou ſhalt have ample vengeance. [*going.*

*Zen.* O! perfidious!
And doſt thou think Zenobia's heart can harbour
Impiety like this?

*Zop.* Be not offended:

Thy

Digitized by Google

Thy ſilence had miſled me—Ho! conduct
[*to his followers.*
The princeſs to her conſort, while I haſte
To take the forfeit life of Tiridates. [*going.*

*Zen.* Yet hear me!—O! ye powers! you put my virtue
To too ſevere a trial—Muſt theſe lips
Pronounce the dreadful fate of Tiridates?
How has he injur'd me? The ſoul of honour,
The pride of ſpotleſs faith—and can I ever—

*Zop.* Does ſtill Zenobia doubt?

*Zen.* She has no doubts:
She knows too well whom duty bids her ſave,
But ſhrinks with horror at the dreadful ranſom.

*Zop.* I muſt no longer here remain—decide,
Or I am gone.

*Zen.* O! yet a moment ſtay.
Thou ſurely may'ſt conſent——

*Zop.* We loſe the time
In vain expoſtulation.—One muſt die.

*Zen.* Let then the death—O Heaven! how ſhall I ſpeak it?
—Preſerve for me——

*Zop.* Say—whom?

*Zen.* Preſerve them both,
If thou would'ſt have me owe to thee my peace;
If both thou canſt not ſave—yet ſave my huſband.

*Zop.*

Digitized by Google

*Zop.* [*aſide.*] 'Tis Rhadamiſtus then enjoys her love.

[*to her.*] And canſt thou then, Zenobia, will the death
Of ſuch a faithful lover?

*Zen.* [*in agony.*] Save my huſband!
And tell me not (O Heaven!) what victim dies.

*Zop.* Would'ſt thou to life thy lord releaſe,
To looſe his bonds be mine;
Would'ſt thou preſerve thy future peace,
That care to me reſign.

I pardon every doubt of me,
Whoſe heart thou ne'er haſt known;
But ſoon, by what I've done for thee,
Shall Zopyrus be ſhown. [*Exit.*

## SCENE X.

ZENOBIA *alone.*

And doſt thou ſtill, inhuman! live, ſtill breathe?
And could'ſt thou then pronounce the fatal ſentence,
Yet feel not inſtant death, or break with horror
The heart where gratitude no longer dwells?
Since then—but what Zenobia, haſt thou ſaid?
Why wander thus?—Thou haſt fulfill'd thy duty,
And now lament'ſt with all a woman's weakneſs.
O! think

Digitized by Google

O! think this grief eclipſes every merit
Of ſuch a triumph: equal is the guilt
Of evil actions done, or good repented.
Alas! 'tis true—yet Tiridates dies!
And dies by my decree—even now, perhaps,
With his laſt breath invokes Zenobia's name.
Defend him, pitying Gods! To ſave my huſband
Was mine, 'tis yours to ſuccour innocence.
The ſuppliant prayers of one who knows not falſe-
hood
Fly wing'd to Heaven.—I come not now before you
With ſorrows that derive their ſource from crimes:
From a pure ſpring my tears unſullied flow.

Ye righteous Gods! who only know
The heart's conceal'd deſires,
Can tell if pure compaſſion now
My blameleſs vow inſpires.

'Tis true, from virtue's path ſevere
You bid me ne'er depart;
But different muſt in Heaven appear
The juſt and cruel heart. [*Exit.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*A wood.*

RHADAMISTUS *and* ÆGLE.

*Rhad.* Whence hadſt thou, nymph, that ring?

*Ægl.* A ſtranger's hand
Intruſted it to me.

*Rhad.* To what intent?

*Ægl.* He, with this token, to the vale of myrtles
Gave me commiſſion, in Zenobia's name,
To invite prince Tiridates.

*Rhad.* Didſt thou ſeek him?

*Ægl.* I ſought him not.

*Rhad.* And why?

*Ægl.* Becauſe I deem'd
Some treachery was deſign'd.

*Rhad.* [*aſide.*] In evil hour
Did Zopyrus to this nymph intruſt his charge.
[*to her.*] But wherefore didſt thou then accept from him
The ſecret meſſage?

*Ægl.* Leſt another hand
Should execute his purpoſe.

*Rhad.* [*aſide.*] Now I know

Why

Digitized by Google

Why I ſo long have ſtaid, and ſtaid in vain,
For Tiridates at the appointed valley.

*Ægl.* I go to tell Zenobia all the treaſon
My thoughts ſuggeſt.

*Rhad.* Forbear: it nought avails
To tell Zenobia.

*Ægl.* Yes, 'twere meet ſhe knew
That ſome dark traitor plots againſt her fame
And ſpotleſs faith.

*Rhad.* And canſt thou know to whom
Belongs the name of traitor, or of faithful?

*Ægl.* And canſt thou doubt?

*Rhad.* There is no longer doubt—
Zenobia's falſehood——

*Ægl.* Hold: thou mak'ſt my blood
Run cold with horror.

*Rhad.* Know——

*Ægl.* I know full well
That little thou deſerv'ſt ſuch truth and love.

*Rhad.* But hear me, nymph, I am—

*Ægl.* Unjuſt, ungrateful,
Inhuman, cruel—— [*going.*

*Rhad.* If thou canſt, remove
Suſpicion from me. [*following her.*

*Ægl.* Rather let it ſtill
Dwell in thy breaſt, and be thy puniſhment. [*Exit.*



Digitized by Google

## SCENE II.

RHADAMISTUS *alone.*

But hear me—give me but at leaſt ſome proof—
In whom ſhall I confide? While Zopyrus
Proclaims Zenobia falſe, as firmly Ægle
Maintains the thoughts that drive my ſoul to madneſs,
Are light as empty dreams.—Immortal Gods!
Who now deceives me, Zopyrus or Ægle?
Fell Jealouſy! thou tyrant of my heart,
Still, ſtill thou ſay'ſt, "'tis Ægle that deceives thee."

Ah! wherefore, ſince I thus deteſt
The jealous fear that haunts my breaſt;
Still muſt I feel the cruel peſt,
That rankles at my peace?
What calm can e'er this heart regain?
When every hour I ſtrive in vain
To clear my doubts, but ſtill retain
Such doubts as never ceaſe?
[*as he is going he hears the voice of* Zenobia; *he ſtops to liſten, then returns.*

*Zen.* [*within.*] But whither do we go?

*Rhad.* What voice is that?
Or I'm deceiv'd, or 'twas my wife that ſpoke—
The

Digitized by Google

The ſound was ſurely thence—now let me ſeek her;
And favouring Fortune ſmile upon my wiſhes!

[*while* Rhad. *goes out the way where he heard the voice,* Zen. *and* Zop. *enter by another.*

## SCENE III.

ZENOBIA, ZOPYRUS. RHADAMISTUS, *who enters again unſeen behind.*

*Zen.* [*entering.*] And yet I know not whither thou would'ſt lead me.

*Zop.* Fear nothing: follow me.

*Zen.* [*aſide.*] My heart preſages
Some evil is at hand. [*ſtops.*

*Rhad.* [*to himſelf.*] Behold her here,
And with her Zopyrus.—Awhile I'll liſten,
And prove his truth. [*ſtands apart.*

*Zop.* [*to* Zen.] What doſt thou? Come, Zenobia,
I lead thee to thy huſband.

*Zen.* When, O! when
Shall we behold him? Zopyrus, but now
Thou feign'dſt him little diſtant.—Long, ah! long
With thee I've ſtray'd in theſe bewildering paths,
And yet I ſee him not.

*Zop.* Thou haſt him preſent.



Digitized by Google

*Zen.* My huſband preſent!——O! immortal Gods!
Say how—where is he?

*Zop.* I—I am thy huſband.

*Zen.* Eternal Powers!

*Rhad.* [*apart.*] Ha!—let the traitor die—
No—let us firſt learn all th' extent of treaſon
His impious arts have plann'd.

[*about to draw his ſword and diſcover himſelf; he ſtops.*

*Zen.* And haſt thou thus,
Thus dar'd to addreſs the wife of Rhadamiſtus?

*Zop.* I now addreſs his widow.

*Zen.* Heavenly Powers!
Does not my huſband live?

*Zop.* But now I ſent him
To meet his certain death.

*Rhad.* [*apart.*] I burn with rage!

*Zen.* O! perjur'd traitor! Is it thus thou keep'ſt
Thy plighted faith?

*Zop.* In what have I deceiv'd thee?

*Zen.* In what? And ſaid'ſt thou not that Rhadamiſtus,
Or Tiridates muſt, by doom ſevere,
Be made a wretched victim?

*Zop.* 'Tis moſt true.

*Zen.*

Digitized by Google

*Zen.* That I might one of theſe at choice elect,
And thou would'ſt to my tears enſure his ſafety?

*Zop.* Even ſo.

*Zen.* And did I not entreat thee then
To ſpare a huſband's life?

*Zop.* Thou ſay'ſt it well:
I ſwore to obey thee, and to keep my oath,
Preſerv'd for thee a ſpouſe in—Zopyrus.

*Rhad.* [*apart.*] I can no longer hold.

*Zen.* O! wretched prince!
O! my betray'd, my murder'd Rhadamiſtus!

*Zop.* In vain thou call'ſt on him, who now reſides
Amongſt the dead.

*Rhad.* [*diſcovering himſelf.*] Thou lieſt——he lives, thou traitor!
To be thy puniſhment.

*Zop.* I am betray'd.

*Zen.* My life! my lord!

*Rhad.* Thou double traitor! thus—
[*draws, and is about to attack him.*

*Zop.* Forbear, or by this hand Zenobia dies.
[*draws a dagger with his right hand and ſeizes* Zen. *with his left, in act to ſtrike her.*

*Rhad.* [*ſtopping.*] What would'ſt thou do?

*Zen.* O! cruel, cruel fortune!

*Rhad.*

Digitized by Google

*Rhad.* I cannot curb the fury that impels me—
—Moſt impious wretch!

*Zop.* If thou but mov'ſt a ſtep,
Zenobia's dead.

*Rhad.* What miſery is mine!

*Zen.* O! my lov'd ſpouſe! ſince Heaven reſtores my fame,
Let not his threats affright thee—No, my blood
Shall from this boſom freely flow, if pure
The purple ſtream, my ſoul, from mortal bonds
Be gladly loos'd; if loos'd, ſhe leave behind
Without a bluſh, this chaſte, unſullied frame.

*Rhad.* O! deareſt part of me! O! lively pattern
Of loyalty and truth—to find thee thus,
And in ſuch hands!—O! Zopyrus! have pity!
If ſtill thou bear'ſt a ſenſe of human feelings,
Some remnant of the man—Reſtore my wife;
I never, never will exact revenge;
I ſwear it here—forget, forgive thee all.

*Zop.* O! no—I ſhall not truſt thy plighted faith—
Depart and leave me.

*Rhad.* By the immortal Gods——

*Zop.* Depart—or ſee her periſh.

*Rhad.* Savage monſter!
A fury worſe than black Cocytus' fiends:
O! let

Digitized by Google

O! let me tear from that deteſted boſom—
[*advancing.*

*Zop.* Take heed—— [*threatening* Zen.

*Rhad.* O! hold—Where art thou, Rhadamiſtus!
O! give me counſel, Gods!—my wife!—thou traitor!
What torture do I feel!—At once my ſoul
Laments and raves—my heart is torn between
Contending pangs of tenderneſs and rage!

*Zop.* Zenobia, come with me——thou, Rhadamiſtus,
Unleſs thou mean'ſt to ſee her dead before thee,
Beware how thou purſu'ſt us.

*Rhad.* Pity now
Gives way in me to fury.

*Zop.* Come, Zenobia.

*Zen.* And does my lord forſake me thus?

*Rhad.* O! no——
Take this, thou wretch! [*about to attack him.*

*Zop.* Then let her die. [*about to ſtab* Zen.

*Rhad.* O! hold!
Yet, yet forbear.

SCENE

Digitized by Google

## SCENE IV.

*Enter* TIRIDATES.

*Tir.* What would'ſt thou, impious ſlave?
[*ſeizing him.*

*Zop.* O Heaven!

*Tir.* Reſign thy weapon.
[*wreſts the dagger from him.*

*Zop.* I am loſt! [*he flies.*

*Rhad.* Perfidious traitor! vainly would'ſt thou 'ſcape me, [*Exit in a rage.*

## SCENE V.

ZENOBIA, TIRIDATES.

*Zen.* Ah! whither goeſt thou? Stay, my lord—
[*going after* Rhad.

*Tir.* Ingrate!
So ſoon would'ſt thou forſake me?

*Zen.* Prince—O Heaven!
I begg'd of thee to ſhun me,

*Tir.* Ah! what myſtery
Is hid beneath thy words?—I will obey—
But tell me, wherefore doſt thou fly me thus?

*Zen.*

Digitized by Google

*Zen.* Thou wilt know all, and know it all too
ſoon:
Farewell. [*going.*

*Tir.* Forgive me—I muſt follow.

*Zen.* No—
It cannot—muſt not be.

*Tir.* But now I ſaw thee
Threaten'd by ruffian force.——The hand that
threaten'd
I knew not, nor the hand that would have ſav'd
thee,
I could not bear to leave thee thus alone,
Expos'd to certain peril.

*Zen.* Greater peril
Awaits me here with thee.

*Tir.* At leaſt I may——

*Zen.* Leave me in peace—in pity grant my ſuit:
Life is your gift, with gratitude I own it;
But wherefore make to me your gift unhappy?

O! let me now at leaſt obtain
A momentary reſt;
Nor thus a war and ſtorm again
Awaken in my breaſt.

A ſtorm, in which my ſoul may rove,
And riſk a ſpotleſs name;
A war, in which the ſtrife may prove
Deſtructive to my fame. [*Exit.*

SCENE

Digitized by Google

## SCENE VI.

TIRIDATES *alone.*

I know not what Zenobia's words import,
Nor what myſelf intends.—She drives me from her,
Yet tells not why.—There's ſomething from that lip
So ſweetly ſounds; there's ſomething on that brow
So awful ſhines, as ever muſt defend her,
And ſtrike all cenſure dumb.

## SCENE VII.

*Enter* MITHRANES.

*Mit.* My lord, I bring
Moſt welcome tidings—Rhadamiſtus now
Is made your priſoner.

*Tir.* Ha! and where, Mithranes?

*Mit.* He came himſelf, unweeting, midſt your troops
To wear your ready chains.

*Tir.* Relate the whole.

*Mit.* In ſwift purſuit a flying warrior's ſteps
He follow'd, and with matchleſs boldneſs enter'd
Within your tents.—Againſt a thouſand ſwords
That

Digitized by Google

That glitter'd round to oppoſe his furious paſſage,
Eager he ſought the object of his vengeance.
At once he ſaw, o'ertook, and pierc'd his breaſt.

*Tir.* Unheard-of raſhneſs!

*Mit.* Yet all is not told.
This done, he hop'd again to leave the valley,
And might have ſcap'd, but at his greateſt need
His ſword broke ſhort, and left his hand defenceleſs.
And ſtill, though numbers round him countleſs preſs'd.
With threatening arms, alone, without a weapon,
He ſcarcely deign'd to yield.

*Tir.* The wretch who fell
Beneath his rage was ſurely he, whom late
I here beheld.

## SCENE VIII.

*Enter* ÆGLE *behind, unſeen.*

*Mit.* The life of Rhadamiſtus
Behold is in your hand.

*Ægl.* [*to herſelf.*] What do I hear?

*Mit.* O! let the traitor ſuffer for his crimes.

*Tir.* Then be it ſo—Mithranes, let us go.
[*going.*

*Ægl.*

Digitized by Google

*Ægl.* [*coming forward.*] Forbear, O! prince,
. . forbear to vent your anger
On one whom cruel Fortune's frown purſues.

*Tir.* And what can urge thee to defend the life
Of this perfidious?

*Ægl.* Yet I deem not, ſir,
His guilt ſo certain.

*Tir.* But Zenobia's father
By treaſon he deſtroy'd.

*Mit.* And next the daughter
He ſought to ſlay: for he, whoſe eyes beheld
The aſſaſſin's barbarous ſtroke, could not deceive me.

*Ægl.* Think better yet.—We muſt not lightly give
Our faith to common rumour.—With a foe
Mercy is ever lovely.

*Tir.* Tiridates
Might in oblivion ſteep his private injuries,
But never can forgive Zenobia's wrongs:
To her his blood in ſacrifice is due.

*Ægl.* Believe me, ſhe requires not this.

*Tir.* Though ſhe
Demand it not, her virtue claims it from me.
[*going.*

*Ægl.* Yet hold—O Heavens! [*aſide.*] Believe what now I ſpeak:

If

Digitized by Google

If thou canſt love Zenobia, then reſpect
The life of Rhadamiſtus: headlong zeal
Would plunge thee deep in error; thou would'ſt ſerve
Zenobia's honour, and thou kill'ſt her peace.

*Tir.* Ha! does ſhe love him then?

*Ægl.* Alas! my lord,
She would—if more than this thou ſeek'ſt to know,
I muſt—Already have I ſaid too much. [*aſide.*

*Tir.* Thou ſeem'ſt confus'd——What can this mean, Mithranes?
A chilling damp—'tis true, that Rhadamiſtus
Was once my rival.—Now conceal'd he lurks
Amidſt theſe woods, where too Zenobia dwells.
In her defence he ſtood, and ſhe purſued
His flying ſteps; but me ſhe heeds no more:
Ægle has ſince declar'd.—O! gentle nymph,
[*to* Ægl.
Whate'er thou know'ſt in pity now reveal.

*Ægl.* I can no further ſpeak—Enough already
My lips have utter'd.

*Tir.* Ah! what freezing hand
Weighs heavy on my heart? What cruel doubts
Are theſe I feel? My peace is loſt for ever!

By proof I know the heart may bear
A beauty's cruel reign;
But torments from a faithleſs fair
No lover can ſuſtain.

If

Digitized by Google

If ſhe I love my hope deceive,
And all her vows forego,
Ere I, ye powers! this truth believe
Let death conclude my woe! [*Exit.*

## SCENE IX.

ÆGLE, MITHRANES.

*Ægl.* Unhappy prince! O! how my boſom feels
For all his ſufferings! How that pleaſing aſpect,
His eye's ſoft glance, the muſic of his words
Command each heart to ſhare with him in ſorrow;
A lover form'd like him, alas! deſerves
Far other fate.—O! that 'twere given to Ægle
To make his days more happy!

*Mit.* Doubtleſs Ægle
Diſplays a feeling mind, and Tiridates
Is worthy all her pity: but ſuch feeling
Is warmer ſure than mere compaſſion knows.

Thy looks, O! gentle nymph, diſplay
The thoughts that now thy boſom ſway;
Thine eyes, where beams of ſoftneſs play,
No inbred cruelty proclaim.
Though yet unfetter'd in his ſnares,
Thy ſoul to Love no hatred bears;
And modeſt pity oft prepares
The virgin's heart to catch the flame. [*Exit.*



Digitized by Google

## SCENE X.

*Ægle alone.*

Ah me! too true—My paſſion far exceeds
The bounds of pity—Hapleſs, hapleſs Ægle!
To what would'ſt thou pretend? Thy thoughts are rais'd
To objects far above thee.—Heaven has doom'd
A cottage for thy dwelling: quench ſuch flames
As only ſuit the torch of ſplendid loves.
If this thou canſt not do—at leaſt ſuppreſs
The conſcious fire within, and waſte in ſilence.

What greater anguiſh can I feel?
When he I love is nigh;
I ſigh, but ah! I dare not tell
That 'tis for him I ſigh.

My feeble powers no more ſuffice
My ſufferings to ſuſtain;
Nor yet, alas! my heart ſupplies
The courage to complain. [*Exit.*

SCENE

## SCENE XI.

*A garden belonging to the palace of the kings of* Armenia, *inhabited by* TIRIDATES.

TIRIDATES, MITHRANES.

*Mit.* 'Tis all too true: too well you now conceive
The words of Ægle.—Yes, Zenobia's love
Is fix'd on Rhadamiſtus: when ſhe heard
Your troops had made him priſoner, from her cheek
The colour fled: with eager ſpeed ſhe flew
To reach the tents, and ſought admittance to him,
But found acceſs denied.

*Tir.* And yet, Mithranes,
I cannot, muſt not think——

*Mit.* By her you ſoon
Will find the truth confirm'd.—She comes to aſk
Of you the priſoner's life.

*Tir.* O Heaven! ſhe dares not
Inſult me thus.

*Mit.* Ere this ſhe had preferr'd
To you her ſuit, but that two Roman warriors,
Who bring a written meſſage from their camp,
Detain her now impatient on the way.

*Tir.*

Digitized by Google

*Tir.* She muſt not meet my eyes—O! no, th' ingrate,
I cannot bear her preſence.

*Mit.* See, ſhe comes.

## SCENE XII.

*Enter* ZENOBIA.

*Zen.* Ah! prince!

*Tir.* The mighty ſecret, Heaven be prais'd!
Is now diſclos'd.—At length the powerful cauſe
Of all my wrongs is known.—What ſeek'ſt thou?
Speak:
Be not diſmay'd—The worth of Rhadamiſtus
May plead excuſe for every broken vow.
And com'ſt thou now to aſk from me his freedom?
To aſk him for thy ſpouſe? Muſt Tiridates
Prepare the torches for thy happy nuptials?

*Zen.* My lord——

*Tir.* Inhuman, barbarous, falſe Zenobia!
Is this the recompenſe for love like mine?
And doſt thou thus betray me? And for whom?
For whom betray me? Righteous Gods! for one
Whoſe murderous guile depriv'd thee of a father?
And then——

*Zen.* You are deceiv'd: falſe rumour fix'd
The guilt on him.



Digitized by Google

*Mit.* [*to* Tir.] 'Tis true.—By Pharaſmanes
The deed was plann'd.—Perfidious Zopyrus
Confeſs'd it dying.

*Tir.* Wilt thou then believe
A traitor's words?

*Mit.* A paper found upon him
Confirm'd the whole: in this are given at full
The ſecret orders for the monarch's death;
All written by the hand of Pharaſmanes.

*Zen.* Behold, my lord——

*Tir.* Be ſilent: while you plead
For Rhadamiſtus thus, your love condemns him.

*Zen.* 'Tis true, I love him, and attempt not now
To hide my love.—His danger brings me hither;
Zenobia comes to give him liberty:
She comes from you to aſk it.—Rome once more
Makes me the offer of Armenia's ſceptre.
In my behalf behold from Syria march
The Latian bands: meantime the Armenians call
On thee to fill their throne.—Do thou conſent;
Zenobia here will ſecond their deſign:
Reſtore to me in freedom Rhadamiſtus,
And rule Armenia's kingdom.

*Tir.* Surely mighty
For a new lover ſuch a ſacrifice.

*Zen.* But not, O prince! too mighty for a huſband.

*Tir.*

Digitized by Google

*Tir.* A husband!

*Zen.* I have said.

*Tir.* Can this be true?
Such secret too from me till now conceal'd?

*Zen.* I fear'd to excite your rage against my consort;
I fear'd your just affliction.—Know, my heart
Too weak to witness such a fatal trial,
At least at distance——

*Tir.* Cruel and inconstant!
Ungrateful woman! Whom shall we believe,
Or whom, Mithranes, trust? All is deceit
We hear or see—Zenobia has betray'd me,
And truth is lost for ever!

*Zen.* Tiridates,
Think not 'twas I betray'd thee.—No, 'twas Heaven,
And 'twas a father's will oppos'd our nuptials.
I know not whether fear or hope induc'd
The cruel change: I know that thou wert absent,
And that this hand was destin'd to another.

*Tir.* And could'st thou then—

*Zen.* What power, alas! was mine?
"Behold" (he cried) "the only way, my daughter,
"To save my life, my kingdom and my honour."
Now say, had Tiridates been as me,
What would he then have done?

*Tir.* Have died, Zenobia.



Digitized by Google

*Zen.* I do far more—I part from thee and live:
Death would have only ſerv'd to render ſhort
My time of ſuffering: I with mine had clos'd
Thy dearer life, and diſobey'd a father.

*Tir.* Thy recent bands are little irkſome to thee:
Well haſt thou toil'd for Rhadamiſtus' ſafety,
And he has well ſecur'd thy heart.—I ſee
Report was falſe, that e'er he ſought thy life.

*Zen.* O! no, 'twas true; but this can never make
My bands more irkſome.

*Tir.* How!—not irkſome?

*Zen.* No.

*Tir.* He ſought thy life and thou canſt love him ſtill?
And love ſo firmly, that to enſure his ſafety
Thou offer'ſt in exchange a kingdom's rule.

*Zen.* Yes, Tiridates—could Zenobia leſs,
She muſt neglect her glory, ſtain the honours
Of all her anceſtry; forget the duty
A wife ſhould cheriſh; ſlight the immortal Gods,
That witneſs'd her eſpouſals.—Thee, O! prince,
Thee muſt Zenobia wrong: where would be then
The ſpotleſs innocence, the pride of ſoul
That charm'd thee once in her? Say, ſhould I then
Have e'er been worthy Tiridates' love?

*Tir.*

Digitized by Google

*Tir.* Alas! what virtue fate has raviſh'd from me!

*Zen.* If it indeed be true that love is born
Of minds congenial, wherefore with that virtue
Should now thy grief contend? No—imitate,
Or rather, prince, ſurpaſs it—Tiridates
Can far outgo example.—Well I know
Thy conſtancy of temper.—Let us quit
The paths of vulgar lovers: let the ſparks
Of emulation glow in either breaſt.
O! think what we muſt feel when we review
Our glorious conqueſt; while the world ſhall learn
That love, when cheriſh'd in a noble heart,
Can breed, and only breed the fruits of virtue.

*Tir.* Run—fly, Mithranes——to our preſence bring
In freedom Rhadamiſtus.—How thy words,
Exalted dame! can change the mind at will!
Thou kindleſt in my breaſt another flame
That quenches now the firſt.—I ſee with envy
The greatneſs of thy ſoul, and bluſh ſo long
To lag behind thee.—I perceive my heart
Is wholly chang'd: no more I love Zenobia;
I worſhip, I adore her—If I love her,
A jealous lover of Zenobia's fame;
A zealous follower of Zenobia's virtues:
I love her—as a mortal loves the Gods.

*Zen.* All thanks, protecting powers! Zenobia now

Has

Digitized by Google

Has not a foe: the greateſt is ſubbued,
The thought of thy diſtreſs.——Go, prince, and reign
(For thou art worthy) in Zenobia's ſtead.

## SCENE XIII.

*Enter* ÆGLE.

*Ægl.* O! let me, deareſt ſiſter, claſp thee thus
Cloſe to my breaſt. [*embraces* Zen.

*Zen.* What means my gentle Ægle?
What dream is this?

*Ægl.* No longer am I Ægle:
Behold your loſt Arſinöe.—See the mark
Of crimſon here, on the left arm impreſs'd
Of all our race.

*Zen.* 'Tis true, by Heaven!

*Tir.* Ye powers!

*Zen.* In one ſhort moment what a tide of bliſs!
How knew'ſt thou this? [*to* Ægl.

*Ægl.* From him, the aged ſhepherd,
Till now believ'd my father.—Thrice five years
Have roll'd their courſe ſince from the Armenian rebels
He had me then an infant; and till now
Has kept me ſtill the darling of his love:
But late he heard the fortunes of Zenobia,
And

Digitized by Google

And well he knows thee too, but not from me.
I kept my faith unbroken.—Whether now
Thy ſufferings mov'd him; or that verging near
The cloſe of life, he was reſolv'd again
To give me back the honours of my birth,
He call'd me to him, and with many a tear
Told all the tale, and ſent me to Zenobia.

*Zen.* Well in thy face I read thy princely mind.

## SCENE LAST.

*Enter* RHADAMISTOS.

*Rhad.* Ah! Tiridates——

*Tir.* Come, my lord, O! come:
Behold Zenobia here, thy long-ſought wife,
I thus reſtore her to thee.

*Rhad.* [*to* Zen.] O! forgive,
Forgive your Rhadamiſtus.

*Zen.* What offence
Awaits my pardon?

*Rhad.* Heavens!—my jealous rage.

*Zen.* Your jealous rage was kindled in your breaſt
From love's exceſs.—The cauſe I ever cheriſh,
Th' effect I have forgotten. [*embrace.*

*Tir.* Heavenly goodneſs!

*Zen.*



Digitized by Google

*Zen.* [*to* Tir.] To me, O! prince, the Gods
reſtore a ſiſter,
To whom I owe my life, and fain would ſhew
The gratitude ſhe merits.—Well I know
She loves thee, Tiridates: let that hand,
Devoted once for mine, be given at leaſt
At my requeſt—beſtow it on Arſinöe.

*Tir.* Receive it, princeſs——[*gives his hand.*]
What thou bid'ſt, Zenobia,
To me is ever ſacred.

*Ægl.* Happy hour!

*Rhad.* O! faithful ſpouſe!

*Zen.* O! generous Tiridates!

CHORUS.

'Tis falſe that Love, with tyrant ſway
Bids every will his rule obey,
And o'er our freedom reigns.
But lovers thus, while each purſues
His wayward courſe, would faults excuſe
Which Fate in them ordains.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

## THEMISTOCLES.

Digitized by Google

# THEMISTOCLES.

PERSONS

Digitized by Google

## PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

XERXES, King of PERSIA.

THEMISTOCLES, an ATHENIAN General.

ASPASIA, Daughter of THEMISTOCLES.

NEOCLES, Son of THEMISTOCLES.

ROXANA, a Princeſs of the royal blood, in love with XERXES.

LYSIMACHUS, Ambaſſador from the Greeks.

SEBASTES, Confidant of XERXES.

SCENE in the city of SUSA.

Digitized by Google

# THEMISTOCLES.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*The palace of* Xerxes.

THEMISTOCLES, NEOCLES.

*Them.* What would'ſt thou do?

*Neoc.* Permit me to chaſtiſe
That haughty Perſian,—ſeeſt thou not, my father,
How little he attends to thy demands?
What further inſults muſt we yet endure?

*Them.* Reſtrain thy ill-tim'd ardour? Thinkſt thou ſtill
We tread the ſoil of Greece; and that thou ſee'ſt
Thy father circled with the flattering crowds,
That ever throng to him whom Fortune favours?
All things muſt change; and, Neocles, the wiſe
Submit to preſent evils. See in this
The palace of our foe: no longer now
Am I the hope, the darling pride of Athens;
A poor, a wandering exile, ſhunn'd of all,
An outcaſt of mankind, what have I left,
Save this, (the greateſt good) I ſtill retain
My conſtancy unſhaken.

*Neoc.* Pardon, Sir,

Such

Digitized by Google

Such conſtancy I ſcarce with temper bear.
I ſee thee driven, excluded from thoſe walls,
Which late thy blood preſerv'd; in every part
To find the hatred of thy cruel country
Purſue thee ſtill, and with inſidious policy,
Forbid thee an aſylum. Malice ſeems
To grudge thee even a foſtering ſpot of earth,
To feed the wants of nature; yet I hear
No murmurs paſs thy lips: I ſee thy looks
Unmov'd and placid. Is it poſſible?
How canſt thou thus ſupport the unnatural ſtroke
Of man's ingratitude?

*Them.* Alas! my ſon,
Thou 'rt newly enter'd on the path of life,
And all to thee is ſtrange: I blame thee not;
For wonder is the child of ignorance,
And mother ſtill of wiſdom. Know the hatred,
Thou ſee'ſt in human breaſts, is moſtly found
The recompenſe of every good conferr'd;
The ungrateful hate (and many ſuch there are)
The galling weight of benefits in him
From whom they come; while he, from whom they come,
Loves, in the man he ſerves, the benefits
By him beſtow'd; and hence, my ſon, proceeds
My country's hate to me, my love to her.

*Neoc.* Were only men unjuſt to thee, my father,
I might ſupport the thought; but even the Gods
Seem mindleſs of thee.

*Them.*

Digitized by Google

*Them.* Mindleſs?

*Neoc.* Can we call
This wretched ſtate, thy virtue's due reward?

*Them.* Of good or evil, know'ſt thou which to name,
Reward or puniſhment?

*Neoc.* What means my father?

*Them.* By ſuffering, virtue is refin'd, but grows
Corrupt by proſperous fortune. Limpid flows
The ſtream midſt broken rocks, but in a pool
Stagnates impure; the weapon, that in war
Reſplendent blazes, ruſts in lazy peace.

*Neoc.* But thus to change from triumphs paſt to meet
With trials ſuch as theſe.

*Them.* Futurity
Perhaps may envy more my preſent trials,
Than all my former triumphs.

*Neoc.* Be it ſo:
But ſay, what cauſe has brought thee to this place,
In ſearch of other perils? Is the hatred
Of Greece ſo little? Would'ſt thou ſtand expos'd
To Perſia's fury? Doſt thou not remember
That Athens, when aſſail'd, led on by thee,
Oppos'd the united force of Aſia's arms,
And ſcoff'd at Xerxes and his idle bridge?
Ah! think not that ſuch tranſient anger ſwells
The heart of kings.—Here ſhould'ſt thou be diſcover'd



Digitized by Google

To whom wilt thou recur? In other parts
Thy foes are many, here thy foes are all.
Each, from thy counſels, has in battle loſt
A friend, a relative, a ſon or father.
Ah! let us fly, my lord—in pity—

*Them.* Peace:
Some one I ſee approaching—Leave me; hence
And wait for me apart.

*Neoc.* And ſhall I not
Remain with thee, my father?

*Them.* No: I dare not
Confide in thy forbearance; and our ſtate
Requires it much.

*Neoc.* And now——

*Them.* Obey.

*Neoc.* At leaſt,
In ſuch a dreadful tempeſt, O! take heed
And guard thy ſafety.

*Them.* Hence and hope the beſt.

*Neoc.* And can I ſay, O! ſire belov'd!
That hope will e'er be mine;
Or ſtars, that late have cruel prov'd,
Will now benignant ſhine?

I dread the frowns of Fate ſevere
Againſt thy peace combin'd;
But more than all her frowns I fear
Thy conſtancy of mind. [*Exit.*

SCENE

Digitized by Google

## SCENE II.

ASPASIA, SEBASTES. THEMISTOCLES *apart.*

*Them.* [*aſide.*] This ſtranger, by his looks and bearing, ſeems
Of high concern and manners more refin'd:
Of him I may enquire—but ſoft, what maid
With him appears; and by her veſts a Greek?

*Aſp.* [*to* Seb.] Yet hear me.

*Seb.* No; I cannot, fair Aſpaſia,
Now longer here remain: the king expects me.
[*going.*

*Aſp.* Yet one ſhort moment: is it true the king
Has made this cruel edict?

*Seb.* 'Tis moſt true:
Whoe'er to Xerxes brings Themiſtocles,
Alive or dead, ſhall gain immenſe reward.
[*going.*

*Aſp.* Unhappy father! [*aſide.*

*Them.* [*to* Seb.] Tell me, gracious lord,
(If thus far may be known) can all alike
Preſume to approach the feet of royal Xerxes,
And when and where ſuch honour is permitted?

*Aſp.* [*aſide.*] How ſhall I warn my father?

*Seb.* [*to* Them. *haughtily.*] Hence and learn
From

Digitized by Google

From others what thou ſeek'ſt.

*Them.* If I perhaps
Have err'd unweeting, courteous deign to inſtruct me;
A ſtranger am I; and to me unknown
The country's cuſtoms here.

*Seb.* Farewell, Aſpaſia.

[*Exit, without attending to* Them.

*Them.* What ſenſeleſs pride!

## SCENE III.

THEMISTOCLES, ASPASIA.

*Aſp.* [*to herſelf.*] Conduct not, mighty Gods!
My father to theſe ſhores!

*Them.* [*aſide.*] Then let me ſeek
Some better knowledge from this Grecian dame.
[*to her.*] Fair virgin, if the Heavens—Almighty Powers!
What features do I ſee!

*Aſp.* Eternal Gods!
'Tis ſure my father, or ſome form like his!

*Them.* O! ſay——

*Aſp.* Themiſtocles!

*Them.* Aſpaſia!

*Aſp.* Father!

*Them.*

Digitized by Google

*Them.* My daughter! [*embrace.*

*Aſp.* Fly, O! fly——

*Them.* And doſt thou live?

*Aſp.* Ah! fly, my deareſt father.—O! what ſtar
In evil hour has brought you to this palace?
Ah! Xerxes ſeeks your life, and vaſt rewards
Are promis'd him who brings you to his ſight—
Alas! delay not—ſome one may diſcover—

*Them.* Thou wilt thyſelf diſcover me, Aſpaſia,
With this exceſs of fear.—Say, when to Argos
I ſent thee for a ſhelter from the dangers
Of war and tumult, was not then thy ſhip
Engulph'd in roaring waves?

*Aſp.* It was; and none,
Save I alone, ſurviv'd the cruel wreck;
By wondrous chance eſcap'd from ſtormy ſeas
To pay with liberty my ranſom'd life.

*Them.* Say how was this?

*Aſp.* A veſſel from the waves—
(O Heaven! I freeze with terror!) from the waves
A hoſtile veſſel took me, ſcarce alive,
And bore me priſoner to this fated land.

*Them.* Is here thy birth diſclos'd?

*Aſp.* No.—Xerxes gave me
(My race unknown) a preſent to the princeſs,
The fair Roxana.—How I oft invok'd
A father's name! How oft I wearied Heaven



Digitized by Google

With vows to ſee him! But I little thought
To find my vows ſo fatally fulfill'd.

*Them.* Compoſe thyſelf, my daughter; joy and grief
Are plac'd with bounds ſo near to each, the paſſage
Is but a moment's work. This day our fortune
May take a different aſpect; finding thee,
Already do I feel my ſufferings leſs.

*Aſp.* But how! how have you found me here? A wretch,
In ſervile bonds! And how are you arriv'd?
A fugitive proſcrib'd! A lonely exile!
Alas! my father, where is now the ſplendor
That once encircled you? The pomp, the menials,
The wealth, the friends?—O! Deities unjuſt!
O! moſt ungrateful Athens! and does earth
Support thee ſtill? And ſtill the thunder ſleep
In Jove's eternal hand?

*Them.* Forbear, Aſpaſia!
And learn, more wiſe, to keep thy grief in bounds;
Know, ſhe, who calls for vengeance on her country,
Can ne'er be daughter to Themiſtocles;
Nor will I bear thou ſhould'ſt one moment harbour
Such impious thoughts.

*Aſp.* When you defend her cauſe,
Your country's guilt is doubled.

*Them.* Hold! no more.

*Aſp.*

Digitized by Google

*Aſp.* Yet, let me beg you fly!—Ah! quit this land.

*Them.* Whence is thy dread, if here to all unknown—

*Aſp.* To all unknown? And where! ah! where, is then
Themiſtocles unknown? The character
Of majeſty impreſs'd upon his brow,
That ſpeaks his ſoul, ſuffices to betray him.
This day the peril threatens more: from Athens
At Suſa an ambaſſador arrives:
From him and from his followers, who ſhall now
Conceal——

*Them.* ——But tell me, know'ſt thou yet his buſineſs,
And what his name?

*Aſp.* I know not; but the king
Will give him ſpeedy audience.—See already
Where yonder throng the impatient populace
To reach the deſtin'd place.

*Them.* May each that wills it
Be preſent at the meeting?

*Aſp.* Doubtleſs each.

*Them.* Remain thou here: I haſte to ſatisfy
A wiſh I long have cheriſh'd in my breaſt,
Thus face to face to meet my ancient foe.

*Aſp.* Forbear——Unhappy me! What would you do?



Digitized by Google

You kill me with affright! O! if you love me,
Forego the thought—By this unconquer'd hand,
On which, a trembling and a ſuppliant daughter,
I now impreſs the kiſs of filial duty;
Even by that country, which, to you a foe,
You ſtill have reverenc'd; which you have defended,
Howe'er to you ungrateful.

*Them.* Lov'd Aſpaſia,
Come to thy father's breaſt: full well in theſe,
Theſe fond emotions of an anxious daughter,
I read thy heart; but ſink not thus beneath
Thy birth and virtue.—Leave to me the care
To guard myſelf—Farewell; and from thy father
Learn to deſpiſe the frowns of niggard Fortune.

Amidſt the rage of adverſe fate
He neither fear nor tumult knows,
Who, ſtill prepar'd for every ſtate,
A heart to all undaunted ſhows.

Thoſe evils that attend on life
Are leſſons to the noble mind;
As from the winds and waves at ſtrife
Their uſeful ſchool the ſeamen find. [*Exit.*

SCENE

Digitized by Google

## SCENE IV.

*Enter* ROXANA.

*Aſp.* [*to herſelf.*] Alas! through all my trembling breaſt I feel
Each fibre ſhake with fear!

*Rox.* Permit me now,
Aſpaſia, to complain; and why conceal
Thy happy fortune thus? Though not a friend,
I hop'd at leaſt to find thee more ſincere.

*Aſp.* [*aſide.*] Alas! ſhe knows it all. Themiſtocles
Too ſurely is diſcover'd.

*Rox.* Thou art pale!
Thou anſwer'ſt not? And have I truly heard,
And have I near me then my deadlieſt foe.

*Aſp.* Ah! princeſs!——

*Rox.* Peace, ingrate, to thee I told
My ſecret ſoul, to thee intruſted all,
And thou, mean time, haſt us'd each art to win
From me the heart of Xerxes.

*Aſp.* [*aſide.*] What I fear'd
Employs not now her thoughts.

*Rox.* Is this, Aſpaſia,
The recompenſe for all my friendſhip ſhewn?

*Aſp.* Such taunts and inſults ill become Roxana,
Poſſeſs

Digitized by Google

Poſſeſs, without a fear, the heart of Xerxes,
I never ſhall diſpute it—no!—too well
I know myſelf; think not Aſpaſia's hopes
(Beyond her rank) aſpire to mount the throne.

*Rox.* Diſſimulation all! A thouſand thoughts
Confirm my fears, ſince Xerxes firſt beheld thee,
I find a daily change, while cold indifference
Succeeds declining love. I mark his looks,
Intent on thee; I hear his converſe dwell
Too oft on thee; and when I ſpeak of love,
He ſeems confus'd; then ſeeking an excuſe
To veil his luke-warm paſſion, lays the blame
On all thoſe cares that vex a monarch's peace.

*Aſp.* Not love, but generous pity warms his breaſt,
For poor Aſpaſia's fortune.

*Rox.* Pity oft
Is but a ſpecious name.

*Aſp.* Reflect, Roxana,
How great the diſtance twixt myſelf and Xerxes.

*Rox.* Love equals thoſe more diſtant.

*Aſp.* But a ſtranger?——

*Rox.* 'Tis that I fear. Sometimes the fancied value
Outweighs the true; thoſe gems are little worth
Where Nature heaps them with a laviſh hand,
But from their ſcarceneſs oft are treaſures deem'd.

*Aſp.* For pity's ſake, Roxana, be not thus
Ingenious,

Digitized by Google

Ingenious to your pain? You wrong Aſpaſia,
You wrong yourſelf and Xerxes: if the cares
Of love can find admiſſion in this breaſt,
('Midſt all the ſufferings of my preſent ſtate)
Not Xerxes is their object. In this heart
Another form is grav'd; and learn, Aſpaſia
Has not a heart that knows how love can change.

*Rox.* And wilt thou then——

## SCENE V.

*Enter* SEBASTES.

*Seb.* [*to* Rox.] If, princeſs, you would ſee
The Athenian envoy, he prepares to take
His audience of the king.

*Rox.* I come, Sebaſtes.

*Aſp.* Hear—know'ſt thou yet his name?

*Seb.* Lyſimachus.

*Aſp.* [*aſide.*] Eternal Powers! 'tis he, my heart's dear lord!
But wherefore comes he? [*to* Seb.

*Seb.* As I learn, he comes
To ſeek Themiſtocles.

*Aſp.* [*aſide.*] And is HE then,
Is then my lover too my father's foe?
All, all the earth conſpire in waging war
With one unhappy exile!



Digitized by Google

*Rox.* Go, Sebaſtes,
Before me to the king—farewell Aſpaſia.
[*to Aſp.*] Betray me not. [*Exit* Sebaſtes.

*Aſp.* Ah! baniſh from your mind
Theſe jealous doubts?—Ah! how can thoughts like theſe
E'er find admittance in a noble breaſt?

*Rox.* A lover I! too well I know;
From jealouſy what torments flow,
The bane that heightens every woe,
And poiſons every joy.
The monſter with an hundred eyes,
Creates the bad, the good belies,
And every cruel pang ſupplies,
To work the ſoul's annoy.

[*Exit.*

## SCENE VI.

ASPASIA *alone.*

Can this be true! And is Lyſimachus,
Is he too leagu'd againſt a wretched father?
O! faithleſs man! already he forgets me;
He thinks me dead; and thinks that to the dead
'Tis folly to be conſtant:—Cruel ſtars,
Midſt all my ſufferings this alone was wanting.
What

Digitized by Google

What maid, alas! has ever ſeen
Her ſtars more adverſe ſhine?
What tender heart by fate has been
Condemn'd to pains like mine?

My ſighs ſucceed each other ſtill:
One woe another breeds;
And each ſucceeding grief I feel,
The former grief exceeds.

[*Exit.*

## SCENE VII.

*A magnificent place for public audience. A throne on one ſide. View of the city at a diſtance.*

THEMISTOCLES, NEOCLES.

*Neoc.* My father, whither goeſt thou? Still in vain
I would divine thy purpoſe; while I mark
Each look with fear, and think that every eye
Is fix'd alone on thee. Behold the guards!
The king is near at hand; let us depart.

*Them.* Here, mingled with the crowd, we may remain.

*Neoc.* Think of the danger, ſir.

*Them.* No more!—be ſilent.

*Neoc.* [*aſide.*] I tremble for th' event,

[*they retire to one ſide.*



Digitized by Google

## SCENE VIII.

*Enter* XERXES *and* SEBASTES *with a numerous attendance.*

*Xer.* Go, call before us
The ambaſſador from Greece; he ſhall be heard.
[*a guard goes out.*
Sebaſtes, tell me, does Themiſtocles
Still hide him from my vengeance? Have I then
In vain held forth ſuch hope of high reward?

*Seb.* He cannot long be hid: too many ſnares
Are laid for him to eſcape them.

*Xer.* While he lives
I cannot reſt,—ſay, has he not beheld
The flight of Xerxes? Midſt the unnumber'd ſhips,
With which oppreſs'd th' Ægean billows groan'd,
He knows, that chac'd by him, (O! ſhame to think!)
My life was truſted to a ſingle bark,
Poor and defenceleſs; that, by thirſt conſtrain'd,
I drank the ſcanty water, foul and putrid;
And prais'd with eager lips, the ſavoury draught:
And ſhall he live, who lives to boaſt of this?
O! no!—it ne'er ſhall be, and in my heart
The thought alone is madneſs.
[*aſcends the throne.*

*Neoc.*

Digitized by Google

*Neoc.* [*aſide to* Them.] Hear you this?

*Them.* I do!

*Neoc.* Then let us fly.

*Them.* Peace, Neocles.

## SCENE IX.

*Enter* LYSIMACHUS *with a train of* Greeks.

*Lyſ.* Great king! in whom, though in a foe to Greece,
Athens not only pays the honours due
To regal majeſty, but, from thy virtue
(Unbounded as thy empire) now expects
A gift beyond the nobleſt.

*Xer.* Let it not
Be peace thou ſeek'ſt:—then ſit and freely ſpeak.

*Neoc.* [*to* Them.] Is that Lyſimachus?
[Lyſ. *ſits.*

*Them.* It is?

*Neoc.* The friendſhip
Of one ſo dear, may ſtand you much in ſtead.

*Them.* [*to* Neoc.] Be ſilent or depart.

*Lyſ.* [*to* Xer.] To ſweep from earth
A raſh diſturber of the public peace
One common intereſt claims from all that rule;
Even foes ſhould here concur: the ſingle ſtate
That ſhelters one proſcrib'd, muſt injure all;
For

Digitized by Google

For hope of an aſylum ever tempts
The mind to each exceſs. Themiſtocles,
(Forgive me, hapleſs friend!) is now the criminal
That Athens ſeeks. Within theſe palace walls
'Tis thought he dwells; ſhe could of right demand him,
But rather aſks him as a gift from Xerxes.

*Neoc.* [*aſide.*] O! cruel embaſſy? O! faithleſs friend!

*Them.* [*aſide.*] O! loyal citizen!

*Xer.* We ſhall not now,
Ambaſſador, explore the ſecret purpoſe
That hither turn'd thy ſteps, nor what our truſt
Due to the Grecian faith; but this I know,
Not all thy ſtudied artifice of ſpeech
Can hide the boldneſs of a claim like this.
Say, what imports to me the peace of Athens?
Muſt I be made the power ſubſervient here
To do your bidding? Who ſhall thus preſume
To frame new leagues to bind contending foes?
And com'ſt thou now to give me laws or counſel?
The laſt I little truſt, the firſt I ſpurn.
Let not a ſingle victory ſwell you thus
With tranſient pride; for know, the fate of Greece
Is little yet ſecur'd; and know, to Athens
The way lies open ſtill for Xerxes' arms.

*Lyſ.* But what imports to you Themiſtocles?

*Xer.* Learn that, when Xerxes finds him in his power—

*Lyſ.*

Digitized by Google

*Lyſ.* And dwells he not in Suſa?

*Xer.* Were it ſo,
Of him I hold no conference with thee.

*Lyſ.* My lord, your hatred of the Grecian name
Blinds you too far, and if I now begin
On peaceful terms——

*Xer.* No more: I have forbid thee
To ſpeak of peace.

*Lyſ.* 'Tis true; but yet—

*Xer.* Enough:
I know what thou would'ſt ſay, and have reveal'd
To thee my thoughts at full—thou may'ſt depart.

*Lyſ.* I go; but ſince ſo little weighs
With thee the name of friend;
Think not a boaſt can win the praiſe,
That muſt on deeds depend.

Foes may be felt, though lightly priz'd,
As Aſia late has tried;
Foes, that the more they ſeem'd deſpis'd
Have dangers more defied.

[*Exit with train.*

SCENE

Digitized by Google

## SCENE X.

XERXES, SEBASTES. THEMISTOCLES *and* NEOCLES *apart. Attendants.*

*Xer.* The Greeks, Sebaſtes, think Themiſtocles
Is now in Perſia—Loſe not then a moment
To explore the truth, and eaſe thy anxious maſter.
This victim can alone appeaſe the hatred
That preys upon me and conſumes my peace.

*Neoc.* [*aſide.*] And yet my father flies not.

*Them.* Now's the time
To make the trial.

[*making his way through the guards.*

*Neoc.* [*aſide to him.*] Hear me, O! my father.

*Them.* [*before the throne.*] Great king.

*Seb.* What means this frenzy? Madman, hence!
Guards, take him from the preſence.

*Them.* Human prayers
Offend not even the Gods.

*Seb.* Away!

*Xer.* Not ſo:
He ſhall be heard.—What would'ſt thou, ſtranger?
Speak.

*Them.* I ſeek a ſhelter here from adverſe Fortune,
And only Jove or Xerxes can protect me.

*Xer.*

Digitized by Google

*Xer.* Who art thou? Say.

*Them.* At Athens was I born.

*Xer.* And dar'ſt thou then, a Greek, appear before me?

*Them.* Yes, Xerxes, though full well I know that name
Is here a crime; but now a mighty ſervice
Abſolves in me that crime.—Themiſtocles
Thou ſeek'ſt, and him I here conduct before thee.

*Xer.* Themiſtocles? Can this be true?

*Them.* With kings
What lips ſhall utter falſehood?

*Xer.* Such high ſervice
No recompenſe can anſwer.—Where, O! where
Is this long-ſought-for object of my hatred?

*Them.* He ſtands before your ſight.

*Xer.* Where is he?

*Them.* I—
I am Themiſtocles.

*Xer.* Thou!

*Them.* I am he.

*Neoc.* [*aſide.*] Where ſhall I hide me? [*Exit.*

*Xer.* Doſt thou fear ſo little
To meet my juſt reſentment? Dar'ſt thou thus—

*Them.* Hear me, and then determine.—See before thee

Capricious

Capricious Fortune's ſport.—In me, O! king,
Behold that fame Themiſtocles who ſhook
So late thy throne, who now reſorts to thee
For ſuccour and ſupport.—He knows thee mighty,
Nor is he yet to learn a foe's reſentment
Enkindled long againſt him; yet the hope
To find in thee a guardian and protector
Conducts him hither.—In thy virtue, king,
He thus confides.—Behold me in thy hand,
'Tis thine to ſave me, or 'tis thine to take
A wiſh'd revenge.—If love of noble fame
Glows in thy breaſt, behold an ample field
For virtue worthy thee: ſubdue thyſelf,
And ſtretch thy hand to raiſe a proſtrate foe.
If hatred ſway thee, pauſe a moment yet:
What praiſe to conquer unreſiſting weakneſs?
How uſeful to acquire a faithful friend.
Think that thou art a king, and think that here
Thou ſee'ſt an exile who confides in thee,
And came a willing victim to this land;
Reflect, and calmly then decide my fate.

*Xer.* [*aſide.*] Ye righteous Gods! was ever known a ſoul
More firm and more unſhaken! What intrepid,
What unexampled virtue! Thus alone,
Diſarm'd, an enemy, to ſtand before
The face of Xerxes! Thus in confidence—
O! 'tis too much—[*to* Them.] Tell me, Themiſtocles,
What

Digitized by Google

What would'ſt thou? With my hatred make my glory
Diſpute the victory?—O! now at leaſt
Thou ſhalt not conquer.—Let me claſp thee then
Cloſe to my breaſt: whate'er thou hop'ſt is thine;
Take what thou wilt.—My treaſures ſhall be open'd
[*deſcends from his throne and embraces* Them.
To give thee aid; my kingdom ſhall be arm'd
For thy defence; and from this happy hour
Themiſtocles and Xerxes are the ſame.

*Them.* Oking! but now my hopes appear'd exceſs,
And yet thy generous heart out-goes them all:
What can I offer then? My toils, my blood,
My life? For ſuch tranſcendent grace beſtow'd,
My life, my blood, my toils were worthleſs all.

*Xer.* Be thou my recompenſe; Themiſtocles
Is Xerxes' friend.—Yes, our contention ſtill
Shall not have end; though here I caſt aſide
All hatred for my injuries of old,
I mean with thee to wage a nobler war.

Do thou conſent, a nobler part
Hereafter each may prove;
Since glory now in either heart
Has hatred chang'd to love.

Thy former enmity forget;
My vengeance I reſign:
Do thou ſupport my regal ſeat,
Thy ſafety ſhall be mine. [*Exit attended.*



Digitized by Google

## SCENE XI.

THEMISTOCLES *alone.*

How oft, unſtable Fortune, doſt thou ſhift
Thy aſpect thus; and vainly now would'ſt tempt me
To truſt thy treacherous ſeeming.—No: too oft
I've prov'd thy ſmiles and frowns: thy favour ſtill
I little heed, and hold thy wrath in ſcorn.

Uncertain Fortune ne'er beguiles,
Nor lures me with her harlot-ſmiles,
Nor warms with hope nor chills with fears.
I know that oft in vernal bowers
The ſerpent glides amidſt the flowers;
I know that oft in midnight hours
We praiſe a ſtar, when none appears.

[*Exit.*

## SCENE XII.

ASPASIA *alone.*

Where am I? Who will now, ah! hapleſs maid,
Shew me my father? Here in vain I ſeek him,
Yet ſelf-diſcover'd here but now he ſtood
Before the king—ſo Neocles declar'd:
He could not be deceiv'd.

SCENE

Digitized by Google

## SCENE XIII.

*Enter* ROXANA.

Ah! princeſs, hear,
In pity hear me, and protect my father
From angry Xerxes' vengeance.

*Rox.* Say'ſt thou?—Father?

*Aſp.* O! yes—behold in me, immortal powers!
The wretched daughter of Themiſtocles.

*Rox.* In thee? Can this be poſſible?

*Aſp.* No more
It aught avails to keep my birth conceal'd.

*Rox.* [*aſide.*] Alas! my rival now has ſtronger charms.

*Aſp.* Go, generous princeſs, plead, implore his pardon.

*Rox.* Pardon for him? Then ſure thou know'ſt not all.

*Aſp.* I know my father here to angry Xerxes
Diſclos'd himſelf: my brother, who in vain
Oppos'd his purpoſe, fled in terror hence.
He ſaw me ſince, and from his trembling lips
I heard the fatal truth.

*Rox.* Now learn the reſt:
Know then——



Digitized by Google

## SCENE XIV.

*Enter* SEBASTES.

*Seb.* Aſpaſia, haſten; Xerxes now
Requires your preſence; for Themiſtocles
Has own'd you for his daughter: never yet
The king appear'd to hear more grateful tidings.

*Rox.* [*aſide.*] Death to my hopes!

*Aſp.* [*aſide.*] O Heaven!—Is then his hatred
Rooted ſo deep in Xerxes?

*Seb.* Hatred? No:
Themiſtocles is now his only joy.

*Aſp.* What do I hear, Sebaſtes! 'Twas but now
He ſought his death.

*Seb.* And now, with all the warmth
A friend can feel, he claſps him to his breaſt;
Calls him his life; directs all eyes to him,
And only ſpeaks of his Themiſtocles.

*Aſp.* Farewell Roxana—O! the heart-felt rapture!

Th' exceſs of joy which now I find
Becomes a pleaſing pain;
A joy like this my ſuffering mind
Might long have hop'd in vain.

With

Digitized by Google

With Fortune's ſmiles my ſoul appears
So rapt in bliſs extreme;
I tremble ſtill with anxious fears
Leſt all ſhould prove a dream. [*Exit.*

## SCENE XV.

ROXANA, SEBASTES.

*Seb.* [*aſide.*] Take courage, heart, and hope, ſince jealouſy
Has touch'd Roxana's breaſt.

*Rox.* What means, Sebaſtes,
The impatience ſhewn by Xerxes now to ſeek
The converſe of Aſpaſia?

*Seb.* What ſuſpicion
His thoughts ſuggeſt, Sebaſtes fears to ſpeak.

*Rox.* And wherefore? Freely ſpeak.

*Seb.* To me it ſeems
That Xerxes loves her: when he heard her birth,
A ſudden pleaſure brighten'd in his features,
And told the ſecret workings of his heart.

*Rox.* O! no—it cannot be—'tis but a dream
Thy fancy ſhapes.

*Seb.* Heaven grant it prove no other!
But yet 'tis ever well to fear the worſt.

*Rox.* Ye powers! Should this be true what courſe befits

Roxana

Digitized by Google

Roxana then?

*Seb.* What courſe? To ſeek revenge.
What may not beauty ſuch as yours achieve?
'Tis joy to puniſh a perfidious lover.

*Rox.* Revenge at firſt may yield a ſhort relief,
But ne'er can recompenſe our hopes deſtroy'd.

Amidſt a thouſand hearts to chooſe
A heart in whom our hopes repoſe;
Yet there betray'd, our peace to loſe,
Is ſure the worſt of human woes.

You beſt can tell, whoſe boſoms know
The pangs from faithleſs lovers found:
Of all afflictions felt below,
Misfortune gives no deeper wound. [*Exit.*

## SCENE XVI.

SEBASTES *alone.*

Heaven ſmiles upon me, ſince Aſpaſia now
In Xerxes finds a lover, and reſentment
Has warm'd Roxana's breaſt.—The care be mine
To cheriſh love in Xerxes, and in her
To increaſe the jealous fury.—Should ſhe once
Be rous'd to wiſh revenge, I then may riſk
A deed of high import.—My numerous friends
With her's united ſoon might make Sebaſtes
Even fear'd by Xerxes.—To the Perſian throne
I may

Digitized by Google

I may perhaps—Who knows?—'Tis true I own
That hope is ever daring; but we find
That fortune and that boldneſs oft unite.

Though raſh was he who durſt explore
The threatening waves unplough'd before,
And ſought to find a diſtant ſhore
In regions long unknown:
Yet had the ſailor ne'er defied
With venturous oar the roaring tide,
What treaſures ſtill, in lands untried,
Had ne'er been made our own. [*Exit.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

Digitized by Google

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*A magnificent apartment deſtined for* THEMISTOCLES. *Vaſes with gold and jewels.*

THEMISTOCLES *alone.*

Behold thy fortune chang'd! Behold thy ſtation,
How different now, Themiſtocles! But late
Oppreſs'd with every want; thou ſought'ſt in vain
The ſhelter of a cottage: now poſſeſs'd
Of this rich dwelling, blazing round with pomp
Of wealth and ſplendor: Thou behold'ſt in heaps
Unbounded treaſures: to thy will ſubjected,
A kingdom and a king. Upon the ſtage
Of this vain world, who knows what part may next
Themiſtocles be thine: too well I ſee
That human life, at beſt, is but a tale;
And mine as yet unfiniſh'd,

## SECNE II.

*Enter* NEOCLES.

*Neoc.* Once again
Father belov'd, on innocence and virtue
The ſtars propitious ſhine: from every danger
We now are freed. When Athens ſhall receive
Theſe wondrous tidings, how will terror ſhake
Her

Digitized by Google

Her citizens ungrateful! Now begins
Our fortune's happy courſe: I ſee it all.
And now, with thee, I ſeem to reap my part
Of wealth and honours, ſhare with thee the praiſe
Of palms and triumphs; paſs Alcides' bounds,
And conquer kings and give to kingdoms laws.

*Them.* Hold, Neocles; and truſt not yet too far
Our preſent ſtate. Thy ardour now exceeds,
As late thy fear? When adverſe winds prevail'd,
Thou trembledſt near the port; and now they ſhew
A moment's favouring change, at once, my ſon,
Thou open'ſt all thy canvas to the breeze,
Ill tim'd in both. Thy confidence of ſoul
Is now a fault, but then had been a virtue:
And that diſtruſt, which once ſo far depreſs'd thee,
Was then a fault, but would be virtue now.

*Neoc.* And what have we to fear?

*Them.* In what to truſt?
Theſe treaſures? Theſe a moment has beſtow'd,
A moment may reſume them. In the friends
Thou ſaw'ſt me late acquire? Theſe are not mine,
They come with Fortune, and with her depart.

*Neoc.* But royal Xerxes' favour will ſuffice
To make our ſtate ſecure.

*Them.* And Xerxes' anger,
Suffice to be our ruin.

*Neoc.* No: the king
Is far too wiſe and juſt.

*Them.*

Digitized by Google

*Them.* A king ſo great,
Beholds not all himſelf, too oft deceiv'd
When wicked men beſiege the royal ear;
And wicked men abound in every clime.

*Neoc.* Thy virtue ſtill muſt make thee riſe above
The calumny of courts.

*Them.* O! no, where each
Attempts o'er all to make his merits ſhine,
The virtue, moſt admir'd, is leaſt ſecure.

*Neoc.* What then remains?—

*Them.* Depart—The king approaches.

*Neoc.* In all thy words what magic ſeems conceal'd!
But now I thought us bleſs'd, and now I fear
A thouſand perils. In a few ſhort moments,
All, all to me aſſumes a different form.

Before the pleas'd ſpectator's eyes
Thus various forms ſucceſſive riſe,
Which oft the mimic ſtage ſupplies,
With every art beſtow'd.
A priſon, dark as dreary night,
Becomes a palace fair and light;
And groves of verdure cheer the ſight,
Where late the billows flow'd.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

Digitized by Google

## SCENE III.

*Enter* XERXES.

*Xer.* Themiſtocles.

*Them.* Great king.

*Xer.* I ſtill am bound
To thee in grateful ties, and owe thee much.
I promis'd recompenſe to him who brought
Themiſtocles to Perſia. I have now
My utmoſt wiſh, and with impatience come
To make my promiſe good.

*Them.* So many gifts
Already laviſh'd—ſhall not theſe ſuffice?

*Xer.* No, every recompenſe too little ſeems
For ſuch a friend obtain'd, as ſwells my heart
With generous pride.

*Them.* And means——

*Xer.* I mean to amend
The injuries of Fortune, and to raiſe thee
In her deſpite. Miuntes, Lampſacus,
The city, waſh'd by fair Meander's ſtream,
Are from this inſtant thine: hereafter Xerxes
Will give more ſhining proofs to mark the love,
With which he juſtly honours thy deſerts.



Digitized by Google

*Them.* O! ſir, be moderate; uſe not thus your triumph,
Nor call my bluſhes forth: what have I done
That thus from you may claim——

*Xer.* What haſt thou done?
And doſt thou think it little to confide
In Xerxes' generous faith? To intruſt with him
A life like thine? To open him a field,
Will make his name immortal? To reſtore
To Perſia's kingdom in Themiſtocles,
In him alone, whate'er before was loſt.

*Them.* Reflect, from me, what ruin, blood——

*Xer.* The glory
To honour thus the virtue of my foe,
Compenſates all: the firſt was Fortune's work,
And Fortune's blame—this glory is my own.

*Them.* O! generous ſentiments! that well befit
The ſubſtitute of Jove. Oh! happy land,
To ſuch a king ſubjected.

*Xer.* Hear me further.
I mean to follow now the grateful conteſt
Of mutual friendſhip. To my power thy life
Thou haſt intruſted; to thy valour I
Intruſt my power. Thou ſhalt be ſovereign leader
Of Perſia's armies: come, and take before
The aſſembled troops, the enſign of command,
Thou firſt ſhalt hence to puniſh the preſumption

Of

Digitized by Google

Of reſtleſs Egypt. Greater deeds we then
May hope to achieve: with thee, Themiſtocles,
I truſt to triumph o'er the world in arms.

*Them.* And will my generous king ſo far——

*Xer.* Away,
Prepare for other triumphs. Let thy deeds
Speak what thou mean'ſt to ſay.

*Them.* Benignant Powers!
Preſerve for me a prince ſo like yourſelves,
O! let me ſtill remember all his goodneſs,
For Xerxes triumph or for Xerxes die.

I ſeem to hear, with loud alarms,
The trumpet's wakening breath,
That calls me forth for thee in arms
To encounter fields of death.

Undaunted let me meet my fate,
And view, with fearleſs eye,
My tomb prepar'd, but ne'er ingrate
To thee, my king, I'll die. [*Exit.*

## SCENE IV.

XERXES *alone.*

'Tis ever true: a regal diadem
Is heavy to ſupport, and with it brings
A thouſand troubles; but the power it gives
To recompenſe the good, ſet virtue free

From

Digitized by Google

From the blind empire of capricious Chance;
To make the worthy happy; is a privilege
Atones for all, and opens to the ſoul
The pureſt joys of frail humanity;
And (if a mortal boaſt may thus preſume)
Can make a monarch equal to a God.
Such have I prov'd it, ſince the day in which
I gain'd Themiſtocles? It now imports me
To make this gain ſecure. I mean to raiſe
Aſpaſia to the throne: her birth, her virtue,
Her beauty well deſerve it. In my empire
Themiſtocles will then aſſert the rights
Of all his future offspring, whilſt the ties
Of blood ſhall make our mutual love increaſe.
Yet would I firſt conſult Aſpaſia's heart:
Already, at my will, Sebaſtes goes
To ſound her ſecret purpoſe. But as yet,
I ſee him not return—perchance he's here,
O! Heavens!—It is Roxana!—let me now
Avoid her preſence, [*going.*

## SCENE V.

*Enter* ROXANA.

*Rox.* Whither goes my lord?
Do you then fly me!

*Xer.* No! but other cares
Of high concernment call me now away.

*Rox.*

Digitized by Google

*Rox.* And yet amongſt thoſe cares Roxana once
Has borne a part.

*Xer.* But now they claim me wholly.

*Rox.* 'Tis true, and well I underſtand thee, Xerxes.
I ſee how far Themiſtocles muſt now
Employ thy thoughts; and juſt it ſeems, a gueſt
So noble ſhould engroſs the heart of Xerxes.
Thy mind (nor ſtrange I deem it) is perplex'd
Between the father's merits and——

*Xer.* No more—
Princeſs, farewell. [*going.*

*Rox.* Yet, hear me, cruel man!

*Xer.* [*aſide*] She muſt be undeceiv'd, [*to her*] ——attend Roxana;
'Tis time I ſhould to thee diſcloſe my thoughts.
Know then——

## SCENE VI.

*Enter* SEBASTES.

*Seb.* My lord, the Ambaſſador from Greece
Once more demands an audience.

*Xer.* Wherefore, ſay?
Then is he not departed?

*Seb.* No, he learns
That here Themiſtocles reſides in Suſa,

And

Digitized by Google

And means to make large offers to obtain him.

*Xer.* O! 'tis too much; he trifles with my patience:
I will not hear him—charge him to depart,
Nor dare to diſobey me. [Seb. *going.*

*Rox.* [*aſide.*] This reſentment,
Alas! proceeds from love.

*Xer.* Yet hear, Sebaſtes;
I've better thought—Go, bring him to our preſence,
I'll puniſh his preſumption. [*Exit* Seb.

*Rox.* Speak at length
Your ſecret purpoſe.

*Xer.* 'Tis no longer time. [*going.*

*Rox.* You promiſe, Xerxes, firſt to tell me all,
Then, cruel man! you anſwer not, but leave me.

*Xer.* Alas! when ſpeechleſs I depart,
Could'ſt thou, Roxana, read my heart,
My thoughts would then unfolded lie.
For oft we ſeem but to conceal
Thoſe truths which looks too well reveal,
When ſilence only makes reply. [*Exit.*

*Rox.* In vain, alas! I would deceive myſelf.
Aſpaſia triumphs—but behold ſhe comes,
The haughty fair-one.

SCENE

Digitized by Google

## SCENE VII.

*Enter* ASPASIA.

[*looking at* Aſp. *with attention.*] Where's the mighty charm
That thus in her my Xerxes ſo adores?

*Aſp.* At length, Roxana, all your doubts are ended.

*Rox.* [*aſide, looking at her.*] I cannot find a cauſe for chains ſo binding.

*Aſp.* What doſt thou?—Wherefore gaze in ſilence on me?

*Rox.* I ſeek the wonders of that face,
Thoſe powerful eyes, and every grace,
That riſk a king's repoſe.
A lover whom ſuch charms aſſail,
Muſt find excuſe if e'er he fail
In faith of former vows. [*Exit.*

*Aſp.* What harſh reproaches! Tyrant Jealouſy,
How doſt thou torture hearts! I too, O Heaven!
Have prov'd no leſs for my Lyſimachus.



Digitized by Google

## SCENE VIII.

*Enter* LYSIMACHUS.

*Lyſ.* [*entering.*] O! let me for a moment but behold her,
And then—[*ſeeing her.*] But ſure I dream!—It is my love!

*Aſp.* [*to herſelf, not ſeeing him.*] He ſurely knows I live; for public fame
Muſt widely ſpread the chance—Alas! he glows
With other flames than mine—ungrateful man!
And yet I cannot ſhake him from my thoughts;
But hence—it ſhall be ſo—theſe ties diſſolv'd—
[*going.*

*Lyſ.* Hear me, my life!

*Aſp.* [*turning.*] Who calls me thus his life?
[*ſeeing him.*] O Heavens!

*Lyſ.* Thy own, thy true Lyſimachus;
Yes, fair Aſpaſia, once again my fate
Has brought me to my lov'd-one's ſight.

*Aſp.* Aſpaſia?
I am no longer ſhe—Aſpaſia's dead.

*Lyſ.* So fame, I know, declar'd; but well I know
The tale was falſe; I know how Heaven preſerv'd thee.

*Aſp.*

Digitized by Google

*Aſp.* Then add to this, what yet thou haſt not learn'd,
And further know—for thee I live no more.

*Lyſ.* Ah! wherefore thus transfix my bleeding heart?

*Aſp.* So true a lover and ſo firm a friend
Muſt merit ſure from me a tender greeting.
And haſt thou dar'd, ingrate! my father's foe,
To meet Aſpaſia now and ſpeak of love?

*Lyſ.* Thy father's foe? Alas! thou little know'ſt
The conflict that I feel.—A ſacred duty
Compels me to obey my country's mandates;
While every moment, in my tortur'd breaſt,
The lover with the citizen contends.

*Aſp.* Thou muſt relinquiſh one.

*Lyſ.* Ah! one I cannot,
And one I ought not.—Every hour I ſtrive,
With agonizing pangs, againſt my peace,
And ſeek to gain what, gain'd, muſt make me wretched.

*Aſp.* The Heavens be prais'd! thou yet haſt nothing gain'd.

*Lyſ.* Alas! Aſpaſia, I have gain'd too much.
Forgive me, O! ye guardian Gods of Athens!
If to her griefs I pay this tender ſigh.

*Aſp.* I tremble—ſpeak—ſay, what haſt thou obtain'd?

*Lyſ.* The king gives up Themiſtocles to Greece,



Digitized by Google

*Aſp.* Wretched Aſpaſia!

*Lyſ.* Even this very hour
He plights his word to ſend him hence.

*Aſp.* O Heavens!
[*aſide.*] Ah! Xerxes thus will puniſh my refuſal.
[*to* Lyſ.] Lyſimachus, have pity! Thou alone
Canſt ſave my father.

*Lyſ.* O! what power is mine?
Perhaps already may the king expect me,
Where now the people and the troops are met.
Before them all he means to render up
The victim to my hands.—O! think what power
Can reſt with me.

*Aſp.* All, if thou wilt, is thine:
Conſent that by a ſecret flight——

*Lyſ.* Aſpaſia,
What would'ſt thou aſk?

*Aſp.* I from a lover aſk
A certain proof of love: thou canſt not ſure
Reject my prayer.

*Lyſ.* Alas! before I lov'd
My duty was preſcrib'd by other laws,
A citizen of Athens.

*Aſp.* Does the name
Of citizen compel thee to purſue
A guiltleſs exile?

*Lyſ.* O! I ſeek it not:

I but

Digitized by Google

I but fulfil my duty.

*Aſp.* Be it ſo:
We have our ſeveral duties—this is mine.
Farewell for ever! [*going.*

*Lyſ.* Whither, whither goeſt thou?

*Aſp.* I go to Xerxes' arms.

*Lyſ.* What ſays Aſpaſia?

*Aſp.* Yes, Xerxes loves me, and to aſſiſt a father
All nature pleads within me.—Ere I lov'd
My duty was preſcrib'd by other laws,
The daughter of Themiſtocles.

*Lyſ.* Yet hear me.
Give not the world, Aſpaſia, this example
Of broken faith.

*Aſp.* I follow where thou lead'ſt,
And but fulfil my duty.

*Lyſ.* Does the ſtruggle
So little coſt thee?

*Aſp.* Little coſt? Then learn
To thy confuſion, 'tis to puniſh me
That Xerxes gives my father: but even now
He ſent to offer me his hand and throne;
And ſhe, to whom it little coſts to leave thee,
Has, for thy ſake, refus'd the Perſian throne.

*Lyſ.* What ſay'ſt thou, O! my love?

*Aſp.* Nor is this all.
Hear, cruel man! thou know'ſt I've many a cauſe,
And

Digitized by Google

And yet I cannot hate thee: now reduc'd
To this extreme, to part from thee for ever,
I feel my heart divided from my breaſt.
I ſhould conceal my weakneſs—but in vain,
In vain I ſtrive—Behold, ungrateful man!
In ſpite of all, my tears will find a way.

*Lyſ.* Ah! weep not thus—I yield—What have I ſaid?
Farewell, my life, farewell!

*Aſp.* And whither goeſt thou?

*Lyſ.* I fly from trials which my virtue fears.

*Aſp.* If any ſpark of pity yet remain—

*Lyſ.* No more—I dare not truſt my wavering duty.

What magic power the fair attends,
Who loſt in grief appears;
What then the ſterneſt heart defends
From lovely eyes in tears?

I fly, my love, an exile hence;
If ſtill with thee I ſtay,
No more my virtue makes defence,
Nor Athens I obey. [*Exit.*

SCENE

Digitized by Google

## SCENE IX.

ASPASIA *alone.*

Then all my hope that now remains, is this,
To give my hand to Xerxes.—O! Aſpaſia,
What grief, ye Powers! what cruel fate is thine.

The heart that gentle love retains,
Muſt mourn when doom'd with other chains
Of tyrant bondage to comply.
Life is not life in ſuch a ſtate,
Compell'd to yield to vows we hate,
And pity, where we love, deny. [*Exit.*

## SCENE X.

*A magnificent pavilion, open on all ſides; a throne on the right hand adorned with military enſigns. View of a vaſt plain, with the* Perſian *army drawn up.*

XERXES, SEBASTES. *A train of Satraps, Guards and People.*

*Xer.* Sebaſtes, is it true? Does then Aſpaſia
Reject my profferr'd nuptials?

*Seb.* Every beauty
Is coy when firſt we woo: perhaps in ſecret
Aſpaſia

Aſpaſia may have felt an equal paſſion,
But bluſhes to confeſs; and only waits
A father's ſanction to declare her love.

*Xer.* That ſanction ſoon——

*Seb.* Behold the illuſtrious exile;
And with him comes the ambaſſador of Athens.

*Xer.* Sebaſtes, ſee that now to me be brought
The enſign of command.

[Xerxes *aſcends the throne*, Seb. *ſtands next him, and one of the Satraps brings the ſtaff of military command, with which he ſtands near the throne.*

## SCENE XI.

*Enter* THEMISTOCLES *with* LYSIMACHUS.—LYSIMACHUS, *as he advances, ſpeaks to* THEMISTOCLES, *not heard by* XERXES.

*Lyſ.* Alas! my friend,
To what a cruel taſk has Heaven aſſign'd me!
How muſt I bluſh——

*Them.* And wherefore ſhould'ſt thou bluſh?
Themiſtocles can judge between the friend,
And citizen of Athens: well he knows
Our country is the Deity, to which
Muſt all be ſacrific'd.—Were I as you,
Themiſtocles had been Lyſimachus.

*Xer.*

Digitized by Google

*Xer.* Draw near, Themiſtocles: See here aſ-
ſembled
The braveſt, choſen troops of Perſia's hoſt:
To theſe ſelected warriors only wants
A general worthy them: that charge be thine.
Take this, and with this enſign I elect thee
Their chief and leader.—In my ſtead, diſpenſe
Rewards and puniſhments.—Go, fight and con-
quer:
To thee I truſt my fame and Perſia's fate.

*Lyſ.* [*aſide.*] The king has then deceiv'd me,
or Aſpaſia
Has found the means to appeaſe him.

*Them.* [*receiving the ſtaff.*] Mighty king!
Confiding in your goodneſs I accept
The weight of this high charge, and here I ſwear
Eternal faith.—The Gods decree that Fortune
For thee may ever combat on my ſide!
Or ſhould the ſtars forebode diſaſtrous chance,
Themiſtocles be doom'd, and he alone,
To meet their anger: let the ſquadrons conquer,
And let him periſh!—So may Xerxes ſee,
Return'd with laurel, not with cypreſs wreaths,
Amidſt his conquering bands their leader ſlain.

*Lyſ.* Is this the way, O! Xerxes, that to Athens
You give Themiſtocles?

*Xer.* I only ſwore
To ſend him back to Greece.—Then hear if now
I ſhall

Digitized by Google

I ſhall fulfil my promiſe——[*to* Them.] Valiant chief!
At length I mean to puniſh this preſumption.
Another may conduct our arms in Egypt:
Be thou my ſcourge in Greece.—Go, burn, deſtroy,
Spread deſolation; heap our galling chains
On Sparta, Corinth, Argos, Thebes and Athens.

*Them.* [*aſide.*] Now am I loſt!

*Lyſ.* And was I call'd——

*Xer.* Go, bear
Theſe glorious tidings to thy countrymen;
Say how their exile will reviſit Greece,
And what companions on his ſteps attend.

*Lyſ.* [*aſide.*] O! my unhappy country! falſe Aſpaſia! [*Exit with* Greeks.

## SCENE XII.

XERXES, THEMISTOCLES, SEBASTES.

*Them.* [*aſide.*] Themiſtocles a traitor!

*Xer.* What employs
Our general's thoughts?

*Them.* Ah! change, my king, your purpoſe;
For many nations yet are unſubdued.

*Xer.* If firſt I trample not on hoſtile Greece,
The conquer'd world can give me little pride.

*Them.*

Digitized by Google

*Them.* Reflect again——

*Xer.* Already 'tis determin'd;
And he who dares oppoſe this enterpriſe
Encounters my reſentment.

*Them.* Then elect
Some other leader.

*Xer.* Wherefore?

*Them.* At the feet
Of Xerxes I lay down this honour'd enſign
Of Perſia's high command.

[*lays down the ſtaff at the foot of the throne.*

*Xer.* What can this mean?

*Them.* And would'ſt thou have Themiſtocles a rebel
To o'erturn his native walls?—Misfortune never
Can change me thus.

*Seb.* [*aſide.*] What unexampled daring!

*Xer.* Not Athens now, this palace is thy country:
The firſt proſcribes thee and purſues thy life,
The laſt receives, defends and gives thee being.

*Them.* Whoe'er defends me, I was born at Athens,
And 'tis by nature's inſtinct that we cheriſh
Our dear paternal ſeats.—In foreſt glooms
The ſavage beaſts will love their native caves.

*Xer.*

Digitized by Google

*Xer.* [*aſide.*] I burn with rage——[*to him.*]
Then Athens ſtill remains
The miſtreſs of thy heart? But what in her
Can ſtill Themiſtocles ſo highly prize?

*Them.* All, ſovereign lord! the aſhes of our fathers,
The ſacred laws, the tutelary Gods,
The language, manners, my repeated toils
For her endur'd; the honours heap'd upon me;
The very air, the trees, the ſoil and walls.

*Xer.* Ingrate! and doſt thou thus before my face [*deſcends from his throne.*
Thus proudly boaſt a love ſo hateful to me?

*Them.* I ſtill am—Xerxes—

*Xer.* Thou art ſtill my foe:
In vain, with benefits conferr'd, I ſtrove—

*Them.* Theſe in my heart for ever fix'd remain
In characters indelible.—Let Xerxes
Point out his other foes: for him my blood
Shall freely flow; but if he ſtill would hope
To employ my courage for my country's ruin,
With rebel arms, then Xerxes is deceiv'd:
For her I've ever liv'd, for her will die.

*Xer.* No more—reflect—reſolve—thou canſt not live
The guard of Athens and the friend of Xerxes.
—Chooſe as thou wilt.

*Them.*

Digitized by Google

*Them.* Thou know'ſt my choice.

*Xer.* Remember:
This moment ſeals thy fate.

*Them.* Too well I know it.

*Xer.* Thou anger'ſt him whoſe power can make
thee wretched.

*Them.* But not a rebel.

*Xer.* 'Tis to me, thy life
By me preſerv'd, is due.

*Them.* But not my honour.

*Xer.* Greece hates Themiſtocles.

*Them.* But Greece I love.

*Xer.* [*aſide.*] Ye Gods! what inſolence!—[*to him.*] Is Xerxes thus
By thee rewarded?

*Them.* I was born at Athens.

*Xer.* [*aſide.*] I can no longer hold—Guards! from our preſence
Remove the ingrate for future puniſhment:
We yet may ſee that dauntleſs courage tremble.

*Them.* Where guilt is not, there never harbours fear.

Theſe placid features, midſt my chains,
Shall ſtill unmov'd appear;
'Tis guilt alone, not threaten'd pains,
Can mark this cheek with fear.

If

Digitized by Google

If truth the name of guilt can wear,
I juſtly yield my breath;
While, ſuffering for a crime ſo fair,
I triumph in my death. [*Exit guarded.*

## SCENE XIII.

*Enter* ROXANA.

*Rox.* I ſcarcely, Xerxes, can believe—

*Xer.* Ah! princeſs,
Whoe'er could have believ'd it? In my palace,
Before the world Themiſtocles inſults me.
He worſhips Athens ſtill; he boaſts for her
His faith unſhaken; for her ſake, with ſcorn
Foregoes the friendſhip and the gifts of Xerxes.

*Rox.* [*aſide.*] My hopes revive—[*to* Xer.] Who knows? Perhaps the daughter
May change his will.

*Xer.* The daughter and the father
Alike to me are foes.—Yes, every Greek,
By natural inſtinct, bears to Xerxes hatred:
I will on both have vengeance.

*Rox.* [*aſide.*] Happy change!
[*to* Xer.] All have not, ſir, the heart of your Roxana.

*Xer.* I know it well, and bluſh at what is paſt.

*Rox.* And yet I fear that if again Aſpaſia



Digitized by Google

Should now return——

*Xer.* Aſpaſia? O! ſhe dares not
So far preſume.

## SCENE XIV.

*Enter* ASPASIA.

*Aſp.* Have pity, gracious lord!

*Rox.* [*to* Xer.] See if ſhe dares ſo far——but liſten not
To her ſeducing words.

*Xer.* Yes, let us hear
What ſhe would urge.

*Aſp.* O! Xerxes, ſave my father;
Give him an offering to your noble nature,
And give him to my tears.

*Xer.* [*aſide.*] Enchanting ſorrow!

*Rox.* [*aſide.*] I fear the trial now.

*Xer.* And art thou come
To implore my pardon? Thou, who ſeem'ſt o'er all,
To ſcorn my bounty.

*Aſp.* No! you are deceiv'd.
Shame prompted my refuſal. Should you now
Reſtore my father, modeſty would find
A ſpecious veil to hide a maiden's bluſhes,——
My heart might then be yours.

*Rox.*

Digitized by Google

*Rox.* [*aſide.*] O! patience, Heaven!

*Xer.* And ſhall I then forgive the ingrate, who loves
My deadlieſt foe?

*Aſp.* O! no!—'tis leſs I aſk!
Suſpend your anger——I perhaps may bend
His will to yours.—Can you deny me this?
Oh! I was born unhappy! Ne'er till now
The wretched went from Xerxes unreliev'd:
I am the firſt to prove his cruelty—
Alas! it cannot be,—I'll ne'er believe it,
You do but feign a rigour not your own,
And, while you pity, only ſeem ſevere.
O! mighty king! indulge your generous heart,
Yield to its feelings, to Aſpaſia's hopes,
Or ſee her with Themiſtocles expire.

*Xer.* Aſpaſia, riſe—[*aſide.*] What power enchants me thus!

*Rox.* [*aſide.*] Again am I deluded.

*Xer.* Let thy father
Obey my will, I pardon all the paſt.

Say, that on him his fate depends,
Whate'er his choice may guide,
Say that my arm the bolt ſuſpends,
But lays not yet aſide.

Then

Digitized by Google

Then let him merit to obtain
The pardon I beſtow;
For anger ſtay'd, when rais'd again,
Will give the weightier blow. [*Exit.*

## SCENE XV.

*Enter* ROXANA, ASPASIA, SEBASTES.

*Rox.* [*aſide.*] I feel my ſpirits ſink.

*Aſp.* Forgive, Roxana,
The duty that compels——

*Rox.* Go, haughty maid,
Avoid Roxana's preſence. Thou haſt conquer'd:
I ſee, I own it all—I yield him to thee.
What would'ſt thou further? Seek'ſt thou greater triumph?
This inſult is too much!—I'll bear no more.

*Aſp.* Thine anger patient I ſuſtain,
I pity thy diſtreſs;
Thou canſt not ſee my inward pain,
What griefs my heart oppreſs.

Ah! who ſhall tell, ſince none can view
The thoughts I only know,
If envy for my bliſs is due,
Or pity for my woe.

[*Exit.*



Digitized by Google

## SCENE XVI.

ROXANA, SEBASTES.

*Seb.* [*aſide.*] This anger may avail me.

*Rox.* Oh! Sebaſtes,
Could I revenge myſelf for Xerxes' falſehood—

*Seb.* The means are ready. If my faithful friends
But join with yours, your vengeance is ſecur'd,
And Perſia's ſceptre is at our diſpoſal.

*Rox.* What friends haſt thou to offer me.

*Seb.* The bands
Of numerous malecontents, in Perſia rais'd,
On me depend: Orontes is their leader,
By me elected, and at my command:
Peruſe this paper late from him receiv'd.
[*gives a paper.*

*Rox.* Go, friend; await me now in my apartment,
I'll join thee ſoon. 'Twere dangerous here with thee
To hold ſuch converſe.

*Seb.* May I then preſume
To hope——

*Rox.* Away.—Fear not, I will be grateful:
I owe thee much and well I know thou lov'ſt me.

*Seb.* [*aſide.*] At length my hopes have found a happy hour. [*Exit.*

SCENE

Digitized by Google

## SCENE XVII.

ROXANA, *alone.*

And canſt thou, O! Roxana, then reſolve
To cruſh the man whom late thy ſoul ador'd?
Yes, let him fall—the ingrate contemns my love,
And he ſhall pay the forfeit to my wrongs:
O! I could ſee him to a thouſand foes
Expos'd, and ſee him with a tearleſs eye;
Would at his lateſt hour——O! Heaven, I boaſt
Of anger, while my trembling heart belies me.

The boſom now with anger burns
To puniſh an ingrate:
But ſoon to love our anger turns,
And ſoftens at his fate.

We ſeek revenge on him who pain'd
The fond believing breaſt;
But when we find it near attain'd,
The vengeance we deteſt.

[*Exit.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.



Digitized by Google

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*An apartment where* THEMISTOCLES *is confined.*

THEMISTOCLES *alone.*

O! Athens! O! my country! ſacred name
To me ſo fatal. Sweet till now it ſeem'd
For thee to bend my cares, for thee to ſhed
My deareſt blood. With patience I endur'd
Thy harſh decrees: amidſt my woes reſign'd,
I rov'd from ſhore to ſhore; but to preſerve
My faith to thee, I find myſelf compell'd
To appear ingrate; and to a king ſo generous,
Who, powerful and incens'd, forgets the claims
Of paſt reſentment; claſps me to his breaſt;
Heaps honours on me; and to me intruſts
His dignity and empire. Pardon, Athens,
This is too much. Thou ſtill ſhalt be the God
Of all my thoughts, as thou haſt ever been;
But now I feel, and firſt begin to feel
How dear my duty coſts me.

## SCENE II.

*Enter* SEBASTES.

*Seb.* Xerxes ſends
By me, Themiſtocles, and wills to know
At once thy final choice: he truſts to find thee
Repentant

Digitized by Google

Repentant of thine error: this he hopes;
And ſays, he never can ſo far believe
Themiſtocles ungrateful.

*Them.* Never, never
Shall ſuch reproach be mine: this witneſs, Heaven!
That ſees my heart,—O! could my king as well
There read Themiſtocles.—Conduct me, friend,
Conduct me to him.

*Seb.* 'Tis not now permitted.
Firſt on the ſacred altar come prepar'd
To ſwear eternal enmity to Greece,
Or hope no more to view the face of Xerxes.

*Them.* And muſt I, at no other price, obtain
To ſee my benefactor?

*Seb.* No.—ſwear this,
And thou art Xerxes' friend; but this refus'd,
I tremble for thy fate: in this thou know'ſt
The king implacable.

*Them.* [*aſide.*] Then muſt I prove
A rebel to my country, or be ſtain'd
With baſe ingratitude? Before the world
Might I not plead my love, my faith to Xerxes,
Or dying own his benefits conferr'd?
[*thoughtful.*

*Seb.* Reſolve.

*Them.* [*aſide.*] It ſhall be ſo—let us eſcape
This cruel labyrinth, and be the means
Worthy Themiſtocles. [*to Seb.*] Go now, prepare
The

Digitized by Google

The altar, beverage and the ſacred vaſe,
Whate'er the oath requires—my choice is made:
I follow thee.

*Seb.* With ſpeed I bear to Xerxes
The gladſome tidings.

*Them.* Hear me.—Say, is yet
Lyſimachus departed?

*Seb.* From the port
His anchors now are loos'd.

*Them.* O! haſte, detain him;
Let him be preſent at the ſolemn rite:
Sebaſtes, bear my wiſhes to the king.

*Seb.* It ſhall be ſo. Thou now may'ſt rule at will
The heart of Xerxes. [*Exit.*

## SCENE III.

THEMISTOCLES *alone.*

Be my life's laſt hour
With ſplendor clos'd; and, like a dying torch,
Quench'd in a blaze.—Ho! guards, call hither to me
Neocles and Aſpaſia.—Let me think—
What is this death? Is it a good? We then
Should haſte to welcome it.—Is it an evil?
We then ſhould ſhorten our expectance of it:
The greater evil.—He deſerves not life
Who

Digitized by Google

Who rates his fame beneath it.—Life is ſtill
The privilege of every mortal born,
But fame th' excluſive privilege, the treaſure
Of noble minds.—The vile may fear his death,
Who, loſt to others, to himſelf unknown,
Died at his birth, and with him carries all
Unnotic'd to the tomb.—He dauntleſs yields
His lateſt breath, who can, without a bluſh,
View how he liv'd, and viewing, calmly die.

## SCENE IV.

*Enter* NEOCLES *and* ASPASIA.

*Neoc.* My deareſt father.

*Aſp.* O! my much-lov'd lord.

*Neoc.* Is it then true, that you will chooſe a life
Of gratitude to Xerxes?

*Aſp.* Is it true
That you at length have yielded to compaſſion
For us and for yourſelf?

*Them.* Be ſilent both,
And calmly hear me—Know ye well the obedience
A father's will requires?

*Neoc.* That law is ſacred.

*Aſp.* A tie that nothing can diſſolve.

*Them.* 'Tis well.
I charge you to conceal what I impart

Till

Digitized by Google

Till all I have determin'd with myſelf
Shall be mature.

*Neoc.* His promiſe Neocles
Moſt firmly plights.

*Aſp.* To this Aſpaſia ſwears.

*Them.* Sit then; and give me each a proof of courage,
In liſtening to my words. [*fits.*

*Neoc.* [*aſide.*] I freeze with terror! [*fits.*

*Aſp.* [*aſide.*] Alas! I tremble. [*fits.*

*Them.* Hear me, O! my children,
'Tis the laſt time we e'er ſhall ſpeak together:
Till now I've liv'd with glory; if my life
Be ſtill prolong'd, I loſe perhaps the fruit
Of every toil—Themiſtocles muſt die.

*Aſp.* What ſays my father?

*Neoc.* O! what thoughts are theſe?

*Them.* The noble Xerxes is my liberal patron,
My country, Greece: to him my gratitude,
To her I owe my truth.—Each duty now
Oppoſes each: if either I infringe,
Rebellion or ingratitude muſt ſtain
Your father's name: by death I may avoid
The dread alternative.—With me I carry
A potent friendly poiſon——

*Aſp.* O! my father,
Have you not given but now your word to Xerxes
To

Digitized by Google

To meet him at the altar?

*Them.* In his preſence
The deed muſt be completed.

*Neoc.* But Sebaſtes
Affirm'd, that at the altar you would take
A ſolemn oath——

*Them.* I know he ſo believes:
This ſuits my purpoſe well; with ſuch a hope
Xerxes prepares to hear me.—I would wiſh
All Perſia to behold the glorious deed;
Would call, to every thought my breaſt conceals,
To all I feel for Athens and for Xerxes,
As judge and witneſs, a recording world.

*Neoc.* [*aſide.*] O! wretched, wretched we!

*Aſp.* Undone Aſpaſia! [*they weep.*

*Them.* Ah! children, whence this weakneſs? Hide from me
Such unavailing grief, nor make me bluſh
That I'm your father.—You indeed might weep
If e'er Themiſtocles had fear'd to die.

*Aſp.* When you are dead, ah! whither ſhall we fly?

*Neoc.* What then remains for us?

*Them.* For you remain
The love of virtue, the deſire of glory,
The guardian care of Heaven and my example.

*Aſp.* Alas! my father.



Digitized by Google

*Them.* Hear me: I muſt leave you,
Alone and orphans, in a foreign land,
Amidſt your foes, without the due ſupport
That nature claims; and little yet experienc'd
In all the fickle turns of human life.
And hence (I well foreſee) you both muſt ſuffer,
And ſuffer much; but ever bear in mind
You are the children of Themiſtocles:
Let this ſuffice; and may your deeds proclaim you
In every trial worthy of the name.
Let the firſt objects of your thought be honour,
Your country, and that duty which the Gods
Have call'd you to fulfil; and know the mind
In every ſtate can make itſelf illuſtrious,
And ſtill employ the choiceſt gifts of Heaven,
To grace no leſs the cottage than the throne.
Sink not beneath the weight of adverſe fortune:
Evils too great to bear will never laſt,
And evils we can bear, may be ſubdued.
Let virtue urge you ſtill to deeds of praiſe,
And not the recompenſe.—Abhor the guilt,
And not the puniſhment; and if your fate
Should e'er impel you to an act unworthy,
One way remains—and learn that way from me.

[*riſes.*

*Neoc.* O! do not leave us yet. [*riſes.*

*Aſp.* My deareſt father!
And ſhall I never, never ſee you more?

*Them.*

Digitized by Google

*Them.* Here break we off—nor vainly thus prolong
Theſe laſt adieus.—It is too much, my children,
Too much for feeble nature—our affections
Too far will weaken—I—I am a father,
And O! I feel—farewell my deareſt children!
[*embraces.*

Ah! ceaſe theſe unavailing tears,
Nor think that now to death I go:
I go to triumph o'er the ſtars,
And every ill that mortals know.

I go to crown my laſt of days
With added wreaths of virtuous ſpoils;
I go to enſure, with endleſs praiſe,
The fruit of all my former toils. [*Exit.*

## SCENE V.

ASPASIA, NEOCLES.

*Aſp.* O! Neocles.

*Neoc.* Aſpaſia.

*Aſp.* O! my brother!

*Neoc.* What dreadful ſtroke is this!

*Aſp.* O! moſt unhappy!
And whither ſhall we go?

*Neoc.* To prove us worthy



Digitized by Google

Of ſuch a father, [*firmly.*] Let us hence, my ſiſter,
And ſee, intrepid ſee, Themiſtocles
Thus triumph o'er himſelf.—Our noble bearing
Will make his death more pleaſing.

*Aſp.* Let us go:
—Alas! I cannot—ſtill my trembling feet— [*ſits.*

*Neoc.* And will you thus diſgrace the birth you boaſt?

*Aſp.* And can your conſtancy ſupport the ſight?

*Neoc.* What I may want his virtue ſhall ſupply.

While from his features, pale in death,
The beams of virtue ſhine,
The courage in his lateſt breath
Shall give new force to mine.

A father calls me hence to ſhow
A ſon's undaunted breaſt;
To obey a father's call I go,
And leave to Fate the reſt. [*Exit.*

## SCENE VI.

ASPASIA *alone.*

Then ſhall my brother bear a firmer mind
Than I, alas! can boaſt?—Does not the blood
His father gave him warm Aſpaſia's veins?
Like his my birth was from Themiſtocles.
Yes,

Digitized by Google

Yes, we will pay him every pious duty:
And let him, when he breathes his laſt, repoſe
On this ſad breaſt, while on his clay-cold hand
An orphan daughter prints the farewell kiſs,
And cloſes with her hand his dying eyes.
—O Heaven! what cruel image!——Ah! what chillneſs
Through every fibre creeps—I fain would go,
And yet I ſtill remain—I freeze with horror,
And glow with fear and ſhame: at once I'm urg'd,
At once repuls'd—I loſe the time in tears,
Reſolve on nothing, while my father's loſt.

While honour bids me hence remove
My trembling feet detain me here;
And ſtill diſtreſsful change I prove,
By courage rais'd, depreſs'd by fear.

Ye Gods! from this unhappy breaſt
Bid wearied life at length depart:
Enough, alas! by woes depreſs'd,
That long have rent my bleeding heart.

[*Exit.*

## SCENE VII.

XERXES *alone.*

Where is my general? Where Themiſtocles?
Let him no longer keep from his embrace
A king that loves him.

SCENE

Digitized by Google

## SCENE VIII.

*Enter* ROXANA *with a paper.*

*Rox.* Xerxes, I am come
In ſearch of thee.

*Xer.* [*aſide.*] Unfortunate encounter!

*Rox.* Hear me; and let this hearing be the laſt.

*Xer.* Full well I know, Roxana, that your anger
Is kindled now againſt me: well I know
You threaten me with vengeance.

*Rox.* 'Tis moſt true,
I would revenge—I am indeed the offended:
Then learn my vengeance. Xerxes, know thy life
And ſceptre are in danger. In this paper
Read all the black deſign: prevent the treaſon,
Preſerve thyſelf—farewell. [*going.*

*Xer.* Yet hear me, princeſs:
At leaſt permit me for this generous gift—

*Rox.* Let this ſuffice—Roxana is reveng'd.

What ſweet revenge the generous mind
Will ever prove, a wrong deſign'd
With friendſhip to repay?
This ſhall Roxana's heart reſtore
To every joy it knew before,
And all her pangs allay. [*Exit.*

SCENE

Digitized by Google

## SCENE IX.

XERXES *alone.*

This paper to Sebaſtes is conſign'd,
And written by Orontes.—Let us now— [*reads.*
O Heaven! what impious treachery! Sebaſtes
Is then the ſecret author of the tumults
In Egypt rais'd; while ever at my ſide,
With well-diſſembled zeal—Behold him here;
And dares the traitor now appear before me?

## SCENE X.

*Enter* SEBASTES.

*Seb.* At length I come, O Xerxes, to requeſt
A recompenſe for all my truth and toils.

*Xer.* So great indeed, Sebaſtes, are thy merits
Thou well may'ſt hope for every thing from Xerxes.
What would'ſt thou? Speak.

*Seb.* Themiſtocles departs
To conquer Athens: but for Egypt's bands
No chief as yet is nam'd: of theſe I aſk
From Xerxes the command.

*Xer.* Would'ſt thou no more?

*Seb.* Sebaſtes only ſeeks to give to Xerxes
Proofs of his zeal.

*Xer.*

Digitized by Google

*Xer.* Already have I many.
This taſk is worthy thee: but know'ſt thou well
The ſoil of Egypt?

*Seb.* All her mountains, rivers,
Her foreſts, ways, defiles; I could deſcribe
Her very rocks.

*Xer.* All this will not ſuffice:
It much imports to know the names of thoſe
By whom the tumults have been rais'd.

*Seb.* Orontes,
And he alone.

*Xer.* I deem'd that other chiefs
With him were join'd: this paper bears the names;
See if to thee they're known. [*gives the paper.*

*Seb.* And whence, my lord,
Receiv'd you this?—O Heaven! what do I ſee!

*Xer.* How now! thou art diſturb'd; thy colour changes—
What, art thou ſilent?

*Seb.* [*aſide.*] Ah! I am betray'd.

*Xer.* Ungrateful vaſſal! pale with dread,
Too late thy looks appear;
When firſt thy dark deſign was laid,
'Twas then a time for fear.

But

Digitized by Google

But ever wiſe are Heaven's decrees,
Which nothing can withſtand:
The traitor ne'er his danger ſees
Till ſhipwreck is at hand. [*Exit.*

## SCENE XI.

SEBASTES *alone.*

Diſloyal princeſs! haſt thou then betray'd me?
Inſenſate! ſhall I raſhly dare to accuſe her?
And does a traitor now complain of treaſon?
This have I well deſerv'd.—Ah! fly, Sebaſtes,
But whither? From myſelf I cannot fly,
And in my breaſt I bear my own tormentor.
Where'er I go will terror and remorſe
Purſue my ſteps and ſet my crime before me.

Ye cruel pangs that mortals know,
When theſe on guilt attend;
Ah! wherefore, heavenly Powers, ſo ſlow
A traitor's heart to rend?

Ye dreadful voices! ever near,
Whoſe ſounds my boſom chill,
Why not till now my trembling ear
With warning terrors fill? [*Exit.*



Digitized by Google

## SCENE XII.

*The palace. An altar with fire kindled, and upon the altar the cup prepared for the oath.*

XERXES, ASPASIA, NEOCLES, *Satraps, Guards and People.*

*Xer.* Why, Neocles, ſo ſad? Whence, fair Aſpaſia,
Thoſe ſtarting tears? Now, when the father comes
To ſwear to me his faith, the children mourn.
Are then the friendſhip and the love of Xerxes
By you diſaſtrous deem'd? Speak.

*Aſp.* } O! ye Powers!
*Neoc.* }

## SCENE XIII.

*Enter* ROXANA, LYSIMACHUS *and* Greeks.

*Rox.* What would'ſt thou with Roxana?

*Lyſ.* Xerxes, ſay,
Why am I ſummon'd hither?

*Xer.* 'Tis my will
Roxana and Lyſimachus be preſent.

*Lyſ.* To witneſs now ſome new affront to Athens?

*Rox.* To bear again my injuries unmov'd?

*Lyſ.*

Digitized by Google

*Lyſ.* To ſee the inconſtancy of falſe Aſpaſia?

*Aſp.* You are deceiv'd: afflict me not unjuſtly,
Cruel Lyſimachus. Believe me ſtill
The ſame Aſpaſia, nor oppreſs a mind
Already ſunk with grief.

*Xer.* What do I hear!
Are you then lovers?

*Aſp.* To conceal it longer
Were hopeleſs: I've already ſaid too much.

*Xer.* And didſt thou not, Aſpaſia, promiſe Xerxes
To give to him thy hand?

*Aſp.* A father's life
Requir'd this ſacrifice.

*Xer.* [*to* Lyſ.] And didſt not thou
Seek to his foes to render up the father
Of her thy ſoul ador'd?

*Lyſ.* So Athens will'd.

*Xer.* [*aſide.*] Tranſcendent virtue!

*Rox.* See the Grecian leader
Is now at hand.

*Neoc.* [*aſide.*] Why wears not Neocles
A look like his, intrepid and ſerene?
[*looking out on his father.*

*Aſp.* O! feeble heart, how doſt thou tremble now!



Digitized by Google

## SCENE XIV.

*Enter* THEMISTOCLES.

*Xer.* At length, Themiſtocles, thou haſt reſolv'd
To be the friend of Xerxes: once again
Return to meet the embraces of a king
Who honours thus—— [*advances to embrace him.*

*Them.* Forbear. [*drawing back reſpectfully.*

*Xer.* And why forbear?

*Them.* I am not worthy yet—My merits now
Reſt on the ſolemn act that brings me here.

*Xer.* See on the altar, for the rite prepar'd,
The cup with beverage crown'd.—Themiſtocles,
Approach, and, with the vow requir'd, begin
The chaſtiſement of Greece.

*Them.* Attend me, Xerxes:
Know firſt, thou art deceiv'd: I promis'd here
My preſence, not my oath.

*Xer.* How!

*Them.* Hear me, Xerxes,
And thou, Lyſimachus, hear all ye people,
Aſſembled thus ſpectators, hear and judge
Themiſtocles with truth; and each be now
His witneſs and defender.—Adverſe fate
Compels me here to incur the guilt of treaſon,
Or black ingratitude: no choice remains

But

Digitized by Google

But this, to hold or to relinquish life,
The liberal gift of Heaven.—To keep me still
Without a crime I see one only way,
The way that leads to death—that choice be mine.

*Lys.* What do I hear!

*Xer.* Eternal Gods!

*Them.* This poison, [*takes it from his bosom.*
Companion ever in my mournful exile,
Mix'd with the draught yon sacred cup contains,
Shall make the work complete.
[*pours the poison into the cup.*
——And every God,
That reads my heart, be present at the offering
A willing victim makes; a victim here
To loyal truth, to gratitude and honour.

*Asp.* I feel my senses fail.

*Xer.* I'm struck with wonder.

*Them.* Lysimachus, my friend, do thou assure
My country of my love, and plead at least
Indulgence for my ashes.—I forgive
The worst of fortune if I find a tomb
Where first I found a cradle.—Mighty king!
Repent not of thy benefits conferr'd,
The admiring world shall be their recompense.
All I can now repay thee (cruel Fate!)
Is to profess my gratitude and die.
Ye gracious Powers! if e'er the dying vows
Of those who know not guile ascend to Heaven,

Protect

Digitized by Google

Protect your Athens! To your care receive
This king and kingdom: in the heart of Xerxes
Inſpire the wiſh to war with Greece no more:
Yes, Xerxes, with my life conclude thy hatred.
Friend! children! king and people, all farewell!
[*takes the cup.*

*Xer.* Ah! hold—what doſt thou? Touch not with thy lip
The deadly cup.

*Them.* And wherefore?

*Xer.* Never, never
Shall Xerxes thus permit——

*Them.* And why, my king?

*Xer.* Too many cauſes ruſh upon my mind
To ſpeak them now. [*takes the cup from him.*

*Them.* Thou canſt not, Xerxes, take
From me the means of death: this power alone
Is not allow'd to kings.

*Xer.* Ah! live, the hero, [*throws away the cup.*
The glory of our age! Still love thy country,
To this I now conſent; ſhe's worthy of thee.
Even Xerxes' ſelf almoſt begins to love her:
And who could ever hate the happy ſoil,
The glorious mother of a ſon like thee?

*Them.* Ye Gods! can this be true? So far beyond
My beſt of hopes!

*Xer.*

Digitized by Google

*Xer.* Hear then the great effects
Of virtuous emulation—On this altar,
For you prepar'd to ſwear eternal hatred,
I vow eternal amity with Greece.
Now let her reſt, and owe, illuſtrious exile,
To ſuch a citizen her wiſh'd repoſe.

*Them.* O! generous king! what art haſt thou attain'd
To triumph o'er Themiſtocles? Such virtue
Exceeds a mortal's aim.—O Greece! O Athens!
O! happy, happy exile!

*Aſp.* Rapturous moment!

*Neoc.* O! proſperous day!

*Lyſ.* Permit me, noble friends,
To ſail for Greece, and there to all proclaim
Your generous ſtrife of honour; well I know
Alike for both her gratitude will warm;
For him, who thus aſſerts his country's cauſe,
And him, whoſe godlike gift enſures her peace.

## SCENE LAST.

*Enter* SEBASTES.

*Seb.* For all my crimes, my ſovereign lord, I here
Entreat the puniſhment: I hate a life
That thus to you—— [*kneels.*

*Xer.* Sebaſtes, riſe: this day
Shall

Digitized by Google

Shall only know content: I pardon thee.
I render back Aſpaſia's promiſe given,
And leave her heart her own: my royal faith
I plight to recompenſe Roxana's love.

*Aſp.* My dear Lyſimachus!

*Rox.* Ah! generous Xerxes!

*Them.* O! grant, ye Gods! Themiſtocles may prove
Still grateful to his king.

*Xer.* Implore the Gods
To guard thy life, and I ſhall find thee grateful;
And if my virtue kindle from th' example
Thy virtue gives, thou render'ſt back to Xerxes
Far more than Xerxes ever gave to thee.

CHORUS.

From emulation virtue grows
With added ſplendor bright:
So torch to torch united glows,
And yields redoubled light.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

SIROES.

Digitized by Google

# SIROES.

PERSONS

Digitized by Google

## PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

COSROES, King of PERSIA, in love with LAODICE.

SIROES, his eldeſt Son, in love with EMIRA.

MEDARSES, his youngeſt Son.

EMIRA, Princeſs of CAMBAYA, diſguiſed in man's apparel, under the name of HYDASPES, in love with SIROES.

LAODICE, in love with SIROES, Siſter to ARAXES.

ARAXES, General of the armies of PERSIA, the friend of SIROES.

SCENE, SELEUCIA.

Digitized by Google

# SIROES.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*A temple dedicated to the ſun, with an altar and image of the Deity.*

COSROES, SIROES, MEDARSES.

*Coſ.* To you my ſons, not more am I a father
Than father to the ſtate: to you I owe
Paternal tenderneſs; but to the ſtate
A ſucceſſor, whom Perſia ſhall confeſs
A worthy heir of our imperial ſeat.
This day, between you ſhall our choice decide;
And him, I chooſe, muſt ſhare with me the throne,
And learn with me to guide the reins of empire.
O! happy Coſroes, could I live to ſee,
Ere laſting ſleep has clos'd theſe aged eyes,
A ſon who, wiſe in peace and brave in arms,
Might ſhade the luſtre of his father's fame.

*Med.* On you my fate depends.

*Sir.* And whom will Coſroes
Eſteem the worthieſt?

*Coſ.*

Digitized by Google

*Cof.* Equal is your merit;
In Siroes I regard the gift of valour,
And praiſe the gentler virtues of Medarſes:
Coſroes in thee diſlikes thy haughty ſpirit;
[*to* Sir.
In him his inexperienc'd age; but time
Will cure the faults of both: meanwhile I fear
My choice proclaim'd may kindle in your boſoms
New flames of mutual ſtrife. Behold the altar,
Behold the God: let each now ſwear in peace
To abide by our decree, and ſwear to obey,
Without a murmur, our appointed heir,
In loyalty and truth.

*Sir.* [*aſide.*] Shall Siroes' lip
Pronounce an oath like this?—O! no.—

*Med.* Behold
Medarſes prompt to obey—the throne is mine,
[*aſide.*

[*advances to the altar.*]

" Before thy preſence, to whoſe foſtering power
" Her bleſſings nature owes, Medarſes bends,
" And ſwears to pay the new-elected king
" His earlieſt homage; if I fail in aught
" This oath exacts, O! let thy cheering beams
" Be chang'd for me to more than midnight darkneſs."

*Cof.* My deareſt ſon! Now, Siroes, thou draw near,
And learn obedience from thy younger brother.

*Med.*

Digitized by Google

*Med.* He thinks, but ſpeaks not.

*Cof.* Why doſt thou delay
To enſure my peace? How are thy thoughts employ'd?

*Sir.* And wherefore ſhould I ſwear? Such cauſeleſs doubt
Offends your ſon? What are the merits, ſay,
By which Medarſes now aſpires to reign?
My father, well you know how far my claim
To elder birth; already was my heart
Inur'd to bear the wrongs of adverſe fortune,
When firſt a father in the cradle heard
His infant cries: you know the hoſtile ſpoils
By Siroes added to your former triumphs.
You know the wounds your fame has coſt a ſon,
I groan'd beneath the ſteely corſelet's weight,
In fields of blood and in the face of death;
While he in ſloth dragg'd on his days, 'midſt all
A parent's fond endearment. This, my father,
You know, and wherefore then muſt Siroes ſwear?

*Cof.* I know yet more—I know, in my deſpite,
Thou lov'dſt Emira, daughter to Aſbites,
My deadly foe: I heard thy ſighs of anguiſh
The day I took from him his life and kingdom:
Then didſt thou vow deep hatred to thy father;
And were Emira living ſtill, who knows
To what, by love impell'd, thy rage might tend.

*Sir.*

Digitized by Google

*Sir.* Proceed: indulge at full the blind affection
That makes you, Coſroes, thus unjuſt to me.
Break, for Medarſes, all the ties of nature,
And let him from the throne give Perſia laws;
While Siroes, mingled with the ignoble herd,
Shall on his younger brother's hand (a hand
Unfit to wield the ſceptre of dominion)
Imprint the kiſs of baſe ſervility.
But Gods there are, whoſe juſtice ever wakes
To aid the oppreſs'd: the world confeſs Medarſes
To Siroes yields in merit as in years.

*Coſ.* Raſh boy! and doſt thou threaten? Know, my will.—

*Med.* Be calm, my father! and to him reſign
The Perſian throne, ſuffice for me your love.

*Coſ.* No: for his puniſhment, this day ſhall ſee
The audacious rebel bend to thee his king:
I will ſubdue his pride; and fain would ſee
What world will arm to raiſe him to the throne.

[*to* Sir.] Since, ſwell'd with pride, thy ſtubborn heart,
Paternal love diſdains,
Expect to find that ſterner part
The judge ſevere maintains.

Whate'er a rebel boſom knows,
Perchance in thine may dwell:
But ere mature the treaſon grows,
I'll cruſh it in the ſhell. [*Exit.*

SCENE

## SCENE II.

SIROES, MEDARSES.

*Sir.* Canſt thou, Medarſes, fix without a bluſh
Thine eyes on Siroes?

*Med.* Ha! Does Siroes thus
Addreſs his king? Thou know'ſt that I this day
To thee am arbiter of life and death:
Think then how life to merit as my gift.

*Sir.* Thou art too haſty, prince, to aſſume the ſtile
That fits a monarch: the paternal crown
Infolds not yet thy brows; and ere the day
Declines, our father may repent his purpoſe.

## SCENE III.

*Enter* EMIRA *in a man's habit, under the name of* HYDASPES.

*Em.* Ah! princes, wherefore this unhappy ſtrife?
Forbear ſuch conteſt as ſo ill beſeems
The name of brethren. On this joyful day
Let not Seleucia view you hateful rivals,
But knit by equal ties of love and honour.

*Med.*



Digitized by Google

*Med.* I ſtrive to appeaſe my brother's cauſeleſs anger,
And bear my wrongs in ſilence, but in vain.

*Sir.* O! well feign'd modeſty!

*Em.* [*to* Sir.] I'm not to learn
The meekneſs of Medarſes.

*Sir.* Dear Hydaſpes,
It ever was his wont to veil his inſults
With dark diſſimulation.

*Med.* [*to* Em.] Mark, my friend,
His fluſhing face, his eyes' malignant glances,
Thus ſpeak the hatred rankling in his heart.

*Em.* [*to* Med.] Depart, incenſe him not; leave me alone
In converſe with him.

*Sir.* O! perfidious.

*Med.* Heavens!
Without a cauſe you now inſult your brother.
Appeaſe him, dear Hydaſpes; ſay, in him
I venerate our Perſia's great ſupport,
And own, in Siroes now my ſovereign lord.

*Em.* Go, leave us then.

*Med.* [*aſide.*] My triumph is at hand.
[*Exit* Medarſes.

SCENE

Digitized by Google

## SCENE IV.

EMIRA, SIROES.

*Sir.* O! lovely and belov'd Emira.

*Em.* Hold.
Reveal me not, but call me ſtill Hydaſpes.

*Sir.* No ear is nigh, and you are known, Emira,
To me alone: behold the wrongs I ſuffer
From an unfeeling father.

*Em.* Yes, I've ſeen,
And ſeen it long: but what does Siroes do?
He reſts meanwhile in ſtupid apathy,
The lethargy of mean degenerate ſouls;
And while a kingdom moulders from his hope,
He, like a child, a helpleſs infant, finds
No other arms to oppoſe his cruel fortune,
But fruitleſs ſighs and idle lamentation.

*Sir.* And what could Siroes do?

*Em.* What could he do?
What could he not? For him his faithful people
With loyal fury burn: a ſingle blow
Secures thy triumph, and at once completes
My vengeance and thy own.

*Sir.* Alas! Emira,
What would'ſt thou aſk?

*Em.* I aſk a ſingle blow,
Needful to both—and know'ſt thou who I am?



Digitized by Google

*Sir.* Ah! well I know thee for my ſoul's beſt treaſure,
Cambaya's princeſs—yes, thou art Emira.

*Em.* Say, I am ſhe, whoſe ſire Aſbites died
By Coſroes' cruel hand; that hapleſs daughter,
Who ſtript of empire, in a foreign clime,
Now wanders far from her paternal ſeat;
Who veils, in this attire, her woman's weakneſs,
And hopes at length to reap a great revenge.

*Sir.* O Heaven! by me receiv'd within the palace,
You found the means to win the heart of Coſroes:
His favour all is yours; and can you now,
Forgetful of his benefits conferr'd,
Still brood in ſecret o'er revenge and hatred.

*Em.* The tyrant loves Hydaſpes not Emira.
Remember, if you wiſh Emira's hand,
I wiſh for Coſroes' death.

*Sir.* And could Emira
Receive me ſtain'd with blood, this face diſtorted
With all the horrors of a father's murder?

*Em.* And how can I, forgetful of my oath,
Behold a parent's pale and bleeding ſhade
Still hover round and call on me for vengeance;
While careleſs, ſtretch'd upon my downy pillow,
I ſleep beſide the ſon of him that ſlew him?

*Sir.* If then——

*Em.* If then thou wouldſt receive my hand,
Thou know'ſt what ſervice can alone deſerve it:



Digitized by Google

Thou muſt aſſiſt my vengeance.

*Sir.* Never! never!

*Em.* Hear, if thou, Siroes, ſtill refuſe thine arm,
Another's is not wanting: yes, this day
Completes the work; and he whoſe courage aids
Emira's cauſe, Emira's love rewards:
Thus, ſhould thy coward hand refuſe the ſtroke,
Thou loſeſt me, and canſt not ſave thy father.

*Sir.* Are theſe, Emira, theſe the tender feelings
With which you once were wont to ſooth my anguiſh?
'Twas hatred led you hither, while to me
You feign'd your guide was love,

*Em.* I kept from thee
My hatred hid, while Coſroes was a father;
But now he ſinks the father in the tyrant,
No longer deem in thee to find a ſon.

*Sir.* And would'ſt thou have me then a parricide?
And does the crime of loving thee deſerve
A puniſhment ſo dreadful?

*Em.* Now full well
I read thy heart: thou never lov'dſt Emira,

*Sir.* I never lov'd!

*Em.* Behold Laodice,
She, who enjoys thy love, ſhe beſt confirms it.

*Sir.* Laodice! I but endur'd her paſſion
With faint repulſe, to ſooth, by harmleſs guile
In her, whom Coſroes loves, a powerful foe.



Digitized by Google

## SCENE V.

*Enter* LAODICE.

*Em.* At length thou com'ſt in time, Laodice,
To eaſe a faithful lover, who ſo oft
With tender ſighs has languiſh'd in thy abſence.

*Laod.* Hydaſpes ſpeaks, and ah! my eaſy heart
Too ſoon believes.

*Em.* The reſt let Siroes ſpeak.

*Sir.* [*aſide.*] Unfeeling maid to torture thus my boſom!

*Laod.* [*to* Sir.] And can I think, illuſtrious prince, your heart
Will ſo debaſe itſelf in loving me?

*Em.* [*to* Laod.] His love is firmly yours.

*Sir.* [*aſide to* Em.] Hers, ſay'ſt thou, hers?

*Em.* [*to him.*] Peace, perjur'd man.

*Laod.* Does love ſo little then
Give utterance to his lips?

*Em.* A faithful lover
Whoſe boſom burns, ſtill feeds the flame in ſilence.

*Laod.* Yet oft the glances of an eye betray
The ſilent lip: but not a look from him
Is turn'd on me; nay rather, as confus'd,
He bends his eyes to earth in ſtupid gaze,
And ſeems to give thy every word the lie.

*Em.*

Digitized by Google

*Em.* Not ſo, Laodice, you are deceiv'd;
You know not Siroes: but I know him well;
He ſtands abaſh'd in preſence of Hydaſpes.

*Sir.* [*to* Em.] Alas, my love! far other doſt thou know.

*Em.* [*to him.*] Traitor, no more.

*Laod.* Abaſh'd before Hydaſpes?
Thou know'ſt he has no fault, or if a fault,
'Tis courage in extreme, not timid ſhame.

*Em.* But love, that changes all, can render valiant
The coward heart, and fearful make the bold.

*Sir.* [*aſide.*] Unfeeling maid! to torture thus my boſom.

*Em.* 'Twere beſt to leave you: conſtant lovers ever,
Who love like you, abhor ſociety.

*Laod.* Hydaſpes, yet I tremble leſt he ſtill
Deceive thee and myſelf.

*Em.* I dare not wholly
Condemn your doubts; for well by proof I know,
In truſting others never does the mind
Exert the caution confidence requires;
We ſeldom find fidelity in love.

The faith of every lover ſtill,
How dangerous to believe;
Their ſighs, their prayers, their tears at will
The eaſy heart deceive.

Shall

Digitized by Google

Shall man, by ſelf reproach unblam'd,
The fair, he wrong'd, ſurvey;
As if the crime were venial nam'd,
Affection to betray? [*Exit.*

## SCENE VI.

SIROES, LAODICE.

*Laod.* You ſpeak not, Siroes—what is now your fear?
Hydaſpes is not preſent: freely then
Diſcloſe your ſecret.

*Sir.* [*aſide.*] Why am I purſued
With love ſo fatal?—Ah! Laodice,
Subdue a paſſion that endangers both,
Should Coſroes, who adores thee, ever learn——

*Laod.* O! fear not him, he never will diſcover
Our gentle intercourſe.

*Sir.* But then, Hydaſpes——

*Laod.* Hydaſpes is a friend; and, Siroes, he
Approves our love.

*Sir.* Not always do the lips
And heart agree.

*Laod.* We but torment ourſelves
With fancied ills; if obſtacles like theſe
Muſt from our breaſt expunge ſuch dear affection.

*Sir.* Others there are—Laodice, farewell.

*Laod.*

Digitized by Google

*Laod.* Yet ſtay—and why conceal them?

*Sir.* Heavenly powers!
Spare me the ſhame of ſpeech, and ſpare thyſelf
The pain to hear them.

*Laod.* Will you leave me then
Thus loſt in cruel doubts? Speak, prince, Ah! ſpeak.

*Sir.* [*aſide.*] O pain to ſuffer!—hear me then declare,
Ah! no—forgive me—I muſt leave thee.

*Laod.* Never,
Till you have given me firſt to know your ſecret.

*Sir.* Some other time ſhall tell thee all.

*Laod.* But now,
Now is the eventful moment.

*Sir.* Hear me then,
Since thou wilt know, I burn with other flames;
My faith is plighted to a lovelier object;
The faireſt of her ſex: I love not thee,
Nor ever yet have lov'd, and ſhould thy hopes
Aſpire to change my heart, ſuch hopes are vain:
Diſtract me not—my ſecret now is known,

If e'er theſe lips could love declare,
Theſe eyes ſoft glances dart;
Theſe treacherous lips muſt falſely ſwear,
Theſe eyes belie my heart.

Then

Digitized by Google

Then ſeek ſome other breaſt to move,
All thoughts of me forſake;
And for thy recompenſe in love,
This friendly council take. [*Exit.*

## SCENE VII.

LAODICE *alone.*

And ſhall I then endure ſuch cruel ſcorn?
Oh! no, Laodice; affront like this
Muſt be reveng'd. Shall that ungrateful boaſt
His triumph in my ſhame? A thouſand foes
Will, at my bidding, riſe at once againſt him.
It ſhall be ſo—his father muſt believe
The ſon his rival, both in love and empire;
And by my arts impell'd, ſhall now my brother
Araxes, offer to Medarſes' aid
The troops in arms; and if I meet not all
My wiſh, at leaſt I will not ſigh alone.

## SCENE VIII.

*Enter* ARAXES.

*Arax.* My ſiſter, with impatience have I ſought thee.

*Laod.* And now moſt opportune for me, we meet.

*Ar.* Thy help was ne'er more needful.

*Laod.*

Digitized by Google

*Laod.* Nor have I
So wiſh'd thy converſe: know my brother—

*Ar.* Hold:
Firſt hear me, ſiſter: fir'd with haſty paſſion,
Coſroes will raiſe Medarſes to the throne:
Orders are iſſued for the ſolemn pomp;
The people vent complaints; the ſoldiers murmur.
Thou, if thou canſt, appeaſe an angry father,
Incens'd unjuſtly, and in Siroes ſave
A hero to the land.

*Laod.* A hero?—No,
Thou art deceiv'd; for in the breaſt of Siroes
Reſides a ſoul moſt obſtinately ſavage;
A heart o'erflow'd with pride: he ſeems to prize
Himſelf alone, and thinks the ſubject world
Muſt all pay tribute to his matchleſs valour.

*Ar.* Is this my ſiſter ſpeaks? And doſt thou think—

*Laod.* I think his ruin is by us, Araxes,
Moſt firmly to be wiſh'd: his fall is near,
Prevent not thou his fate.

*Ar.* And who has thus
Eſtrang'd Laodice?

*Laod.* 'Tis not for thee
To fathom yet my ſecret.

*Ar.* Every one
Will blame your fickle and inconſtant nature.

*Laod.* "'Tis often conſtancy to change the mind."



Digitized by Google

If ocean gently lave the ſhore,
And now in ſtorms, with deepening roar
The mariner diſmays;
No fault is his, who but the power
Of ſtronger winds obeys.

If I with changing fortune veer,
Yet let me not be blam'd;
What once inconſtant might appear
May now be virtue nam'd. [*Exit.*

## SCENE IX.

ARAXES *alone.*

I ſhall not for Laodice betray
My friendſhip or my duty.—Who can tell
The ſecret cauſe from which her anger ſprings?
Such is the genius of the weaker ſex:
O! woman, beauteous woman! how might man
Indulge his rapture in your love beſtow'd,
If conſtancy were join'd with female charms.

The uncertain ſtream that murmuring flows
Between its banks, the wind that blows,
Oft ſhifting through the ruſtling boughs,
Is ſteadier far than you.

Yet

Digitized by Google

Yet ſimple lovers ſtill prepare
New food to nouriſh amorous care;
With tears and ſighs purſue the fair,
And hope to find her true. [*Exit.*

## SCENE X.

*An inner apartment belonging to* COSROES. *A table with ſeats.*

SIROES *with a paper.*

Still let me from Emira's ſnares preſerve
My father's life.—This paper, thus impreſs'd
With characters diſguis'd, deſcribes the danger,
But keeps unknown the traitor.—If my ſilence
Conceal the firſt, I muſt betray my father;
And if I tell the laſt, I ſacrifice
My cruel, lov'd Emira—Ha! the king
Seems this way bending—Whither ſhall I turn?
Should he perceive me here he'll ſure ſuſpect
From me the warning comes, and force me then
To name the guilty: beſt awhile retire
And hide me from his ſight—O Gods! defend,
Defend Emira, guard my father's life,
And ah! protect my innocence. [*retires.*

SCENE

Digitized by Google

## SCENE XI.

*Enter* COSROES.

*Cof.* Shall then
The heart of Coſroes from a rebel ſon
Receive its laws? 'Twere madneſs but to think it.

## SCENE XII.

*Enter* LAODICE.

*Cof.* What brings my fair-one unexpected here?

*Laod.* I come to claim protection.——Coſroes' favour
Suffices not, even in theſe palace walls,
To ſhelter me from fear; nor thoſe are wanting
That outrage and inſult me.

*Cof.* Who can dare
So far preſume?

*Laod.* My crime, alas! is truth
And loyalty to you.

*Cof.* Declare the guilty,
And leave with me the care to puniſh him.

*Laod.* Your ſon attempted to ſeduce my love,
And when I durſt reject his impious ſuit,
He menac'd me with death.

*Sir.*

Digitized by Google

*Sir.* [*liſtening.*] What do I hear?

*Coſ.* My lov'd Medarſes could not thus offend:
No—Siroes is the criminal.

*Laod.* 'Tis true.
What can a woman, helpleſs, unprotected,
Againſt the royal heir of Perſia's king?

*Sir.* [*apart.*] All, all the world conſpire againſt my peace!

*Coſ.* And ſhall he prove my rival too in love?
Dry up thoſe tears, O! lovely mourner, calm
Thy troubled thoughts.——O! moſt ungrateful Siroes!
And haſt thou dar'd? Believe not I am Coſroes
If I forget—enough—Laodice,
Yes, thou ſhalt ſee——

*Sir.* [*apart.*] O! pain to think!

*Laod.* [*aſide.*] 'Twas wiſe
In me to accuſe him firſt.

*Coſ.* [*ſits at the table.*] Unworthy ſon!
[*ſees the paper left by* Sir. *and reads to himſelf.*

*Laod.* Had I foreſeen ſuch anguiſh to your heart
I never then——[*aſide.*] What paper's that? He reads
Abſorb'd and loſt—he changes colour!

*Coſ.* Gods!
What worſe could angry Heaven have rais'd againſt me!

Was

Digitized by Google

Was ever day like this? [*riſes.*

*Laod.* My gracious lord,
What now afflicts you?

## SCENE XIII.

*Enter* MEDARSES.

*Med.* Father, I behold
Your features chang'd.

*Coſ.* [*gives him the paper.*] Read there, belov'd Medarſes,
And tremble as thou read'ſt.

*Laod.* [*aſide.*] What can this mean?

*Med.* [*reads.*] "Coſroes, a ſnare is laid to take thy life,
"By one believ'd moſt loyal: on this day
"The blow is meant. Suſpect in every one
"The ſecret traitor: death is ſurely thine,
"If from thy preſence thou remov'ſt not all
"That ſhare thy beſt affections—he who gives
"This counſel is thy friend: believe and live."
[*he returns the paper to* Coſ.

*Laod.* I freeze with horror!

*Coſ.* What inhuman pity
Thus, thus to ſave me! From a hand unknown
The warning comes, but points not out the guilty,
Then muſt I ever fear my friends, my ſons?

In

Digitized by Google

In every cup believe my death conceal'd,
And ſee the cruel threat in every ſword?
Is this to be preſerv'd? Is this to live?

*Sir.* [*apart.*] Unhappy father!

*Med.* [*aſide.*] Loſe not now, my ſoul,
This fair occaſion.

*Coſ.* Still, Medarſes, ſilent?
Laodice, thou doſt not ſpeak.

*Laod.* Alas!
I'm ſtruck with terror.

*Med.* If I ſpoke not yet,
I wiſh'd to hide the guilty from your anger,
The guilty dear to both; but when I ſee
The cruel anguiſh of a father's heart,
I can no longer hold—that paper's mine.

*Sir.* [*apart.*] Inſidious falſehood!

*Coſ.* Know'ſt thou then the traitor,
And yet conceal'ſt him from my juſt reſentment?

*Med.* [*kneels.*] O father moſt belov'd! forgive the guilty;
Let it ſuffice, thy life has been preſerv'd:
Ah! think not ever in ſuch blood to ſtain
Your royal hands: know, he who ſeeks your life
Is your own ſon—and your Medarſes' brother!

*Sir.* [*apart.*] Muſt I be ſilent ſtill?

*Coſ.* Medarſes, riſe:
What tongue to thee reveal'd the dreadful ſecret?

*Med.*

Digitized by Google

*Med.* Siroes himſelf diſclos'd it.

*Laod.* [*aſide.*] Can it be!
What heart would have conceiv'd it?

*Med.* Long he tried
To make me partner in his crime—I pleaded,
I begg'd, but all in vain, he vow'd your death;
And hence Medarſes in that ſcroll reveal'd
The dire deſign.

*Sir.* [*diſcovers himſelf.*] Medarſes is a traitor:
That paper's mine.

*Med.* [*aſide.*] O Heaven!

*Laod.* [*aſide.*] What do I ſee?

*Coſ.* Ha! Siroes here, conceal'd in my apartment!

*Med.* His guilt is clear.

*Sir.* 'Tis falſe: deſire to ſave
Your threaten'd life, my father, brought me hither:
A deſperate foe, unknown, deſigns your death,
And you're betray'd.

## SCENE XIV.

*Enter* EMIRA.

*Em.* [*entering.*] And who betrays my king?
In his defence behold this arm and ſword.

*Sir.* There wanted but Hydaſpes to complete
The wretchedneſs of Siroes.

*Coſ.*

Digitized by Google

*Cof.* [*to* Em.] See, my friend,
To what has Heaven reſerv'd me. [*gives the paper.*

*Laod.* Strange events!

*Em.* [*having read the paper returns it.*] Whence came this warning? Is the traitor known?

*Med.* Medarſes has reveal'd the whole.

*Sir.* My brother
Deceives thee, good Hydaſpes, know 'twas I
Diſclos'd the ſecret.

*Cof.* Wherefore then forbear
To name the aſſaſſin?

*Sir.* Thus far have I ſpoke,
But dare not utter further.

*Em.* O! perfidious!
And would'ſt thou thus conceal thy impious treaſon
With virtue's thin diſguiſe? A friend to none,
The offender nor the offended; both betray'd.
The monarch is not ſafe; the ſtroke deſign'd
By thee prevented; now thou com'ſt to boaſt
The warning given in that ambiguous paper.
Yes, traitor, I would fain—[*to* Cof.] forgive, my king,
This warmth of temper: 'tis my duty ſpeaks:
As loyalty has bound me to the father,
So far reſpect is wanting to the ſon:
Your danger is my own.



Digitized by Google

*Laod.* [*aſide.*] What noble daring!

*Coſ.* What do I owe to thee, belov'd Hydaſpes?
[*to* Sir.] Learn, learn, ingrate, behold a ſtranger born;
The blood of Coſroes circles in thy veins:
To him I gave my favour, thee thy life,
And yet behold he ſtands to guard my ſafety,
While thy inſidious arts invade my throne.

*Sir.* I dare no further plead in my defence,
And yet I am not guilty.

*Med.* Innocence
Is ever bold, nor keeps a ſullen ſilence;
Medarſes freely ſpeaks.

*Em.* [*to* Sir.] Away: what now
Employs thy thoughts? What doſt thou? He who goes
So far, would doubtleſs ſoon complete his purpoſe;
Thou anſwer'ſt not: I know thou art confus'd;
It galls thee now to find thy heart reveal'd,
And all thy falſehood open'd to Hydaſpes;
And hence thy ſilence, hence thy looks of ſhame,
And hence that fear to caſt thine eyes on mine.

*Sir.* [*aſide.*] There wanted but Hydaſpes to complete
The wretchedneſs of Siroes.

*Coſ.* Yes, Medarſes,
His ſilence juſtifies the imputed guilt.



Digitized by Google

*Med.* Medarſes truly ſpoke.

*Em.* But Siroes' lips
Are fraught with falſehood.

*Sir.* 'Tis too much, Hydaſpes,
And ſhall not this ſuffice? What would'ſt thou more?

*Em.* Do thou from anxious doubts relieve my king.

*Sir.* What can I ſay?

*Em.* Say? That thy crime is mine,
Say that, with thee, I'm partner in the guilt;
Or rather ſay that all the guilt is mine,
And thine the loyalty: for this, and more
A mind like his might feign. [*to* Coſroes.

*Coſ.* But fruitleſs all.
'Tis not an eaſy taſk to impoſe on Coſroes:
I know thy truth too well. [*to* Em.

*Em.* O! would to heaven
That Siroes' loyal faith could equal mine!

*Coſ.* I know him too—all, all proclaims him traitor;
He neither makes defence, nor ſues for pardon.

*Sir.* I can no further plead my hapleſs cauſe,
And yet I'm innocent.

*Med.* Is he not guilty,
Who could refuſe but now a ſolemn oath
To calm a father's peace?



Digitized by Google

*Laod.* Is he not guilty,
Who cheriſh'd in his breaſt preſumptuous love?

*Coſ.* Is he not guilty, whom myſelf I found
Conceal'd in ſecret here?

*Em.* Is he not guilty,
Who firſt could claim this paper as his own,
And when I preſs'd him cloſe with words of truth,
Stood mute and terrified?

*Sir.* All, all conſpire
To fix my guilt, and yet I'm innocent.

What foes like theſe, alas! combin'd;
Could ruthleſs Fortune ſend?
To judge me and condemn I find
A cruel fair and brother join'd,
A father and a friend.

I ſee all preſent help is vain,
All hope from future time;
Yet that I ſtill my truth retain,
Is made my only crime. [*Exit.*

## SCENE XV.

COSROES, EMIRA, MEDARSES, LAODICE.

*Coſ.* Ho!—let the prince be watch'd.
[*to the guards without.*

*Em.* Myſelf will keep
Your royal perſon ſafe.

*Med.*

Digitized by Google

*Med.* Why fears my father,
Enclos'd with faithful friends, a ſingle traitor?

*Laod.* You are too deeply mov'd.

*Coſ.* And who can tell
What friend is true; or know what ſnare is laid?

*Em.* You fear not me, my lord.

*Coſ.* No, dear Hydaſpes,
On thy untainted faith I truſt my all:
Search deep this treaſon, and defend in Coſroes
A prince that loves thee.

*Em.* Nor can Coſroes truſt
His peace to one, who bears a heart more loyal:
If all his aid, his counſel nought avail,
Hydaſpes, jealous of his truth and honour,
Will ſhed his deareſt blood in your defence.

*Coſ.* Thus while I loſe a ſon, I find a friend.

Fate hovers, like a ruſhing tide,
That from the cliff deſcends:
But thou, dear youth, ſhalt turn aſide
The ruin that impends.

Near and more near the dangers threat,
And, doubtful where to fly,
If e'er thy faith a king forget,
On whom ſhall he rely? [*Exit.*

SCENE

Digitized by Google

## SCENE XVI.

EMIRA, MEDARSES, LAODICE.

*Med.* Who would have thought in Siroes e'er to find
A traitor to his king?

*Laod.* Or who conceiv'd
A heart ſo treacherous and a love ſo daring?

*Em.* And what can urge theſe mean unworthy inſults
On one who hears them not? Medarſes ſurely
Might own ſome feeling to a brother's name;
And you, Laodice, with more reſpect
Might judge a prince like him: believe not always
The unhappy are the guilty.

*Med.* Does Medarſes
Such pity feel for Siroes?

*Laod.* Thou to plead
In his behalf?

*Med.* And didſt not thou, Hydaſpes,
Till now inſult him?

*Laod.* Say, what cauſe excites
Thy anger againſt us?

*Em.* From me perchance
He might deſerve reproach, but not from you.

*Med.*

Digitized by Google

*Med.* So ſoon to change, and now defend the man
Whom late you ſought to ruin?

*Em.* You believe
Hydaſpes chang'd, Hydaſpes is the ſame.

*Laod.* The ſame? I know not what your ſpeech intends,

*Med.* A mind unchang'd could never dictate words,
That ſpeak the thoughts ſo various.

*Em.* Be it ſo:
Believe it myſtery, but believe it true.

Have you beheld the ſummer rain
With kindly ſhowers refreſh the plain;
Where, near the purple violet, blows
With tints renew'd the bluſhing roſe?
Both flowers one ſoil maternal breeds,
And both one genial moiſture feeds.
My heart is one, though now I ſeem
To abſolve the prince and now condemn.
One cauſe impels me, while by turns
My pity melts, my anger burns.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

Digitized by Google

## SCENE XVII.

LAODICE, MEDARSES.

*Laod.* The words Hydaſpes utter'd ſure contain
Some ſtrange and hidden ſenſe.

*Med.* Ah! little read
In human kind; and doſt thou then believe him?
Thou ſhouldſt be vers'd in courts: 'tis ever thus
With him who holds the favour of his prince:
His artificial plots are hidden ſecrets:
The leſs the vulgar comprehend, the more
They worſhip and admire.

*Laod.* I cannot think
Hydaſpes' meaning ſuch: 'tis true I know not
To what it tends, but whilſt I hear him ſpeak,
Like him I change my purpoſe and my thoughts,
And know not what I hope, or what I fear.

No certain fears my boſom fill,
Nor know I hope ſincere;
And yet in hope I wander ſtill,
And wander ſtill in fear.
I know not why, but ſtript of reſt,
All peace is baniſh'd from my breaſt.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

Digitized by Google

## SCENE XVIII.

MEDARSES *alone.*

Great are my aims: and thus far well advanc'd
My project ſhows. The recompenſe at hand,
Amidſt ſuch tumults ſtill I ſtand unſhaken:
He never truſts the ſea who fears a ſtorm.

Amidſt the ſtorm, while fearful night
Has hid the ſtars from human ſight,
Acroſs the gloom a ray of light
Already fortune ſhows.
This labour o'er, my care ſhall ceaſe,
My troubled ſoul return to peace,
And thoughts of dangers paſt increaſe
The ſweets of calm repoſe. [*Exit.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

Digitized by Google

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*A royal park.*

LAODICE *alone.*

How fatal is the pleaſure of revenge!
Revenge, that follow'd, ends in deep repentance.
This I too well have prov'd; for Siroes' danger
My breaſt is torn with horror and remorſe.

## SCENE II.

*Enter* SIROES.

*Sir.* At length, Laodice, you are reveng'd
And Siroes ſuffers for a fault of yours.

*Laod.* Ah! prince belov'd! ſuch anguiſh rends my boſom,
I dare not ſpeak.

*Sir.* And yet, Laodice,
You fear'd not to accuſe me.

*Laod.* Blind reſentment
For your diſdain impell'd a jealous woman
To ſuch deteſted falſehood: O! forgive,
Forgive the madneſs of a love like mine,
And let my grief ſuffice for puniſhment:

I will

Digitized by Google

I will diſcloſe the whole, and Coſroes now
Shall know 'twas I——

*Sir.* Your ruin, that would follow,
Cannot enſure my ſafety: were I clear'd
Of love to you, a crime of deeper dye
Is charg'd upon me. Ceaſe, Laodice,
Thy pity may awaken new ſuſpicions
Of our imputed loves.

*Laod.* What ſhall I do
To merit your forgiveneſs? Tell me, Siroes,
Behold me ready now to atone my guilt.

*Sir.* I blot it from my mind, and if you think
That ſuch oblivion merits ſome return,
Henceforth forget to love me.

*Laod.* O! ye powers!
How can I ceaſe to cheriſh love like mine?

In ſilent anguiſh will I mourn
The fate I'm doom'd to prove;
But hope not that this breaſt forlorn
Can ever ceaſe to love.

Ah! cruel, what offence if I
Within my heart retain,
The wretched privilege to ſigh,
And ſigh, alas! in vain? [*Exit.*

*Sir.* O! that my words could calm Emira's anger,
As now they have appeas'd Laodice. [*going.*

*Enter*

Digitized by Google

*Enter* EMIRA.

*Em.* Stay, faithleſs man!

*Sir.* And cannot yet my ſufferings
Suffice thy cruelty?

*Em.* And art thou yet
Contented to betray me?

*Sir.* Now perchance
Thou com'ſt again with cruel taunts to inſult
A wretched guiltleſs prince.

*Em.* And thou perchance,
Now ſeek'ſt thy father to reveal the ſecret
That paper had with-held.

*Sir.* At leaſt the paper
Offends not thee: the guilt is fix'd on Siroes:
I groan beneath the charge, and yet am ſilent.

*Em.* And I, what did I, when I ſeem'd to inſult
And moſt reproach thee? Firmly I ſecur'd
The confidence of Coſroes in my faith,
More for thy ſafety, than for my revenge.

*Sir.* Ah! then, my love, do more for Siroes' ſake;
Forgive his father; or at leaſt, if ſtill
You ſeek revenge, then ſeek it in this boſom.

*Em.* I cannot ſo confound the ſon and father:
Coſroes I hate, but thee Emira loves;
I wiſh but to revenge a parent ſlain.



Digitized by Google

*Sir.* And I, by nature's law, defend my own;
And juſtice higher ſanctifies the duty
To guard the living than revenge the dead.

*Em.* Go then—purſue thy nobler enterpriſe,
And leave to me my own: but knowſt thou well
What both our duties claim? In us, the children
Of foes profeſs'd, our paſſion is a crime.
No, we ſhould hate each other: duty bids thee
Reveal my purpoſe to the ear of Coſroes;
And duty bids me to prevent diſcovery.
Thou in Emira ſhould'ſt behold a foe,
Cruel, implacable; in Siroes I
Deteſt the unworthy offspring of a tyrant:
Then henceforth let us both be deadly foes.
[*going.*

*Sir.* Stay, ſtay, my life!

*Em.* And call'ſt thou me thy life?
Would'ſt thou unite the lover with the foe?
At once thou but betray'ſt, what nature made thee,
A faithleſs lover and a feeble foe.

*Sir.* You wrong me much, my love,——

*Em.* Be ſilent—love
Is loſt in hatred—ſpeak to me of rage,
Of vengeance ſpeak, and I with pleaſure hear thee.

*Sir.* And muſt I then——

*Em.* O! yes, forget Emira.

*Sir.* Farewell, Emira, thou wilt have me guilty,
Wilt have me dead—thou ſhalt be ſatisfied.
I'll

Digitized by Google

I'll to my father and avow his ſon
The ſecret traitor—thus thy cruelty
Shall be at full appeas'd. [*going.*

*Em.* Hold—go not yet.

*Sir.* What wouldſt thou have? Leave, leave me to my fate.

*Em.* Yet hear—to make thee guilty nought avails
To me or Coſroes.

*Sir.* 'Tis enough for me
To periſh innocent: hear me, Emira,
At length I find I'm more a ſon than lover;
I can no longer live, and ſtill be ſilent:
If nothing leſs can ſave him from thy fury,
I will diſcloſe the whole.

*Em.* Go, traitor, go,
Accuſe thyſelf or me. In ſpite of thee
Thy purpoſe I'll prevent: then ſee who moſt
Will gain belief. [*going.*

*Sir.* I ſee, too cruel maid!
My blood is ſought and I will ſhed the ſtream,
Now ſate thy cruel heart with Siroes' death.
[*draws his ſword.*

SCENE

Digitized by Google

## SCENE III.

*Enter* COSROES.

*Coſ.* [*entering ſees the ſword drawn.*] What doſt thou, impious youth?

*Em.* [*aſide.*] O! heavenly Powers!

*Coſ.* Wretch! haſt thou drawn thy ſword againſt my friend?
Can'ſt thou refute this truth? Tho' none beſide
Accuſes thee, mine eyes are not deceiv'd;
Say that I charge thee falſely.

*Sir.* All is true:
Yes, I am guilty; I betray my father;
I hate my brother, and inſult Hydaſpes.
Death, death is my deſert: you are unjuſt,
If longer you delay the welcome ſtroke.
I heed nor Gods nor men, deteſt myſelf,
And loath the light of Heaven.

*Em.* [*aſide.*] Ye Powers! defend him.

*Coſ.* Ho! guards! ſecure the prince.
[*guards enter.*

*Em.* He meant not, ſir,
Offence to me, but blind with ſudden paſſion,
Perchance againſt himſelf deſign'd the weapon.

*Coſ.* In vain thou ſeek'ſt to veil his crime with arts

Of

Of pious falſehood. Wherefore didſt thou fly?

*Em.* My flight was not from fear.

*Sir.* O! ceaſe, no more:
Hydaſpes, ceaſe: my greateſt foe is he
Who now would ſave me; death, and death alone
Muſt end my preſent torment.

*Cof.* Take thy wiſh?
Thou haſt few moments, traitor, more to live.

*Em.* What ſays my king? On Siroes' life prolong'd
Depends your own: he has not yet confeſs'd
The accomplice of his crime: with him would die
The important ſecret.

*Cof.* True. How much, Hydaſpes,
I owe thy love: be ever near me ſtill.

*Sir.* So may you run perhaps on certain fate:
Who knows but that Hydaſpes may betray you?

*Em.* Who, I betray him!

*Sir.* Every one may prove
A foe conceal'd; take heed nor truſt appearance:
Who can diſcern the traitor?

*Cof.* Peace and leave me.

*Sir.* You think me faithleſs; hence alone
The ſecret pangs I feel:
What tongue can make the traitor known—
[*aſide.*] O! torture to conceal.

A father

Digitized by Google

A father, hence your ſon you ſend,
And ſend with doom ſevere:
Yet think what dangers now impend,
And O! to few your truſt extend;
But learn in time to fear. [*Exit guarded.*

## SCENE IV.

COSROES, EMIRA.

*Em.* [*aſide.*] The king is thoughtful.

*Coſ.* [*to himſelf.*] From ſuch numerous proofs
I know my ſon is guilty—yet thoſe words—

*Em.* [*aſide.*] Perhaps his mind begins to admit
ſuſpicions
Suggeſted thus by Siroes.

*Coſ.* [*to himſelf.*] Can it be!
Hydaſpes to betray me?

*Em.* If he once
Suſpect my truth, my purpoſe half is loſt.
He heeds me not—We are alone—the time
Now calls upon me—

*Coſ.* He perhaps that's guilty
Accuſes him to make his crime the leſs,
By partnerſhip of treaſon.

*Em.* Now, Emira, [*draws her ſword.*
Now ſlay the victim to thy father's ghoſt.



Digitized by Google

## SCENE V.

*Enter* MEDARSES.

*Med.* My lord.

*Em.* [*aſide.*] O! heavenly powers!

*Med.* Hydaſpes, ſay
What means that weapon?

*Em.* At his foot to lay
The pledge of loyalty: there are who durſt
Excite his fear of me. My jealous honour
Admits not doubt—Hydaſpes deem'd a traitor!
Yes, Siroes here has touched me—Mighty Gods!
Has touch'd my inmoſt heart, and till this truth
Be deeply ſearch'd, behold me now diſarm'd
And Coſroes' priſoner.

*Coſ.* O! exalted faith!

*Med.* Perchance my brother ſought another name
To veil his crime.

*Coſ.* Hydaſpes, to its place
Return thy ſword, to wear in my defence.

*Em.* Forgive me, when a monarch's life's in danger
A ſhadow is a ſubſtance; from your mind
Be baniſh'd firſt the doubt that wrongs Hydaſpes,
Then to its place return the unſullied weapon,
Fit guardian for your ſafety.

*Coſ.*

Digitized by Google

*Cof.* No, Hydaſpes,
Reſume thy ſword.

*Em.* I muſt not, Sir, obey you.

*Cof.* 'Tis my command.

*Em.* What you command, Hydaſpes
No longer dares oppoſe. But yet permit me
To leave the court, leſt new ſuſpicions, rais'd
By envious minds, ſhould taint my innocence.

*Cof.* No; 'tis my will Hydaſpes ſhould remain
To watch my danger.

*Em.* I?

*Cof.* Yes, thou Hydaſpes.

*Em.* Who can to me enſure the faith of numbers
To whom your life is truſted? I muſt ſtand
Pledg'd for the truth of each—Had I myſelf
The ſole diſpoſal——

*Cof.* 'Tis enough—in thee
That power be veſted: from the royal guards
Take thoſe approv'd the truſtieſt: at thy will,
Diſpoſe and change them; and the care be thine
To find the latent traitor.

*Em.* I obey
The royal will, and truſt no lurking treaſon
Will long be hidden from my ſearching eyes.
[*aſide.*] My veſſel now has nearly reach'd the port.



Digitized by Google

From every fear your mind releaſe,
Compoſe your beating heart to peace;
For you my cares ſhall never ceaſe:
Still think me juſt and true.
That moment I forget to obey
The duties claim'd by ſovereign ſway,
And wrong my king, may Heaven repay
The wrong with vengeance due. [*Exit.*

## SCENE VI.

COSROES, MEDARSES.

*Med.* 'Tis wondrous, ſure, to find ſuch loyalty
In one a ſtranger born; but yet, my king,
All this ſuffices not: our deſtiny
Demands a ſtronger pledge.

*Coſ.* Before this day
Declines, thou ſhalt be partner in my throne:
Then little can one madman's pride prevail
Againſt the power of two united kings.

*Med.* Your love to me will but incenſe him more:
Already Siroes has ſeduc'd the people,
And numbers own his cauſe: ſeditious threats
Are heard on every hand.—Alas! my lord,
Unleſs the plant is rooted from the ſoil,
It ſtill muſt grow and ſpread to our annoyance.
A remedy is ſure—but harſh to ſpeak—



Digitized by Google

The head once ſever'd, faction in the vulgar
Soon loſes all its vigour.

*Cof.* Oh! my heart
Recoils from ſuch a deed——

*Med.* 'Tis true, the thought
Congeals my blood.—No other way remains
To enſure your ſafety, but to pardon Siroes,
And raiſe him to the throne.—To him, my father,
I gladly yield the now conteſted ſway,
To wander far an exile from my country,
And eaſe his fears of me: ſhould this be little,
My vital blood ſhall gladly flow to appeaſe him:
Strike here, and deem me happy in the wound
That renders peace to him who gave me being.

*Cof.* I feel my eyes o'erflow with tenderneſs:
Ah! dear Medarſes, let me hold thee thus,
Cloſe to my heart. Why did not Heaven beſtow
Two ſons like thee!

*Med.* Alas! could I refuſe
My worthleſs life to buy your future ſafety,
I were indeed unworthy ſuch a father.

From you the light of Heaven I drew,
And now I ſtand prepar'd for you
My life or death to find.
My life, if living I can cure
The anxious pangs you now endure,
Or death, if dying I enſure
Your future peace of mind. [*Exit.*

SCENE

## SCENE VII.

COSROES *alone.*

No, Coſroes, no—thou canſt no longer doubt,
And Siroes is the traitor.—Juſtice now
Should ſentence guilt; but O! I cannot fix
My weak reſolves; and midſt my deep reſentment
A remnant of paternal kindneſs
Here lingers in my breaſt and pleads his cauſe.

With anger and with love oppreſs'd,
Thoſe tyrants of the human breaſt,
What foes my peace aſſail!
While jealouſy would guard the throne,
While pity would preſerve the ſon,
All hopes from counſel fail.
This way and that my ſoul to bend,
The father and the king contend,
While neither can prevail. [*Exit.*

## SCENE VIII.

*Apartments, with a view of the royal gardens.*

SIROES *diſarmed.* ARAXES.

*Ar.* He who refuſes ſuccour juſtifies
The rigour of his fate: deſpair, my prince,

Not

Digitized by Google

Not virtue makes you thus condemn in me
A zeal that has improv'd the people's favour
In your behalf.

*Sir.* The ſtroke of adverſe Fate
Is conquer'd by endurance.

*Ar.* Seldom Fortune
Is friend to merit; and ſhe takes offence
That ever man ſhould more confide in virtue
Than in her partial favours.

*Sir.* Know, the ſoul
That warms this boſom would far rather bear
The pangs of ſuffering innocence than find
Such happineſs as follows proſperous guilt.

*Ar.* That innocence is little priz'd which meets
The world's reproach.—The vulgar from events
Direct their judgment, and believe thoſe guilty
Whom Fortune has depreſs'd.

*Sir.* Enough for me
To know myſelf and die with ſelf-applauſe.

*Ar.* Still in deſpite of this too rigid virtue,
The care be mine to ſave you from your father,
Unjuſt and cruel Coſroes: yes, the people,
The ſquadrons will unite in ſuch a cauſe.

*Sir.* But this is ſurely treaſon, not defence.

*Ar.*

Digitized by Google

*Ar.* Since you, though innocent, would loſe
That aid a friend ſupplies:
To meet the conflict you refuſe,
My valour ſhall ſuffice;
And few the treaſon will accuſe
By which a traitor dies. [*Exit.*

## SCENE IX.

SIROES, MEDARSES.

*Med.* Alone, my brother?

*Sir.* I have ever with me
The ſad ſociety of adverſe Fortune.

*Med.* Thy happineſs is ſurely now ſecur'd.
This inſtant Coſroes will be here: perchance
He comes to give thee comfort.

*Sir.* See what comfort
My deſtiny has ſent: inſtead of Coſroes
Medarſes comes.

*Med.* Yes, doubtleſs 'tis thy wiſh
Without a witneſs to receive thy father:
So might'ſt thou practiſe every ſoothing art
To varniſh o'er thy guilt; but could thy folly
E'er hope Medarſes would conſent to this?

*Sir.* Thou art deceiv'd: as gladly would I ſpeak
When thou art preſent: he who knows not guilt
Ne'er

Digitized by Google

Ne'er feels the glow of ſhame.—In ſeeing thee,
It only grieves me to reflect our blood
Flow'd from one common ſpring.

*Med.* I aſk no virtues
But royalty and empire.

## SCENE X.

*Enter* COSROES *and* EMIRA.

*Coſ.* [*entering.*] Guard, Hydaſpes,
The entrance here, and let Laodice
Be near to wait my bidding.

*Em.* I obey. [*retires apart.*

*Coſ.* Medarſes, leave us.

*Med.* Muſt I leave you, ſir?
And ſhould I be accus'd, what friend will then
Defend my innocence?

*Coſ.* I will defend it.

*Sir.* [*to* Med.] Remain, if ſo thou wilt.

*Coſ.* [*to* Sir.] No, I would firſt
Converſe with thee alone.

*Med.* And can you, ſir,
Intruſt yourſelf with him?

*Coſ.* Enquire no further:
Leave us, Medarſes.

*Med.* I obey; but yet——

*Coſ*

Digitized by Google

*Cof.* No more, Medarſes—go—retire awhile.

*Med.* [*aſide.*] My cruel fortune now begins to frown. [*Exit.*

## SCENE XI.

COSROES, SIROES. EMIRA *apart.*

*Cof.* Sit, Siroes, now, and liſten while I ſpeak.
[*ſits.*

Behold I come a father or a judge,
Even as thyſelf would'ſt chooſe me. If a father,
Then mark how far my clemency extends;
Or, if a judge, obſerve how well with thee
I can ſupport the duty.

*Sir.* Siroes fears not
The name of judge, and venerates the father.
[*ſits.*

*Cof.* May I expect the obedience of a ſon
To one command? Speak not till I have finiſh'd—
But hear me with reſpect.

*Sir.* I promiſe, ſir,
Till you permit my ſpeech, to attend in ſilence.

*Em.* [*hearing them.*] What would he ſay?

*Cof.* I ſee thee, Siroes, guilty
Of many crimes; but let me firſt recall them
To thy remembrance. I from thee requir'd
An oath that might ſecure the kingdom's peace,
And this thou didſt refuſe. I pardon'd thee,
And

Digitized by Google

And thou, ungrateful, didſt abuſe my mercy.
A paper told me that ſome traitor lurk'd
Amongſt my deareſt friends; and while my mind
Was labouring with ſuſpenſe and anxious terror,
I found thee, then conceal'd in my apartment.
What would I more? Medarſes has himſelf
Reveal'd thy crimes——

*Sir.* And can you, ſir, believe——

*Cof.* Obſerve thy promiſe, hear me and be ſilent.

*Em.* [*to herſelf*] Unhappy prince!

*Cof.* All vent complaints againſt thee,
Thou haſt ſcoff'd at all decorum in the court;
And from thy inſolence is none ſecure.
Medarſes bears thy inſults; and thy love
Has raſhly dar'd to affront Laodice,
Nay offer threats; and even, before my eyes,
Thou wouldſt have ſlain Hydaſpes. Add to theſe
The people's murmurs rais'd againſt my peace,
Excited firſt by thee——

*Sir.* Ah! falſehood all!

*Cof.* Obſerve thy promiſe, hear me and be ſilent.
Behold me now, provok'd by ſuch exceſſes,
As if compell'd to ſentence thee; and yet
I pardon all, and blot them from remembrance.
Come then, my ſon, let us again revive
The love of child and parent. Name the traitor,
Or thoſe that ſhare his treaſon: from the offender



Digitized by Google

An injur'd father claims no recompenſe
But penitence ſincere and future truth.

*Em.* [*to herſelf.*] I ſee that Siroes now is greatly mov'd:
Alas! ſhould he betray me——

*Sir.* O! my lord,
I cannot ſpeak

*Cof.* Then hear me,—Doſt thou fear
For him that's guilty? Know thy fear is vain,
If thou art he, confeſſion to a father
Abſolves the crime and ſmooths thy path to empire;
But if thou art not he, diſcloſe his name
And freely I forgive him. If thou wilt,
Receive this royal hand, the pledge of pardon.

*Em.* [*aſide.*] Alas! I fear.

*Sir.* O! could I ſurely know
Your juſtice never would purſue the treaſon,
I might reveal——

*Em.* [*interrupting them haſtily.*] Does not my lord remember
That now Laodice awaits his leiſure?

*Sir.* [*aſide.*] O! Heavens! what means ſhe here?

*Cof.* [*to* Em.] I know it well:
Retire Hydaſpes.

*Em.* I obey my ſovereign.

[*aſide*

Digitized by Google

[*aſide to* Sir.] Perfidious! dare not now betray
my ſecret. [*retires.*

*Sir.* [*aſide.*] Cruel Emira!

*Coſ.* [*to* Sir.] Siroes, ſpeak, retrieve
My paſt affections.—Still, ſtill art thou ſilent?
Why art thou thus diſturb'd?

*Sir.* O! Heaven!

*Coſ.* I ſee
Thou canſt not bear to hear without emotion
Laodice but nam'd. In this, my ſon,
Thou ſhalt be happy: I will here prevent
Thy warmeſt wiſhes; I confeſs my weakneſs;
I love Laodice, (with ſhame I own it,)
And yet to thee reſign her: only ſpeak,
Diſcloſe the hidden ſnare, ſecure my peace,
And take her for thy bride.

*Sir.* You would not, ſir,
Believe your ſon——

*Em.* [*interrupting them.*] Laodice impatient
Has preſs'd to be admitted; and in fear
She might intrude upon your privacy,
I have diſmiſs'd her hence.

*Coſ.* And is ſhe gone?

*Em.* She is, my king.

*Coſ.* Go, haſte and call her back.

*Em.* I go, my lord——Thou wilt not ſure be-
tray me? [*aſide to* Sir.

*Sir.*

Digitized by Google

*Sir.* [*aſide.*] What anguiſh do I ſuffer?

*Coſ.* Speak, my ſon,
Laodice is thine—What would'ſt thou more?
I ſee thee ſtill in doubt.

*Sir.* I never lov'd
Laodice——and yet I muſt not ſpeak.

*Coſ.* [*riſing.*] Perfidious! now too plain I read thy purpoſe,
To live a traitor and a traitor die.
What could'ſt thou further aſk? I ſeal thy pardon,
Invite thee to my throne, and to thy arms
Reſign a maid, the object of my love;
Yet all will not ſuffice. My death, my blood,
I know thou long haſt ſought. Unworthy ſon!
Indulge thy wiſh: behold me here before thee,
Unguarded and alone—Inhuman! now,
Diſarm me now, and plunge the weapon here.
[*points to his breaſt.*

*Em.* [*interpoſing.*] What cauſe excites ſuch anger in my king?
I muſt not leave you thus without defence?
Behold me here.

*Coſ.* Go, bring Laodice.

[*Exit* Emira.

SCENE

Digitized by Google

## SCENE XII.

COSROES, SIROES.

*Sir.* My lord, if e'er I lov'd Loadice,
May Heaven in juſtice——

*Coſ.* Do not tempt the Gods
Again with perjuries.

## SCENE XIII.

*Enter* LAODICE, *and* EMIRA.

*Laod.* I come, my lord,
Obedient to your ſummons.

*Coſ.* Hear me, Siroes,
'Tis the laſt time: once more I offer mercy.
Speak and aſcend the throne; and with the throne
Poſſeſs Laodice; but if thou ſtill
Perſiſt in ſilence, in a dungeon's gloom
Expect thy death. Hydaſpes, in my ſtead,
Shall here be preſent, name to him the traitor,
I leave thee for awhile, do thou improve
The few remaining moments; but if then
Thou ſee'ſt the thunder fall, the fault is thine
That haſt refus'd to avert the impending ſtroke.

By

Digitized by Google

By thee my pity now is flown,
My breaſt with rage on flame;
And, traitor, 'tis by thee alone
I bear a tyrant's name.

Thou can'ſt not ſay the guilt is mine,
That ſentence waits on thee:
O! no, ingrate, 'tis only thine
And not the king's decree. [*Exit.*

## SCENE XIV.

SIROES, EMIRA, LAODICE.

*Sir.* [*to himſelf.*] On what ſhall I reſolve?

*Em.* Ye happy lovers,
Hydaſpes joys to ſee your fortune ſmile.
O! what has future time in ſtore for Perſia
From ſuch an union; ſhould the riſing offſpring
Reflect the mother's charms and father's virtues?

*Sir.* [*to himſelf.*] And does ſhe mock me too?

*Laod.* May favouring Heaven
Improve the gladſome omen! Silent ſtill?
He ſeems irreſolute and loſt in thought.

*Em.* [*to* Sir.] Speak, for 'twere madneſs longer to diſſemble.

*Sir.* O! Heavens!—Away and leave me.

*Em.* Well thou know'ſt

The

Digitized by Google

The king has charg'd thee in Hydaſpes' preſence
To chooſe a priſon or Laodice.

*Laod.* On what wilt thou reſolve?

*Sir.* I leave Hydaſpes
To fix my choice: his will ſhall be my law.
Meantime I go, amidſt my chains, to expect
What fate determines next.

*Em.* I know not, prince——

*Sir.* Thou haſt known enough to torture me till now,
[*aſide.*] And may Emira ſhare the pangs I ſuffer.

My breaſt a thouſand paſſions rend,
A thouſand racking doubts contend:—
On thee my laſt reſolves depend; [*to* Em.
To rule my heart is thine.
Say, muſt I now for death prepare?
At your command my fate I dare:
Or ſhould you bid me woo the fair,
Your will, alas! is mine. [*Exit.*

## SCENE XV.

EMIRA, LAODICE.

*Em.* [*aſide.*] How ſhall I now addreſs Laodice?

*Laod.* Hydaſpes, on the ſentence of thy lips
My happineſs and Perſia's fate depend.



Digitized by Google

*Em.* It ſeems that unconſtrain'd Laodice
Would give herſelf in marriage ties to Siroes.

*Laod.* That were indeed a bliſs.

*Em.* You love him then?

*Laod.* My fondeſt thoughts are his.

*Em.* And do you hope
His hand will ever——

*Laod.* Yes, by thee I hope
To ſee it given to mine.

*Em.* Your hopes are vain.

*Laod.* And wherefore, ſay?

*Em.* Shall I diſcloſe my ſecret?

*Laod.* With freedom ſpeak.

*Em.* I am myſelf a lover;
Forgive my boldneſs—I adore your beauties.

*Laod.* Mine, mine, Hydaſpes?

*Em.* Yours, Laodice?
Ah! who unmov'd could view thoſe locks of gold,
Thoſe roſeate cheeks, and lips of coral hue,
That ivory breaſt, and thoſe ſoft-beaming eyes?
Ah! ſhould you doubt what flame conſumes my heart
Look in this face and read my paſſion there.

*Laod.* And ſilent yet till now——

*Em.* Till now reſpect



Digitized by Google

Reſtrain'd my tongue.

*Laod.* Then mark me well, Hydaſpes,
I never can return thy love.

*Em.* O! Heaven!
Too cruel fair.

*Laod.* If it be true thou lov'ſt me,
Be friend to my affections; give to me,
With virtue that becomes thy noble nature,
The prince belov'd.

*Em.* You claim too much from virtue.

*Laod.* Siroes is loſt.

*Em.* Heaven guards the innocent.

*Laod.* If hope to thee ſhould feign thou haſt my pity,
Know hope deceives thee

*Em.* Can you be ſo cruel?

*Laod.* My cruelty was taught me by Hydaſpes.

*Em.* O! give me patience, Heaven!

*Load.* Yes, while I live,
I'll hate thee ſtill, nor ſhalt thou e'er have cauſe
To ſcoff at my misfortunes.

*Em.* Yet one comfort
At leaſt remains—both ſhare the pangs of love.



Digitized by Google

*Laod.* When ſafe in port my veſſel rides,
You drive me back to ſtormy tides,
And ſink me in the main.
But love may give you ſoon to know
An equal ſhare of equal woe,
Such woe as I ſuſtain.

[*Exit.*

## SCENE XVI.

EMIRA *alone.*

Such various ſhapes, as love and hatred ſway,
I take by turns, that oft my mind perplex'd
In paſſion's maze, ſcarce knows its own deſign.
I hate the tyrant, and to take his life
Would ſingly little fear a thouſand bands
Of foes in arms: but then the thought recurs
That he is father to the man I love.
Yes, Siroes is myſelf, and O! with grief
I ſee his danger which myſelf have caus'd:
But when I think he is the tyrant's ſon,
O! then my heart is rent with ſecret anguiſh,
Alike in hatred, and in love unhappy.

Why was not I by Heaven decreed,
A ſhepherdeſs to tread the plain?
My boſom then no cares would breed,
But care my tender lambs to feed
And join in love ſome ſimple ſwain.



Digitized by Google

But princes, born in regal ſtate,
Still find their fortune inſincere;
Since near the throne for ever wait
In ambuſh plac'd—Deceit and Fear.

[*Exit.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

Digitized by Google

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*A court yard.*

COSROES, ARAXES.

*Cof.* Araxes, he muſt die: enough till now
Has nature pleaded for him in this boſom,

*Ar.* Who will enſure you, ſir, that, Siroes dead,
The people will not ſeek to avenge his death?
And that the means employ'd to quell the tumults,
May not increaſe them?

*Cof.* Be it thine, Araxes,
With vigorous ſecrecy to oppoſe the plans
Of theſe ſeditious; and to them be ſhewn,
The ſever'd head of my degenerate ſon.
Soon ſhalt thou ſee rebellion's current dried
When once the fountain fails.

*Ar.* Before we prove
A remedy like this, we may employ
Some other not ſo dreadful.

*Cof.* And what other
Remains untried? Hydaſpes and myſelf
Have toil'd, and toil'd in vain,—this rebel ſon
Thirſts for my blood, refuſes every gift,
And ſtill perſiſts in obſtinate concealment.

*Ar.*

Digitized by Google

*Ar.* Then muſt I, O! my liege——

*Coſ.* Yes, go—Araxes,
His death is needful for me; I pronounce
The fatal ſentence—but, O Heaven! I feel
My heart congeal'd, my eyes o'erflow'd with tears,
And ſhedding Siroes' blood I ſhed my own.

*Ar.* With anguiſh I obey; but yet, my lord,
I will obey: 'tis true I'm Siroes' friend,
But I am Coſroes' ſubject: well my heart,
My loyal heart knows what that name implies,
That all muſt yield before its ſacred duties.

To keep a loyal ſubject's name
Your blood I cruel ſhed:
Whene'er a monarch's peace may claim
A guilty rebel's head,
We praiſe the tyrant's law, and blame
The heart to pity bred. [*Exit.*

## SECNE II.

COSROES *alone.*

Before I prov'd the frowns of angry Heaven,
I then was bleſt in life and bleſt in empire:
But to preſerve them, ſince my heart muſt ſuffer
A puniſhment ſo dreadful, life and empire
Are both a burden.

SCENE

Digitized by Google

## SCENE III.

*Enter* LAODICE.

*Laod.* Haſte, my king! the palace
Is now encompaſs'd by a rebel-band
That call for Siroes.

*Coſ.* They ſhall have their wiſh:
They ſhall—already to a faithful arm
His death is given in charge: perhaps even now,
Through many a wound his treacherous ſoul is fled,
And thus I give him to his friends.

*Laod.* O Heaven!
Wretched Laodice!—What have you done?
[*to* Coſ.

*Coſ.* What have I done? Aveng'd offended majeſty,
Aveng'd offended love, thy wrongs and mine.

*Laod.* O! you are deceiv'd! Reverſe the cruel order,
The prince has never injur'd you in love—
'Twas falſehood, falſehood all.

*Coſ.* What ſay'ſt thou—ha!

*Laod.* In vain I ſtrove to win the heart of Siroes,
Till fir'd with rage, to puniſh his diſdain,
I forg'd the tale.

*Coſ.* Haſt thou betray'd me too?

*Laod.*

Digitized by Google

*Laod.* Yes, Coſroes, here behold the criminal:
Let me be ſlain, but let the guiltleſs live.

*Coſ.* What, guiltleſs! he who ſought a father's life?
Who kindled in thy breaſt the flame of love?
He's guilty, guilty of the worſt of treaſon;
Guilty of pleaſing thee—and he ſhall die.

*Laod.* To obtain the life of a devoted ſon,
And from a father, was a gift ſo mighty
I ought not to have hop'd it.—What avail
Theſe hapleſs charms, that fail to move your pity?
You never lov'd me, 'twas deception all.

*Coſ.* Ungrateful maid! I lov'd thee but too well:
I meant to ſeat thee on the Perſian throne;
Nor is this all: within my boſom brood
A thouſand cares: I know that thou art falſe,
And yet, (O! ſhame to think!) I could confeſs
That many pangs I feel are caus'd by thee.

*Laod.* Then yield, my lord, to my entreaties yield:
O! ſave the prince, and let my death appeaſe you,
Moſt happy if my blood——

*Coſ.* Laodice,
Depart: by ſeeking thus to ſave his life,
Thou mak'ſt his guilt the more—thy ſuit offends me.

*Laod.*

Digitized by Google

*Laod.* The tigreſs ſee by nature ſtung,
When danger threatens near,
Impetuous flies to guard her young
Againſt the hunter's ſpear.

I ne'er like thine a heart have known,
No love can there reſide;
Nor pity can in him be ſhown
By whom a ſon has died. [*Exit.*

## SCENE IV.

COSROES *alone.*

Now let us ſee how far my fate will urge
Her barbarous rigour: yes, I'll meet it all.

## SCENE V.

*Enter* EMIRA.

*Em.* O ſir! releaſe the prince, reſtore him now
To appeaſe the furious people: threatening loud
On every hand, with undiſtinguiſh'd cries
They vent their maddening rage, and in a moment
From ſhouting multitudes reſounds the name
Of Siroes.

*Coſ.* Is the tumult then ſo high?

*Em.* The loweſt of the vulgar now aſſume
The

Digitized by Google

The pride of rebels: in ten thouſand hands
Ten thouſand falchions flaſh; and ſuch the frenzy,
That creeping age and timorous childhood fly
With arms and weapons to ſupply the ſtrong.

*Coſ.* Reſiſt the tumult yet ſome moments longer
And I no more ſhall fear it.

*Em.* Say, what mean
My ſovereign's words?

*Coſ.* Already is Araxes
Diſpatch'd by my command to ſlay my ſon.

*Em.* And could'ſt thou thus reſolve—revoke,
O Heaven!
The fatal ſentence—I myſelf will go
The harbinger of mercy—give me, ſir,
The royal ſignet.

*Coſ.* Thou in vain demand'ſt it:
His death muſt be my ſafety.

*Em.* O! how chang'd
Art thou from Coſroes! where are now the virtues
That grac'd thee once, companions in the throne?
Ah! what will Perſia ſay, and what the world?
Coſroes till now the idol of his ſubjects,
And terror of his foes; whoſe conquering arms,
By wealthy Ganges and the fertile Nile,
The furtheſt Ind and Æthiop's tawny ſons
Admir'd and fear'd? O! think what thou haſt
loſt,
In one dread moment! If thou canſt forget

The

Digitized by Google

The laws of nature thus, one fatal act
Blots all thy glories—Still, O! ſtill reflect,
Yet, yet recall——

*Coſ.* But Siroes is a traitor.

*Em.* But Siroes is your ſon, a ſon that ever
Was worthy you, who from his father's deeds
Has learn'd ſo well to triumph: yet a child
Coſroes in him avow'd his hope and joy.
Oft have I heard that, when array'd in arms,
You fought the foe, or came victorious home,
His was the parting and returning kiſs;
While playful he ſtretch'd out his little hands
To claſp a father's neck, and fearleſs ſmil'd
To ſee the dazzling helm and nodding plume.

*Coſ.* How haſt thou wak'd remembrance!

*Em.* Yet this ſon
Is doom'd to death, and doom'd, O! Heaven! by whom?
A father's voice.

*Coſ.* I can reſiſt no longer—

*Em.* O! if my ſervice ever claim'd reward,
O! let not Siroes periſh. Send me hence
Reſolve—a moment more the deadly ſtroke
May then be paſt recall.

*Coſ.* Here, take my ſignet,
And fly to ſave him.

*Em.* O! tranſporting ſounds.

[*going meets* Araxes.

SCENE

Digitized by Google

## SCENE VI.

*Enter* ARAKES.

*Em.* Araxes, Heavens!

*Cof.* With anguiſh in his looks—
O! Gods!

*Em.* Speak, lives the prince?

*Ar.* He lives no longer.

*Em.* O! Siroes!

*Cof.* O! my ſon!

*Ar.* At once he fell,
And by a ſingle ſtroke: his generous ſoul
One moment linger'd on his dying lips
To cry—"Araxes, guard my father's life—"
Then fled for ever.

*Cof.* O! ſupport me, Heaven!
Hydaſpes, O! I faint!

*Em.* Inhuman! thou!
Doſt thou lament! and who has murder'd Siroes?
Say, barbarous man! of whom do'ſt thou complain?
Go, tyrant! go, and from his boſom rend
The heart ſtill panting; ſate thy rage with blood,
With filial blood! a ſpectacle of horror,
The ſtain of Perſia and the world's abhorrence!

*Cof.*

Digitized by Google

*Cof.* Is this Hydaſpes ſpeaks? has frenzy ſeiz'd him,
Or does he feign this madneſs?

*Em.* Till this hour
He feign'd indeed, but feign'd till time ſhould ſerve
To pierce the heart of Coſroes.

*Cof.* How has Coſroes
Deſerv'd thy hatred?

*Em.* Impious! how deſerv'd?
Haſt thou not murder'd now my plighted lord?
By thee I've loſt a father, and by thee
Have liv'd an exile from my rightful throne.
Behold in me thy foe—I am Emira.

*Cof.* What do I hear!

*Ar.* O! wonderful diſcovery!

*Cof.* Now do I know who 'twas ſeduc'd my ſon.

*Em.* 'Tis true, I tried, but vainly tried to ſhake
His faith to thee—this learn for my revenge.
And know, perfidious! from Emira's hatred
He watch'd thy ſafety: know 'twas he who plac'd
That warning paper: know, 'tis he who dies
A guiltleſs victim; know, that each ſuſpicion,
And charge againſt this truth was falſehood all.
Go—think, and if thou can'ſt in peace repoſe.

*Cof.* Araxes, let her be reſerv'd in chains
To ſatiate my reſentment.

*Ar.*

Digitized by Google

*Ar.* I obey.
[*to* Em.] Reſign thy ſword.

*Em.* My hand alone diſarms me:
There—take my weapon. [*gives her ſword to* Anax. *who goes out and returns with a guard*

[*to* Coſ.] Be not thou deceiv'd
To hope that threats can terrify Emira.

*Coſ.* Leave me, ingrate! ſociety like thine
But adds to what I feel.

*Em.* Let Coſroes' guilt,
Without my aid, ſuffice to make him wretched,
[*Exit guarded.*

## SCENE VII.

COSROES, ARAXES.

*Coſ.* Where am I! cruel, cruel recollection!
Do I yet live?

*Ar.* Take comfort, dear my lord:
Think what may now preſerve your threaten'd empire;
Think of your own repoſe.

*Coſ.* I hope for none.
My ſubjects are my enemies, and Fate
Is arm'd againſt me. Heaven has not a ſtar
That ſhines on Coſroes with propitious beams;
And I myſelf am now my worſt of foes.

Through

Digitized by Google

Through every vein benumb'd with cold,
I feel the lazy current roll'd,
And, hovering round, with dread behold
A murder'd ſon's lamented ſhade.
And now alas! too late I find,
By me to cruel death conſign'd,
A youth the nobleſt of his kind,
A heart by every virtue ſway'd. [*Exit.*

*Ar.* Bring back the priſoner.

[Emira *brought in by the guards.*

## SCENE VIII.

ARAXES, EMIRA.

*Ar.* Now, benignant ſtars!
Succeed my great deſigns. Retire.

[*to the guards who go out.*

*Em.* What would
An impious king's more wicked miniſter?
Muſt I prepare for death?

*Ar.* No, mighty princeſs;
Live and preſerve yourſelf for him you love,
Your plighted lord—for know that Siroes lives.

*Em.* Is't poſſible?

*Ar.* I gladly from the king
Receiv'd the fatal charge; but 'twas to employ
The means to ſave him.

*Em.*

Digitized by Google

*Em.* Wherefore from the father,
Repentant of the deed, conceal his ſafety?

*Ar.* Becauſe to me it ſeem'd his pity roſe,
As fear ſubſided: ſhould he now be told
That Siroes lives, his pity might again
Be chang'd to fear: for pity ſways no more
When ſtronger fear prevails: the firſt is rais'd
By other's pains, the ſecond by our own.

*Em.* But where is Siroes?

*Ar.* He in chains expects
His ſpeedy death.

*Em.* Haſt thou not yet enſur'd
The prince's ſafety?

*Ar.* I muſt firſt collect
My faithful friends ſecurely to conduct him,
Where now the impatient people wait his preſence;
And ſince the father thinks him dead, with eaſe
We may complete our purpoſe.

*Em.* Let us hence— [*going.*
But ah! Medarſes comes.

*Ar.* Be not diſmay'd,
I will depart: do you awhile remain,
And learn what next the treacherous prince deſigns:
Fear not—be conſtant.

*Em.* I confide in thee. [*Exit* Araxes.



Digitized by Google

## SCENE IX.

EMIRA, MEDARSES.

*Em.* What cauſe diſturbs you, ſir?

*Med.* All is in tumult,
And would'ſt thou have me unconcern'd Hydaſpes?

*Em.* [*aſide.*] As yet he knows me not. [*to* Med.] Then let us hence
To oppoſe theſe daring rebels.

*Med.* Other ſuccour
Our danger claims—I haſten now to Siroes.

*Em.* And mean'ſt thou then to free the unworthy author
Of all our evils?

*Med.* Think me not ſo ſenſeleſs—
I go to take his life.

*Em.* I heard that Siroes
Had breath'd his laſt.

*Med.* Ha! dead! by whom, Hydaſpes?

*Em.* I know not whom, for doubtful and confus'd
To me the rumour came. And thou, Medarſes,
Didſt thou not hear?

*Med.* The tidings never reach'd me.



Digitized by Google

*Em.* Then 'twas ſome fiction by the people fram'd.

*Med.* No matter what: alive or dead, it now
Imports me much that Siroes ſhould be found.

*Em.* I go before thee, and whate'er thy purpoſe,
Hydaſpes will perform—I've heard enough.
[*aſide, Exit.*

## SCENE X.

MEDARSES *alone.*

No, if a brother croſs my path to empire,
He muſt not live: though nature ſhrinks to act,
Neceſſity compels it. Time that preſſes,
Big with ſurrounding evils, leaves me now
No other means, and in the laſt extreme
Of danger, every remedy is juſt.

Though brother's blood may ſtain the crown,
Its ſplendor ne'er decays:
The crime that leads us to the throne,
Condemn'd for ill ſucceſs alone,
All, when ſucceſsful, praiſe. [*Exit.*



Digitized by Google

## SCENE XI.

*A part of the caſtle deſtined for the priſon of* Siroes.

SIROES *alone.*

I'm weary now of ſuffering, cruel Gods!
Your anger longer: what to me avail
My innocence and virtue? While the loyal
Remain depreſs'd, the traitor is exalted.
If thus Aſtræa weighs the deeds of men,
Or chance muſt rule, or innocence is guilt.

## SCENE XII.

*Enter* EMIRA.

*Em.* [*entering.*] Araxes truly ſpoke, my Siroes lives.

*Sir.* Emira! ſay, how haſt thou gain'd admittance
Amidſt my rigorous guards?

*Em.* This royal ſignet
Procur'd me entrance.

*Sir.* Whence didſt thou receive it?

*Em.* From Coſroes' ſelf.

*Sir* If to conclude my woes,
My father chooſes thee his miniſter;

For

Digitized by Google

For ſuch a death, to die by hands ſo lov'd,
I pardon all the malice of my fate.

*Em.* Then hear and judge Emira——

## SCENE XIII.

*Enter* MEDARSES.

*Med.* [*entering.*] Fear not, guards,
The king has ſent me.

*Em.* O! ye Powers!

*Med.* Hydaſpes
Already here, and here without thy ſword
In my defence?

*Em.* But now, upon my entrance,
The guards diſarm'd me—Would to Heaven Araxes
Were yet arriv'd! [*aſide looking out.*

*Sir.* And does Medarſes come
Again to inſult me? On what diſtant ſhore
Can Siroes hide him from a faithleſs brother?

*Med.* Peace, or thou dieſt. [*draws his ſword.*

*Em.* The guilty little ſuffer
In meeting death they wiſh: ſome moments ſtill
Suſpend the ſtroke: reflection then will ſhew him
Its utmoſt horrors: I meantime may vent
My hatred in reproaches: well you know
He is my foe, that even within the palace

His

Digitized by Google

His ſword was drawn againſt Hydaſpes' life.

*Sir.* Muſt I endure all this?

*Em.* [*aſide.*] O! would to Heaven,
Araxes were arriv'd! [*looking out.*

*Sir.* And can Hydaſpes,
Forgetting faith and friendſhip, join a traitor?

*Med.* Peace or thou dieſt.

*Sir.* Kill, kill me, cruel man;
The death were doubly welcome, that remov'd
Such objects now, ſo painful to my ſight.

*Med.* Die then—my heart recoils. [*aſide.*

*Em.* [*aſide.*] Help, mighty Gods!

*Med.* [*aſide.*] I feel, I know not how, ſome ſecret horror
Unnerve my arm.

*Sir.* Barbarian! why this pauſe?

*Em.* [*aſide.*] And yet he comes not. [*looking out.*

*Med.* [*aſide.*] What unmans me thus?

*Em.* [*to* Med.] Thy colour changes: to my hand reſign
The weapon, and by me ſhall juſtice pierce
His treacherous heart. Hydaſpes can alone
Exact revenge for thoſe his deeds have wrong'd.

*Med.* There, uſe it in my ſtead.
[*gives the ſword to* Em.

*Sir.*

Digitized by Google

*Sir.* [*to* Em.] And am I then
So hateful to thee?

*Em.* [*to* Sir.] Now, thou falſe-one, ſee
What hope for thy eſcape——Defend thyſelf,
My deareſt Siroes!—this ſhall guard thy life.
[*delivers him the ſword.*

*Med.* What haſt thou done, Hydaſpes? Wilt thou thus
Betray me, him who truſts his all to thee?

*Em.* No! thou art deceiv'd; no longer I'm Hydaſpes—
Behold in me Emira.

*Sir.* Ha! what means
Emira now?

*Med.* Ah! traitors! at my voice
The guards ſhall ſeize on both.

*Sir.* Peace or thou dieſt. [*threatens him.*

## SCENE XIV.

*Enter* ARAXES, *and Guards.*

*Ar.* Haſte, Siroes, haſte.

*Med.* Defend thy lord, Araxes.

*Ar.* Araxes comes but in defence of Siroes.

*Med.* Perfidious traitor! [*to* Sir.] All Selucia yields
To your command: then let us not delay,
But

Digitized by Google

But with your preſence cheer your faithful friends.
The paſſage now is free; and theſe I leave
For your protection: come and learn, my prince,
What I till now have wrought for your deliverance. [*Exit. Guards remain.*

## SCENE XV.

SIROES, EMIRA, MEDARSES, *Guards.*

*Med.* O! Heavens! all, all forſake me!

*Em.* Let us go,
My deareſt Siroes, nor neglect the good
By favouring fortune given: purſue my ſteps,
Behold the path that leads you to the throne.

*Sir.* Is it then true, thou treaſure of my ſoul,
That thou no longer now art Siroes' foe?
What torture did I feel to think thee falſe?

*Em.* And couldſt thou ever doubt Emira's truth?

*Sir.* Forgive me, beſt belov'd, but Siroes lives
A wretch ſo hateful now to every ſtar;
What elſe might ſeem impoſſible, if leagu'd
Againſt my peace, I can believe it all.

*Em.* Think not thoſe eyes ſhall ever ceaſe
To rule Emira's heart;
Nor think that I would wound thy peace,
With wiles of female art.



Digitized by Google

Thoſe eyes, whoſe power could firſt inſpire
The flame my breaſt retains,
Shall nouriſh there the gentle fire,
While vital breath remains. [*Exit.*

## SCENE XVI.

SIROES, MEDARSES, *Guards.*

*Med.* O! Siroes, I confeſs the rightful fate
From which, in me, you have preſerv'd a traitor;
And more, believe me, I deteſt the guilt
Than fear the puniſhment. Aſcend the throne.
But firſt, as here I ſtand without defence,
Cut ſhort this wretched being.

*Sir.* Take thy ſword: [*gives his ſword.*
Live ſtill, in this embrace receive my pardon.

Do thou, with better faith, reſtore
A brother's love, I aſk no more,
No more the paſt review.
Expect a purer peace of mind,
Since now thy foot, from ill declin'd
Shall honour's paths again purſue.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

Digitized by Google

## SCENE XVI.

MEDARSES *alone.*

Alas! I now by ſad experience learn
That innocence is ſtill the ſureſt guide.
He who confides in guilt, ſhould Fortune frown,
Has nothing left; but he who puts his truſt
In virtue, though depreſs'd with every ſuffering,
Enjoys life's ſovereign bleſſing, peace of mind.

A torrent foul that deeper grows,
While wintry ſtorms its waves ſupply;
No longer ſwell'd by melting ſnows,
And mountain floods, more ſlowly flows,
And leaves at length its channel dry.

The purer ſtream, that from the veins
Of porous earth derives it ſource,
Though fed no more by drenching rains,
With waters purified from ſtains,
Continues ſtill its gentle courſe.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

Digitized by Google

## SCENE XVII.

*A great ſquare in* Seleucia; *a view of the royal palace, with magnificent preparations for the coronation of* MEDARSES, *which are afterwards uſed for the coronation of* SIROES. *At the opening of the ſcene a ſkirmiſh appears between the inſurgents and royal guards: the laſt are defeated and driven off.*

COSROES *and* EMIRA *with drawn ſwords:* Cosroes *defending himſelf againſt ſome of the conſpirators; he falls.*

*Coſ.* I am not conquer'd yet.

*Em.* Forbear, my friends,
This ſtroke is mine. [*advancing on* Coſroes.

## SCENE XVIII.

*Enter* SIROES, *his ſword drawn.*

*Sir.* [*interpoſing.*] Emira, hold! what doſt thou?
Fear not, my father, Siroes is your guard.

*Em.* O! cruel fate! [*aſide.*

*Coſ.* And doſt thou live, my ſon!

*Sir.* I live, and live to die in your defence.

*Coſ.* And who preſerv'd thy life.

SCENE

Digitized by Google

## SCENE XIX.

*Enter* ARAXES *and people.*

*Ar.* [*entering.*] 'Twas I preſerv'd him.
I wiſh'd to free the prince, yet keep my truth
Unſhaken to my king: your faithful people
Require no more. If Coſroes ſhould refuſe
To abſolve me for the paſt, the power is his
To puniſh my deceit.

*Coſ.* O! fair deceit!

## SCENE LAST.

*Enter* MEDARSES, *and* LAODICE.

*Med.* My father.

*Laod.* O! my king.

*Med.* [*kneels.*] Behold Medarſes
Now ſues for pardon, or for puniſhment.

*Laod.* I too am guilty, and ſubmiſſive bend
Before my judge: 'twas I that chiefly rais'd
This cruel tempeſt.

*Coſ.* Siroes is the offended.

*Sir.* Siroes forgets the offenders and the offence;

And

Digitized by Google

And thou, Emira, calm at length thy anger.
Ah! think how ill the name of foe unites
With her, the object of my ſoul's affection:
Diſmiſs thy love, or think no more of vengeance.

*Em.* I can reſiſt no longer: ſuch example
Of godlike virtue from my breaſt removes
All former hatred.

*Cof.* [*to* Em.] Henceforth let the throne
With you for ever prove the ſeat of peace:
Siroes ſhall be your ſpouſe.

*Em.* } O! happy day!
*Sir.* }

*Cof.* Perſia, behold your king: from me the crown
Shall paſs to Siroes' head. I gladly here
Reſign the charge; and he whoſe earlieſt years
Were ſpent for you, ſhall better now ſuſtain,
With vigorous youth, the burden of dominion.

CHORUS.

The man, who knows that peace ſincere
Which warms the virtuous breaſt,
Forgets thoſe paſſions, rage and fear,
The foes to mortal reſt.

If

Digitized by Google

If nouriſh'd in the lap of grief,
Our joys can vigour gain;
This thought ſhould give the wretch relief:
"That pleaſure follows pain."

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

Digitized by Google

# REGULUS.

Digitized by Google

## PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

REGULUS.

MANLIUS, the Conſul.

ATTILIA, Daughter to REGULUS.

PUBLIUS, Son to REGULUS.

LICINIUS, Tribune of the People, in love with ATTILIA.

BARCE, a noble African Lady, a captive to PUBLIUS.

AMILCAR, Ambaſſador from Carthage, in love with BARCE.

SCENE, the SUBURBS of ROME.

Digitized by Google

# REGULUS.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*Court yard of a palace belonging to* MANLIUS, *in the ſuburbs of* Rome. *Steps leading to his apartments.*

ATTILIA, LICINIUS *from the ſteps. Lictors and People.*

*Lic.* My fair Attilia! Heavens! I little thought
To find the daughter of our Regulus
Amidſt the lictors and Plebeian throngs.

*Att.* I wait the Conſul's coming: I would teach him
At leaſt to bluſh: 'tis now no time, Licinius,
For timorous forms: five tedious years my father
Has groan'd in Africa a wretched captive:
None ſeek to obtain his freedom; I alone
In Rome lament, and dwell upon his ſufferings.
If I were ſilent, who would plead his cauſe?

*Lic.* Ah! ſpeak not thus unjuſtly. Where is he
Who does not ſigh for his return, and think
All Afric, if ſubdued, were little gain'd



Digitized by Google

Should ſuch a citizen be loſt to Rome?
I ſpeak not thus from partial ties to thee:
He is thy father, whom my ſoul adores:
Beneath his ſight I learn'd the uſe of arms,
And all the Roman virtue that I boaſt
He firſt inſpir'd.

*Att.* And yet, alas! I ſee not——

*Lic.* What could I ſingly do? 'Twas not the wiſh
Of blind ambition urg'd me to procure
The power of Tribune: no, by this I hop'd
To give my purpoſe weight: I now ſhall call
The general people in the Tribune's name—

*Att.* Reſerve a meaſure, bold as this, to apply
When all has elſe been tried: let us not wake
Diſſenſion 'twixt the people and the ſenate:
Thou know'ſt too well the jealouſy in each
Of ſovereign power, by each in turn abus'd:
What one demands, the other ſtill denies.
A milder way remains. I know this inſtant
From Carthage an ambaſſador to Rome
Is here expected. In Bellona's temple
The Fathers are aſſembled to receive him;
And there the Conſul may for Regulus
Propoſe the ranſom.

*Lic.* Manlius? O! remember
He ever has oppos'd thy father's counſels
From earlieſt years: to truſt in him were vain.

Manlius

Manlius his rival?

*Att.* Manlius is a Roman,
Nor will purſue his private enmity
With power that ſtation gives him. Let me ſpeak
To Manlius firſt and hear him.

*Lic.* Chooſe at leaſt
Some other place to addreſs him: let not Manlius
Find thee thus mingled with the vulgar herd.

*Att.* Yes, I would have him ſee me thus, and feel
A conſcious ſhame, thus in the public hearing
His audience give, and make me his reply.

*Lic.* He comes.

*Att.* Depart, Licinius.

*Lic.* O! Attilia,
Not one kind look?

*Att.* Remember, O! Licinius,
I am a daughter, not a lover now.

*Lic.* A daughter thou, indulge the care
A father's ſtate requires;
But ah! forget not quite, my fair,
What faithful love inſpires.

Let no offence thy virtue take;
Attilia may forgive
Her thoughts of him, who for her ſake
Alone can wiſh to live. [*Exit.*



Digitized by Google

## SCENE II.

*Enter* MANLIUS *from his apartment.*

*Att.* One moment, Manlius, ſtay and hear me ſpeak.

*Man.* Is this a place, Attilia, ſuits with thee?

*Att.* It ſuited not when I could boaſt a father
Unconquer'd and in freedom: now, alas!
It ſuits too well the daughter of a ſlave.

*Man.* And wherefore com'ſt thou?

*Att.* Wherefore am I come?
Ah! ſay how long, to every nation's wonder,
To Rome's diſgrace, has Regulus to languiſh
In ignominious bonds? Swift paſs the days,
The years are heap'd on years, and none remember
He lives in ſervitude. What crime of his
Has merited from Romans to incur
Such baſe forgetfulneſs? Perhaps the love
With which he priz'd his country's good before
His children and himſelf? His great, his juſt,
His uncorrupted heart? Perhaps, in rank,
Of high eſtate, his noble poverty?
And is there one who breathes this common air
Can Regulus forget? What part of Rome
Speaks not of him? The public ways? Through theſe
He paſs'd in triumph once. The forum? There
He

Digitized by Google

He gave us wholeſome laws. The walls where now
The ſenate meet? His counſels there full oft
Have plann'd the public ſafety. Enter now
The temples, Manlius; mount the capitol;
And ſay who deck'd them with ſuch foreign tro-
phies;
Sicilian, Punic, Tarentinian ſpoils.
Theſe very lictors, that precede thee now,
That conſul's purple robe, theſe, theſe were once
Beheld with Regulus—And now he's left
To die in bonds, and nothing more remains
To ſpeak his virtues but Attilia's tears
Here ſhed, and ſhed in vain.—Alas! my father,
Ungrateful citizens! ungrateful Rome!

*Man.* Juſt is thy grief, Attilia, but unjuſt
Thy accuſation; ſince with us the fate
Of Regulus excites indeed compaſſion:
We know what impious treatment he receives
From cruel Carthage——

*Att.* 'Tis not Carthage merits
The name of cruel: Carthage but oppreſſes
An ancient enemy, while Rome forgets
A faithful citizen. The firſt remembers
Her injuries from him, the laſt has cancell'd
His labours for her ſake: the one revenges
In him her ſhame, the other perſecutes
The man who twin'd the laurel round her brows.
Then which of theſe is cruel, Rome or Carthage?

*Man.*

Digitized by Google

*Man.* What can we then to avail him?

*Att.* Let the Senate
Now proffer to the ambaſſador from Afric
For him exchange or ranſom.

*Man.* As a daughter
Thou ſpeak'ſt, Attilia; but with me it fits
To act as Conſul. We muſt firſt debate
If ſuch propoſal glorious be to Rome.
He who has long inur'd his hands to chains—

*Att.* Whence haſt thou, Manlius, learn'd theſe rigid maxims?

*Man.* From great examples ever preſent to me.

*Att.* Say rather, Manlius, thou haſt to my father
Been ever oppoſite.

*Man.* Am I to blame
If he ſubmitted to a ſham'd defeat;
If he remain'd a priſoner midſt the foes?

*Att.* Ere his defeat he gave full many a proof—

*Man.* The Senate now, Attilia, are aſſembled,
I can no longer ſtay. Inſpire the reſt
With maxims leſs ſevere: thy voice perhaps
May ſoften them and make my rigour vain:
Manlius is conſul, not a king in Rome.

By thee my heart is cruel deem'd,
And ſway'd by ſavage laws;
But grief is not a judge eſteem'd
Impartial in her cauſe.

I know

Digitized by Google

I know a daughter's anxious love;
Yet no reproach to me,
If what ſo many may approve,
Is grief alone to thee? [*Exit.*

## SCENE III.

ATTILIA *alone.*

Then nothing more remains for me to hope
From either Conſul: one is abſent hence,
And one a foe. Then let us call in aid
The ſuffrage of the people—Hapleſs father!
On what uncertain turns muſt now depend
Thy liberty and life?

## SCENE IV.

*Enter* BARCE *haſtily.*

*Bar.* My dear Attilia!
Attilia.

*Att.* Why this haſte?

*Bar.* The ambaſſador.
From Afric is arriv'd.

*Att.* Such tranſport ſure
Theſe tidings merit not.

*Bar.* Others I bring
Of far more weight.

*Att.*

Digitized by Google

*Att.* Speak, Barce, what are thoſe?

*Bar.* With him is Regulus.

*Att.* My father!

*Bar.* He:
Thy father.

*Att.* Barce, O! thou art deceiv'd,
Or thou deceiv'ſt Attilia.

*Bar.* I myſelf
Beheld him not—but every one—

*Att.* My Publius!
[*looking out ſees her brother.*

## SCENE V.

*Enter* PUBLIUS.

*Pub.* I'm wild with tranſport! Regulus, my ſiſter,
Is now in Rome.

*Att.* O! Gods, what joyful ſound!
Conduct me to him—where, where is he, Publius?
O! let us haſte.

*Pub.* It is not yet the time:
He, with the ambaſſador from Carthage, waits
Admittance from the Senate.

*Att.* Where, my brother,
Where didſt thou ſee him?

*Pub.* Well thou know'ſt, as Quæſtor,

My

Digitized by Google

My office is to welcome every envoy
From foreign ſtates. I heard the ambaſſador
Of Carthage was arriv'd, and towards the gate
Advanc'd to meet him: when I thought to view
A face unknown from Afric, I beheld,
With rapture I beheld, my lord, my father.

*Att.* What ſaid he, and to him what ſaid my Publius?

*Pub.* Ere my arrival had he gain'd the ſhore;
And ſilent on the Capitol, that part
In proſpect roſe, he thoughtful fix'd his eyes.
I ſaw, I knew him, cried, "My deareſt father!"
And ſwiftly ran to kiſs his honour'd hand.
He heard, he turn'd, then backward drew his ſtep,
And with that look of awful majeſty,
With which he once made conquer'd Afric tremble,
"In Rome" he ſaid, "no captive is a father."
I would have anſwer'd, but abrupt he aſk'd
If yet the Senate met, and where their meeting,
This heard, he to the temple bent his pace,—
Nor further ſpoke. I flew to tell the Conſul,
Where ſhall I find him? I behold not here
The attending Lictors.

*Bar.* To Bellona's temple
He went but now.

*Att.* Is Regulus return'd
To us a captive?

*Pub.* Yes, but well I know

He

Digitized by Google

He brings the terms of peace, and that on him
Depends his deſtiny.

*Att.* Who knows from Rome
If theſe will find acceptance?

*Pub.* Had'ſt thou ſeen
How Rome receiv'd him, never would thy breaſt
Have harbour'd doubts like theſe.—All, all, Attilia,
Are wild with joy: too narrow were the ways
To admit the ſwarming throngs; each points to him
With eager gaze: by what endearing titles
I heard him nam'd! and O! what numbers view'd him,
With eyes that moiſten'd ſhone with tender tears!
What ſight, Attilia, for a ſon like me.

*Att.* Where, where is now Licinius? Seek him, Publius,
Not ſhar'd with him, imperfect is my joy.

If I rejoice, let him rejoice,
The deareſt object of my choice:
As when, alas! I woes ſuſtain,
His boſom ſhares with mine the pain.

For ever happy may he prove
The ties that bind his ſoul to love:
Enough till now his faithful mind
Has felt the pangs that lovers find. [*Exit.*

SCENE

Digitized by Google

## SCENE VI.

PUBLIUS, BARCE.

*Pub.* Farewell, my lovely Barce.

*Bar.* Hear me yet;
And know'ſt thou not the name of him, who comes
Ambaſſador from Carthage?

*Pub.* Yes; he's call'd
Amilcar.

*Bar.* Is he Hanno's ſon?

*Pub.* The ſame.

*Bar.* [*aſide.*] It is, it is my love.

*Pub.* Thy colour changes—
What can this mean? Perhaps from him proceeds
Thy coldneſs ſhewn to Publius.

*Bar.* Sir, from you
And from Attilia, have I prov'd ſuch goodneſs,
As never yet to feel a captive's chains:
And O! 'twere moſt ungrateful to deceive you.
Permit me to diſcloſe my inmoſt heart:
Know then——

*Pub.* Be ſilent: I too well foreſee
Thy candour will be fatal: 'midſt the draught
Of this day's joy, ah! mix not deadly poiſon.
If thou art vow'd another's; let me ſtill
Remain at leaſt uncertain of my fate.

If

Digitized by Google

If now ſome happier object dwell
In Barce's gentle mind,
Let not thy lips, my fair-one, tell
The truth I dread to find.

Though dire ſuſpicion, rankling ſtill,
Can damp the pureſt joy,
Yet certainty of greater ill
Muſt every hope deſtroy. [*Exit.*

## SCENE VII.

BARCE *alone.*

Is it then true that I ſo ſoon ſhall ſee
The man I love? The firſt, the only object
For which I knew affection?—O! my heart!
How wilt thou feel before Amilcar's preſence,
When now thou trembleſt but to hear his name?

She only knows, who long has mourn'd,
When truly to rejoice;
Who ſees again from far return'd
The object of her choice.

From flowing tears and heaving ſighs,
That hours of grief employ,
Remembrance then the thought ſupplies
That turns to preſent joy. [*Exit.*

SCENE

Digitized by Google

## SCENE VIII.

*Inſide of the temple of* Bellona, *ſeats for the* Roman *Senators and for the Ambaſſadors of foreign States. Lictors guarding the ſeveral entrances to the temple; a view of the Capitol and the Tiber.*

MANLIUS, PUBLIUS, Senators.

*Man.* Let Regulus appear and with him bring
The ambaſſador from Afric :—Do the foes
Then aſk for peace? [*to* Publius.

*Pub.* At leaſt they aſk to make
Exchange of priſoners; and to Regulus
Have given in charge to obtain it from the Senate.
If nothing he obtain, his faith is plighted
For his return to Carthage, with his blood
To anſwer Rome's refuſal. This he ſwore,
And, ere he parted, ſaw the preparation
(A dreadful object!) for his threatened death.
Ah! let it ne'er be ſaid that to endure
Such puniſhment, a citizen like this——

*Man.* No more—he comes, [*the Conſul,* Publius *and all the Senators take their places: a place remains vacant next the Conſul, formerly occupied by* Regulus. Regulus and Amilcar *paſs between the Lictors, who open their ranks to receive them, and cloſe again after they are paſſed.* Regulus *on entering the Temple, ſtops for a ſhort time in a thoughtful attitude.*

SCENE

Digitized by Google

## SCENE IX.

MANLIUS, PUBLIUS, Senators, REGULUS, AMILCAR.

*Amil.* [*aſide to* Reg.] Why, Regulus, this pauſe?
Say, is this place to thee ſo new an object?

*Reg.* [*to* Amil.] I think what hence I went, and what return.

*Amil.* [*addreſſing the Conſul.*] The Senators of Carthage, who deſire
To ſheathe the ſlaughtering ſword have ſent by me
Their greeting to the Senators of Rome:
If Rome deſire a peace, they ſend it now.

*Man.* Sit then and ſpeak their purpoſe.
[Amil. *ſits.*
[*to* Reg.] Regulus,
Approach, and re-aſſume thine ancient ſeat.

*Reg.* Firſt tell me, who are theſe?

*Man.* The conſcript Fathers.

*Reg.* And who art thou?

*Man.* Doſt thou ſo little know
The Conſul Manlius?

*Reg.* Tell me: with the Conſul
And reverend Fathers ſhall a ſlave have place?

*Man.* No! but for thee the rigour of her laws



Digitized by Google

Rome now forgets; for thee, to whom ſhe owes
Such numerous triumphs.

*Reg.* But if Rome forget,
I bear them here engrav'd.

*Man.* [*aſide.*] Whoe'er beheld
Such rigid virtue?

*Pub.* Nor can Publius now
Be ſeated longer here. [*riſes.*

*Reg.* What doſt thou, Publius?

*Pub.* I but fulfill my duty: if the father
Refuſe a ſeat, it fits the ſon to riſe.

*Reg.* Are then the manners now ſo chang'd in Rome?
Before I ſail'd for Afric, 'twas a crime,
In public cares, to think of private duties.

*Pub.* But yet—

*Reg.* Sit, Publius, ſit, and learn henceforth
To fill thy place more nobly.

*Pub.* Such reſpect
Sure nature juſtly claims before a father.

*Reg.* When he was vanquiſh'd, then thy father died.

*Man.* Now let Amilcar ſpeak. [Publius *ſits.*

*Amil.* To Regulus
Has Carthage given in truſt to make to Rome
Her wiſhes known: what he ſhall ſpeak, is ſpoken
By me and Carthage.

*Man.*

Digitized by Google

*Man.* Regulus then ſpeak.

*Amil.* [*aſide to* Reg.] Remember now if nothing thou obtain
Thou then haſt ſworn——

*Reg.* [*to him.*] What Regulus has ſworn
He ſhall fulfill.

*Man.* [*aſide.*] His life is now at ſtake.
What words will he employ?

*Pub.* [*aſide.*] Ye Gods of Rome!
Do you inſpire his lips with eloquence.

*Reg.* The Carthaginian foe, on this condition,
That all he holds be now confirm'd his own,
Of you, O! conſcript Fathers, aſks a peace,
If peace be will'd not, he at leaſt demands
A full exchange, on either ſide, to end
The mournful exile of your mutual captives:
My counſel is on theſe—reject them both,

*Amil.* [*aſide.*] What do I hear?

*Pub.* [*aſide.*] Alas!

*Man.* [*aſide.*] I'm mute with wonder.

*Reg.* I ſhall not labour here to explain the evils
Attendant upon peace: but if the foe
So much deſire to treat, it argues fear.

*Man.* But then th' exchange?

*Reg.* Th' exchange conceals deſigns
To you more dangerous——

*Amil.* [*aſide to* Reg.] Regulus, remember.

*Reg.*

Digitized by Google

*Reg.* [*to him.*] What Regulus has ſworn he
ſhall fulfill.

*Pub.* [*aſide.*] O! Heavens! my father's loſt.

*Reg.* Th' exchange propos'd
Includes a thouſand miſchiefs; but th' example
Is more pernicious. Farewell, Fathers, then
To Rome's high honours, valour, conſtancy,
And military virtue, if the coward
May hope to eſcape with liberty and life.
What profits Rome that HE to Rome returns
Who bears upon his back the marks of ſhame,
The ſervile ſcourge? Who living left his arms
Unſtain'd with hoſtile blood, and baſely choſe,
Through fear of death, to meet the victor's ſcorn?
O! ſhame, eternal ſhame!

*Man.* Whate'er th' exchange
May prove, the good of Regulus alone
Compenſates every evil.

*Reg.* Manlius, no:
Thou art deceiv'd, for Regulus is mortal.
I feel already the decays of age,
And little now can I avail to Rome:
But much thoſe vigorous youths, for me exchang'd,
Will ſtrengthen Carthage: be not then ſo blinded
Againſt yourſelves. I to my country gave
My beſt of days, and to the foe I give
The uſeleſs remnant: let him poorly triumph
To ſee an old man die; but let him ſee



Digitized by Google

His triumph vain, when here in every part,
A Regulus ſhall riſe to bleed for Rome.

*Man.* [*aſide.*] Unheard-of fortitude!

*Pub.* [*aſide.*] O! fatal courage!

*Amil.* [*aſide.*] What ſentiments, till now to me unknown!

*Man.* We muſt not merely weigh what ſerves the ſtate,
But weigh, with ſervice done, the Roman honour;
And ſurely Rome can ne'er with honour prove
Ungrateful to a citizen like thee.

*Reg.* Would Rome be grateful to me, Regulus
Shall point the way to ſhew her gratitude.
Theſe rude barbarians, Fathers, dar'd to think
My ſoul ſo baſe, that abject fear of death
Might ſend me here with purpoſe to betray you.
This thought alone exceeds the ſharpeſt pangs
That tyrants can inflict—Revenge me, Fathers—
I was a Roman once—Arm, arm with ſpeed,
And from their temples ſnatch the impriſon'd eagles,
Nor ſheathe your weapons, till this rival power
Be cruſh'd for ever! Let me, when return'd,
Even in the face of my tormentors read
The dread of your reſentment: gladly then
I periſh; in my lateſt hour, to ſee
How Afric trembles at the Roman name.

*Amil.* [*aſide.*] My indignation now is loſt in wonder.

*Pub.*

Digitized by Google

*Pub.* [*aſide.*] None anſwer, O! ye Powers!

*Man.* So great a queſtion
Demands matureſt counſel. We muſt give
Some time to recollect our thoughts, oppreſs'd
With juſt aſtoniſhment. Thou ſoon, Amilcar,
Shalt know the Senate's will: but firſt the Fathers
Will to the temples go, with pious vows
To invoke the Gods. [*he riſes, and all riſe at the ſame time.*

*Reg.* And is there yet a doubt?

*Man.* Yes, Regulus, I ſee not if the peril
Be greater to neglect ſuch weighty counſel;
Or greater peril, in purſuing that,
To loſe the man from whom ſuch counſel came.

Thou great deſpiſer of thy death,
Canſt for thy country yield thy breath;
Thy country, doom'd ſuch death to ſee,
Muſt mourn her nobleſt ſon in thee.

Thou calmly ſeek'ſt for her to die,
And ſerve her at a price too high;
Since rarely Heaven on man below
Will virtue great as thine beſtow.

[*Exit, followed by the Senators and Lictors.*



Digitized by Google

## SCENE X.

REGULUS, PUBLIUS, AMILCAR.

*Amil.* Does Regulus thus keep his plighted faith?

*Reg.* My word was plighted to return to Carthage;
My word ſhall be fulfill'd.

*Amil.* But yet——

## SCENE XI.

*Enter* ATTILIA *and* LICINIUS.

*Att.* My father!

*Lic.* My lord!

*Att.* } On this moſt honour'd hand.
*Lic.* }

[*attempting to kiſs his hand.*

*Reg.* Away.
The Gods be prais'd I have not yet my freedom.

*Att.* Is then the exchange refus'd?

*Reg.* Conduct us, Publius,
To that abode, preſcrib'd by Roman laws
For me and for Amilcar.

*Pub.* Wilt thou not

Reviſit

Digitized by Google

Reviſit now thy own paternal Lares,
Thine ancient ſeat?

*Reg.* No hoſtile meſſenger
Muſt enter Rome.

*Lic.* This too ſevere decree
Is not for Regulus.

*Reg.* But ſuch decree,
If not for all, were partial tyranny.

*Att.* At leaſt permit, where'er thou goeſt, my father,
Permit me to attend thee.

*Reg.* No, Attilia,
The preſent time demands far other thoughts
Than thoſe a daughter and a father feel.

*Att.* Why art thou chang'd from what I knew my father?

*Reg.* My fate is chang'd, but Regulus the ſame.

With laurel wreath'd, or bound in chains,
I bear a ſoul reſign'd:
The thraldom that my limbs reſtrains,
In freedom leaves my mind.

In various forms my virtue ſtill,
Through every change of ſtate,
Can combat, with unſhaken will,
The rigorous turns of fate.

[*Exit, followed by* Publius, Licinius *and people.*

SCENE

Digitized by Google

## SCENE XII.

ATTILIA *in ſuſpenſe*, AMILCAR *going*, BARCE *entering*.

*Bar.* Amilcar.

*Amil.* Ah! my Barce. [*returning.*] Thou again?
Thou art loſt to me, ſince Regulus diſſuades
The Senate from th' exchange.

*Bar.* } O! Heavenly Powers!
*Att.* }

*Amil.* Farewell, my love, I muſt attend on Publius.
O! I have much to tell thee.

*Bar.* Yet thou'rt ſilent.

*Amil.* If ſtill thou lov'ſt, thy lover's mind
Thou canſt not vainly ſeek;
Thou in theſe eyes the thoughts wilt find
My tongue denies to ſpeak:

Since I, who caught from thee the fires
That in my boſom glow,
Can from a ſigh thy lip reſpires,
A thouſand ſecrets know.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

Digitized by Google

## SCENE XIII.

ATTILIA, BARCE.

*Att.* Ah! who would thus have fear'd? My father, Barce,
Conſpires againſt himſelf.

*Bar.* But ſhould the Senate
As yet determine not; for thee, Attilia,
There much remains to hope. Go hence, employ
Each power of ſpeech, before the Fathers meet
To new debate. 'Tis now the time to adopt
Whatever art or eloquence can do:
The love of his aſſociates, and the faith
Of boſom friends; Go:——every where implore
The ſuffrage of the Romans to thy aid,

*Att.* All ſhall be tried, but little is my hope.

But late I ſeem'd in port to lie,
With waters ſmooth and cloudleſs ſky;
When fiercely now the tempeſt ſweeps
And bears me helpleſs to the deeps.

To tremble now can ſcarce be ſhame:
I merit pity more than blame,
If midſt a ſtorm ſo cruel toſt,
In black deſpair my hopes are loſt.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

Digitized by Google

## SCENE XIV.

BARCE *alone.*

Alas! what hapleſs deſtiny is mine,
If once again, without me, ſhould Amilcar
Return to Carthage!—at the thought alone
I feel myſelf——no, rather let me hope—
The unhappy ever find a time to mourn:
From folly, not from wiſdom, mortals ſeek
With cruel art to look for future woes.

The ideas fram'd of diſtant ill
Which timorous fancy drew,
We find, by ſage experience, ſtill
More painful than the true.

Who raſhly figures in his mind
Some miſchief to deplore,
Is certain then a pang to find
That doubtful was before. [*Exit.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

Digitized by Google

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Apartments within view of* Rome, *in a palace of the ſuburbs appointed for the reſidence of the* Carthaginian *ambaſſadors.*

REGULUS, PUBLIUS.

*Reg.* How! Publius here? The glory now of Rome,
Thy father's honour and the public peace
Are in debate; then ſay, what means my ſon
Thou art not in the ſenate?

*Pub.* Pardon, ſir,
As yet they're not aſſembled.

*Reg.* Go—delay not;
Support my counſel firmly with the Fathers,
And prove thyſelf deſerving of thy race.

*Pub.* How! would you have me then employ the means
To bring deſtruction on you?

*Reg.* That to me
Is not deſtruction which can ſerve my country.

*Pub.* O! yet, my lord, have pity on yourſelf.

*Reg.* And think'ſt thou, Publius, that my mind is now
By frenzy urg'd? Believ'ſt thou I alone,

Of

Digitized by Google

Of all mankind, am hateful to myſelf?
O! no—thou art deceiv'd: like each that lives,
I would ſecure the good and ſhun the evil.
But know the laſt I only find in guilt,
The firſt in virtue. Guilt it were to gain
My freedom with the ſufferings of my country;
Hence life and freedom are to me an evil.
'Tis virtue with our blood to ſerve our country;
Hence ſervitude and death to me are good.

*Pub.* Our country ſtill——

*Reg.* Our country is a whole
Of which we form the part. 'Tis criminal
In one that bears the name of citizen,
To weigh his private weal diſtinct from hers.
By him is nothing to be wiſh'd or ſhunn'd
But what may harm or benefit that country,
To which he owes his all. Whene'er he toils,
Or ſheds his blood to ſerve her, from himſelf
He nothing gives, but only renders back
What he from her receiv'd. She gave him birth
And nouriſhment: ſhe rear'd his infant years
To ripen'd manhood; with her laws protects
From home-bred ſpoilers; with her arms defends
From foreign inſults: ſhe on him beſtows
Name, rank and honours: ſhe rewards his merits,
And vindicates his wrongs: a tender mother,
She labours to procure him all the happineſs
Which earth can yield. But bleſſings ſuch as theſe
'Tis

Digitized by Google

'Tis true muſt have their claims, and who rejects them
Muſt give up every title to the advantage
Of law and ſocial compact: let him ſeek
The inhoſpitable woods, there feed contented
On ſcanty acorns in ſome ſordid ſtye,
And at his will enjoy a life of freedom.

*Pub.* Your words, with reverence heard, convince my reaſon,
But cannot touch my heart; and nature ſhrinks
To do your bidding. I am ſtill a ſon,
And never can forget it.

*Reg.* Weak excuſe
For one a Roman born. There have been fathers—
Virginius, Manlius, Brutus——

*Pub.* O! 'tis true——
But fortitude like theirs has found example
In fathers only: Rome has never yet
Produc'd a ſon to ſacrifice his parent.

*Reg.* Then, Publius, thou aſpire to ſtand the firſt
And glorious pattern to ſucceeding ſons.
—Away.

*Pub.* Yet hear—

*Reg.* No more. I wait from thee
The tidings of my fate.

*Pub.* You aſk too much
From me, O! ſir, too much.



Digitized by Google

*Reg.* Say, would'ſt thou have me
A ſtranger or a father? If a ſtranger,
Neglect not then the good of Rome for mine;
And if a father, Publius, then reſpect
My will and leave me.

*Pub.* Could a father ſee
Th' emotions of my heart he then might claim
Leſs rigid duties.

*Reg.* From thy heart he claims
The proofs of conſtancy and not of love.

*Pub.* Ah! would'ſt thou prove me, father, ſay
What proof ſhall I beſtow?
Before thy feet my life I lay,
For thee my blood ſhall flow.

But that a ſon ſhould now appear
A parent's life to ſeek;
Forgive me, mighty ſire, if here
I find my virtue weak. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II.

REGULUS *alone.*

The important hour is nigh, and much I fear
The fathers yet may pauſe—O! hear me now,
Ye guardian Gods of Rome! Inſpire their ſouls
With nobler thoughts.

SCENE

Digitized by Google

## SCENE III.

*Enter* MANLIUS.

*Man.* [*ſpeaks as entering.*] The lictors may remain
To guard the entrance, and let none preſume
To come thus far.

*Reg.* [*aſide, ſeeing* Man.] Manlius! what means he here?

*Man.* Ah! let me preſs thee to my eager boſom,
Exalted hero!

*Reg.* Think what thou would'ſt do;
A conſul ſure——

*Man.* I am not, Regulus,
A conſul now: I here am only one
That venerates thy fortitude and virtue,
And burns with emulation; owns himſelf
By thee ſubdued, and here confeſſing all
His ancient enmity to thee unjuſt,
Now ſues to knit with thine his hand in friendſhip.

*Reg.* Such is the wonted ſtrain of noble minds.
The ſtormy wind upon the proſtrate tree
Or blows no more, or lifts it from the ground.
'Tis to my happy ſlavery I owe
A friend ſo gain'd in thee.

*Man.* 'Tis true, thy fortune



Digitized by Google

Has ſhewn me what thou art; and ne'er theſe eyes
Beheld thee ſo majeſtic as in chains.
Oft have I ſeen thee from the foes of Rome
Return a victor: now thou art return'd
A greater victor o'er thyſelf and Fortune.
Thy laurels rais'd my envy, but thy chains
Excite reſpect. I own that Regulus
Then ſeem'd a hero, now he ſeems a God.

*Reg.* Enough, enough, O! Manlius, praiſe beſtow'd
By ſuch a lip might ſhake the firmeſt virtue:
Believe me grateful then, that Manlius deigns
To honour with his love my laſt of days.

*Man.* Thy laſt of days! I mean to ſave thee ſtill
Long, long to bleſs thy country; and have labour'd
For thee my utmoſt, that th' exchange propos'd
May meet the general ſuffrage.

*Reg.* [*diſturbed.*] Is it thus
That Manlius has begun to prove his friendſhip?
What could'ſt thou more had ſtill thy hate purſued me?
O! thou wilt rob me thus of all the fruit
I hop'd from ſhame. I am not here in Rome
To ſhew my chains and to excite her pity:
I come to ſave her from a fatal riſk;
The riſk of liſtening to inſidious terms.
If thou canſt give no other pledge of love,

Return

Digitized by Google

Return again to hate me.

*Man.* But th' exchange
Rejected ſeals thy death.

*Reg.* Is then the name
Of death ſo dreadful in the ears of Manlius?
I need not now be told that I am mortal:
The foe can only take from Regulus
What nature ſoon will claim; and that which now
Would be a willing gift muſt then become
A certain tribute: let me teach the world
That Regulus has liv'd but for his country;
And when his life has reach'd its fated cloſe,
At leaſt can make his death of uſe to Rome.

*Man.* O glorious ſentiments! O! happy ſoil
Producing ſuch a ſon! Ah! who could e'er
With-hold from thee his love?

*Reg.* If thou will love me,
Then love me as a Roman: theſe alone
Our terms of friendſhip: let us offer each
To Rome his ready victim; I my life,
And thou thy friend; ſince 'tis but juſt thy virtue
Should make ſome offering to thy country's good.
Go then—but promiſe to ſupport my counſel
Amidſt the Senate. On this ſole condition
I here accept the friendſhip Manlius gives.
Say then——.

*Man.* [*after a pauſe.*] It ſhall be ſo—I plight
my faith.

*Reg.*

Digitized by Google

*Reg.* In Manlius for my friend I here embrace
A gift from favouring Heaven.

*Man.* Why am not I
Thus honour'd with the weight of chains like thine?

*Reg.* Let us not loſe the time. The conſcript Fathers
Perhaps are met. Remember, to thy truth
I truſt my country's fame, my peace and honour.

*Man.* Farewell, our Tiber's glory!

*Reg.* Friend, farewell. [*they embrace.*

*Man.* What flame of glory now I feel
While thus thy voice with virtuous zeal
The patriot's godlike name maintains!
The wretch, howe'er debas'd with fear,
Inſpir'd anew ſuch words to hear,
Would give a kingdom for thy chains.
[*Exit.*

## SCENE IV.

*Enter* LICINIUS.

*Reg.* [*to himſelf.*] I now begin to breathe; propitious Heaven
Sure ſeconds my deſigns.

*Lic.* [*to* Reg.] At length I come

To

To addreſs thee once again with better omens.

*Reg.* And whence thy joy, Licinius?

*Lic.* In my heart
The happieſt hopes revive. For thee till now
I've every means eſſay'd.

*Reg.* For me, Licinius?

*Lic.* For thee; and doſt thou, at a time like this,
Believe thy goodneſs loſt to my remembrance?
O! no—'tis ever preſent: thou to me
Wert patron, general, father. Firſt by thee
My feet were guided through the paths of honour;
Thou gav'ſt me, ſir——

*Reg.* [*impatiently.*] But ſay, in my behalf
What haſt thou done?

*Lic.* Thy life and liberty
I have defended.

*Reg.* [*diſturbed.*] Say'ſt thou?

*Lic.* At the entrance
I waited near the temple, where the Senate
Are now aſſembled. Singly, as they paſs'd,
I urg'd the Fathers, and inſpir'd in each
The wiſh to ſerve thee.

*Reg.* [*aſide.*] Gods! what do I hear?
[*to* Lic.] And haſt thou then—

*Lic.* Not I alone have labour'd;
Let me not take the praiſe another claims:
'Tis true I've pleaded for thee—but Attilia

Has far out-gone Licinius.

*Reg.* Who?

*Lic.* Attilia.

In Rome no daughter better loves a father.
O! how ſhe ſpoke; what eloquence diſplay'd
To wake the tendereſt feelings! How ſhe blended
Her grief with modeſty! and how employ'd,
In every form, reproaches, prayers and praiſe!

*Reg.* What ſaid the Fathers?

*Lic.* When Attilia ſued,
Who could reſiſt?—Behold, ſhe comes: obſerve
What kindling joy in every feature ſmiles.

## SCENE V.

*Enter* ATTILIA.

*Att.* At length, my deareſt father—

*Reg.* [*ſeverely.*] Haſt thou dar'd
Again to ſee me? Ah! I little thought,
Till now, to find thee leagu'd amongſt my foes.

*Att.* Who I thy foe, my father!

*Reg.* Are not they
My foes who raſhly ſhall oppoſe my counſels?

*Att.* Alas! is then my pious wiſh to ſave thee
A proof of enmity?

*Reg.* And know'ſt thou then
What ſaves me, or deſtroys? Who call'd on thee

To

Digitized by Google

To take a ſhare in buſineſs of the ſtate?
Who made thee guardian of my deſtiny?
And whence——

*Lic.* O! ſir, too far—

*Reg.* And ſpeaks Licinius?
His ſilence beſt would plead in his defence,
As that might ſeem repentance—Mighty Gods!
A daughter, and a Roman!—

*Att.* As a daughter
I deem'd, my lord——

*Lic.* And as a Roman, I
Believ'd that thus to avert thy cruel fate—

*Reg.* Be ſilent—I no Roman deem
The daſtard advocate for ſhame;
Be ſilent: mine I ne'er eſteem
A child who ſtains the Roman name,

'Tis now from you alone I find
An anxious thought in galling chains;
'Tis now by you alone my mind,
Amidſt my freedom loſt, complains. [*Exit.*

## SCENE VI.

ATTILIA, LICINIUS.

*Att.* Tell me, Licinius, doſt thou think a maid
Was ever born more wretched than Attilia?



Digitized by Google

To love like me a father; to purſue
All means to ſave him; for his ſake to feel
A heart transfix'd with anguiſh: theſe were virtue
In others, but in me are deem'd a crime.

*Lic.* Take comfort, my Attilia, nor repent
Thy pious work. One duty calls on us,
On Regulus another: if to him
Contempt of life is glory, 'twould in us
Be impious not to ſave him: thou ſhalt ſee
He will be grateful: let not then his anger
Diſtreſs thy gentle ſoul. The ſick man oft
The ſage phyſician blames, and cruel calls
The friendly hand that miniſters his cure.

*Att.* His keen reproaches pierce me to the heart;
My courage ſhrinks before them.

*Lic.* Tell me then
Would you, for theſe, conſent to loſe a father?

*Att.* O! no, ſtill let him chide, but let him live.

*Lic.* Believe me, he ſhall live—Ah! ceaſe to weep,
And be thoſe lovely eyes again ſerene:
To ſee thee mourn diſſolves my firmeſt temper.

On you, ye gentle ſtars of love,
Depends a lover's fate:
Too well your ruling power I prove;
At will you every paſſion move,
And every charge create.



Digitized by Google

When you with pleaſure kindle bright
My kindling ſpirits riſe;
But when a cloud obſcures your light,
With you my courage dies. [*Exit.*

## SCENE VII.

ATTILIA *alone.*

Alas! 'tis all too true: no bounds are ſet
To Fortune's frowns or ſmiles: with laviſh hand
Her gifts ſhe ſcatters; and ſhe heaps affliction
Beyond a mortal's ſufferance. I, alas!
Am now the hapleſs object of her anger.
I ſee the ſkies around me veil'd in clouds,
And who can tell what tempeſts they conceal?

If other bolts you now prepare,
Ye adverſe powers, my breaſt I bare;
On me your judgment I invoke,
But ſave my father from the ſtroke.

Reſpect, in that unſhaken mind,
An image of your heavenly kind;
And leave to us a pattern here
Of one who knows not guilt or fear. [*Exit.*

SCENE

Digitized by Google

## SCENE VIII.

*A gallery in the ſame palace.*

REGULUS *alone.*

Why doſt thou throb, my heart, and whence
th' emotions
Till now to thee unknown? Thou haſt defied
The rage of ſeas, the dangers of the field,
With all the monſters bred on Afric's ſoil;
And now thou trembleſt in the bare expectance
Of what thy fate determines. Thou indeed
Haſt cauſe for fear: till now was ne'er thy glory
Expos'd to peril thus. Yet ſay, ye Powers,
What is this glory? But a tyrant-paſſion,
Which, like each rebel paſſion of the ſoul,
Our reaſon muſt ſubdue? O! no—ſuch language
Befits the daſtard: he in vain was born
Who lives but for himſelf: 'tis glory teaches
To hold another's good beyond our own.
Whate'er on earth is priz'd to this we owe:
This lifts our nature from the ſervile ſtate
Where men would ruſt without the ſenſe of honour:
This blunts the ſting of pain; from danger takes
The ſenſe of fear; ſtrips death of every terror;
Enlarges kingdoms; gives to cities ſafety;
Can ſavage cuſtoms change to gentle manners,
And teach mankind to imitate the Gods.
By this—Ha! Publius comes—he ſeems to tread



Digitized by Google

With timid ſteps—What bring'ſt thou? Has the ſenate
As yet decided? What is now my fate?

## SCENE IX.

*Enter* PUBLIUS.

*Pub.* O! ſir—what tidings for a ſon to utter! [*aſide.*

*Reg.* Why art thou ſilent?

*Pub.* Would to Heaven my tongue
Were dumb for ever!

*Reg.* Tell me——

*Pub.* Every offer
The Senate have rejected.

*Reg.* Then at length
The happy Roman genius has prevail'd,
Thanks to the Gods! I have not liv'd in vain.
Go—ſeek Amilcar: nothing more is wanting;
The work is now complete. We muſt depart.

*Pub.* Unhappy father!

*Reg.* Call'ſt thou him unhappy,
Who at his lateſt hour can ſerve his country?

*Pub.* I love my country: I lament thy bondage.

*Reg.* Each has his bonds, ſince life is ſervitude;
He that laments, let him lament the fate
Of every one that's born, not, Publius, mine.

*Pub.*

Digitized by Google

*Pub.* The rage of theſe barbarians, O! my father,
Will ſacrifice thy life.

*Reg.* And end my ſlavery.
Farewell—but let me now depart alone.

*Pub.* And can you then refuſe from me, my father,
The laſt ſad offices of filial love?

*Reg.* For thee I've other duties. Whilſt I haſten
For my departure, thou remain to keep
Diſconſolate Attilia from my ſight.
Her grief would damp my triumph: ever duteous
To me has been her love: ſhould now her ſorrows
Exceed the bounds, bear, Publius, with her weakneſs.
We muſt not from her nature hope to find
A manly fortitude: do thou adviſe her:
Let thy example teach her that ſubmiſſion
The great occaſion claims: direct, conſole her:
Fulfil to her the office of a father.
To thee I truſt a daughter, and to thee
I truſt thyſelf, my Publius! Let me hope—
But O! I ſee that nature ſtruggles in thee—
I deem'd thy ſoul more conſtant——Have my thoughts
Been then deceiv'd?—No, Publius, thou art ſtill
The ſon of Regulus, the ſon of Rome.

Be

Digitized by Google

Be ne'er thoſe pleaſing hopes deceiv'd,
Which from thy early years I drew:
The deeds by patriot ſouls achiev'd
With emulation now purſue.

O! let me leave in thee an heir
That well his father's love may claim;
Nor ever give this cheek to wear,
(Remembering thee) the bluſh of ſhame.

[*Exit.*

## SCENE X.

PUBLIUS *alone.*

Take courage, Publius. Though thy taſk be dreadful
Thou muſt ſubdue thyſelf: thy blood demands it;
The blood of Regulus: his great example
Before thy eyes now loudly calls upon thee.
Thy heart, that yielded firſt to nature's impulſe,
Muſt act more firmly: imitate a father,
And make amends for all thy former weakneſs.

## SCENE XI.

*Enter* ATTILIA *and* BARCE.

*Att.* Is it then true, my brother—

*Bar.* Publius, ſpeak.

*Pub.*

Digitized by Google

*Pub.* It is moſt true: the Senate have decided,
And Regulus departs.

*Att.* O Heaven!

*Bar.* What ſay'ſt thou?

*Att.* Have all alike betray'd me?

*Bar.* Is there then——

*Pub.* Now nought avails.

*Bar.* Have pity—O! Amilcar! [*ſees* Amil.

## SCENE XII.

*Enter* AMILCAR *and* LICINIUS.

*Amil.* [*to* Bar.] There is no longer hope.

*Lic.* [*to* Att.] All, all is loſt!

*Att.* Where, where is Regulus? With him at leaſt
Attilia will depart.

*Pub.* Forbear: this grief
Will but offend thy father.

*Att.* Hope not, Publius,
To keep me longer here.

*Pub.* I hope, Attilia,
At length will yield to reaſon, and remember
To her 'tis not permitted——

*Att.* I remember

This,

Digitized by Google

This, this alone—Attilia is a daughter—
—Leave me.

*Pub.* I muſt not leave thee.

*Att.* But my father
Meantime departs.

*Pub.* Fear not he will depart
While here Amilcar ſtays.

*Att.* Alas! who now
Will give me aid or counſel? Speak, Amilcar.

*Amil.* Between contending paſſions I am loſt.

*Att.* What ſays Licinius?

*Lic.* From the ſudden ſtroke
I ſcarce can breathe.

*Att.* O! Publius.

*Pub.* O! my ſiſter,
Exert thy firmer conſtancy. Our father
Should teach us how to ſuffer adverſe fortune:
Thoſe only merit to be call'd his children
Who emulate his virtues.

*Att.* Speak'ſt thou thus?
Thou, that with mine ſhould'ſt blend a brother's ſorrows;
Thou that ſhould'ſt mix thy ſighs and tears with mine.
What means my Publius?

*Amil.* Well I know the meaning.
His love is fix'd on Barce; ſhe departs

If

Digitized by Google

If Regulus remain: behold the cauſe
That gives this boaſted fortitude to Publius.

*Pub.* [*aſide.*] Ye Gods! ſhall Publius hear and hear unmov'd
That tongue's calumnious falſehood?

*Amil.* Every power
Of art and ſpeech he doubtleſs has employ'd
To make the Senate ſpurn th' exchange propos'd.

*Pub.* A thought like this, Amilcar, well befits
A barbarous ſon of Carthage.

*Amil.* Yet——

*Pub.* No more—
Now hear me ſpeak: thou know'ſt the fate of Barce
Is in my hands.

*Amil.* I know it. As a gift
Thy mother had obtain'd her from the Senate:
She dying ſince, the maid beheld in thee
Her future lord.

*Pub.* Now mark how Publius uſes
The power that fortune gives him. More than life
I love the charming Barce; but I love
My honour more. I know with ſouls like thine
Has virtue rarely credit: let me then
In ſordid minds expunge the leaſt pretence
For ſuch ſuſpicions. Barce, thou art free,
Go with Amilcar, and return to Carthage.

*Bar.* Ye Powers! can this be true?

*Amil.* Such wondrous virtue——

*Pub.*

Digitized by Google

*Pub.* Learn hence, Amilcar, how a Roman loves.
[*Exit.*

## SCENE XIII.

LICINIUS, ATTILIA, BARCE, AMILCAR.

*Att.* [*to Lic.*] Behold the inhuman, how he leaves Attilia. [*he not hearing her.*

*Bar.* [*to* Amil.] Heard'ſt thou not Publius?
[*he not hearing her.*

*Att.* [*to* Lic.] Yet thou anſwereſt not?

*Bar.* [*to* Amil.] Doſt thou not hear, my love?

*Amil.* Barce, farewell. [*firmly.*
Await for my return. [*going.*

*Lic.* Farewell, Attilia. [*going.*

*Att.* } Ah! whither, whither goeſt thou?
*Bar.* }

*Lic.* [*to* Att.] To preſerve
For thee a father.

*Amil.* [*to* Bar.] Regulus to ſave.

*Att.* [*to* Lic.] Alas! what can'ſt thou do?

*Bar.* [*to* Amil.] What means Amilcar?

*Lic.* [*to* Att.] A deſperate evil claims a deſperate cure.

*Amil.* [*to* Bar.] The Roman pride may rivals find in virtue.

*Att.* [*to* Lic.] Ah! take me too.

*Bar.*

Digitized by Google

*Bar.* [*to* Amil.] Let me attend on thee.

*Lic.* [*to* Att.] O! no—I then ſhould tremble for thy ſafety.

*Amil.* [*to* Bar.] No! thou muſt here remain.

*Bar.* [*to* Amil.] And wilt thou not
Reveal thy purpoſe?

*Att.* [*to* Lic.] Wilt thou not at leaſt
Give me to know——

*Lic.* [*to* Att.] Ere long thou ſhalt know all.

*Amil.* [*to* Bar.] Confide in me.

*Lic.* In Rome ſhall Regulus
Be ſtill detain'd or ſee Licinius periſh. [*Exit.*

*Amil.* Yes, Africa, like Rome, ſhall boaſt her heroes. [*going he returns.*

If leſs our pride, not leſs our mind
Can virtue breed; nor leſs we find
By us is known the path to fame.
Though from the capitol afar,
Our worthies may with Rome's compare;
And Gods extend their guardian care,
To thoſe who boaſt no Roman name.
[*Exit.*

## SCENE XIV.

ATTILIA, BARCE.

*Att.* O! Barce!

*Bar.* O! Attilia!

*Att.* Speak, my Barce.

*Bar.*

Digitized by Google

*Bar.* What can we hope?

*Att.* Alas! I know not what.
Doubtleſs Licinius, with the people means
To raiſe a tumult: this may fatal prove
To him and to his country, yet ſupply
No aid to ſave my father.

*Bar.* Struck with wonder
At Publius' generous act, but deeply ſtung
With his reproach, Amilcar goes to prove
His ſoul as noble. What may he attempt,
And to what dangers may he ſtand expos'd!

*Att.* O! mighty Gods! aſſiſt my dear Licinius!

*Bar.* And O! ye Powers, preſerve my plighted
ſpouſe.

*Att.* I ſhake with terror.

*Bar.* Let us not, Attilia,
Be abject in our fears: the heavens now ſhew
A brighter aſpect, and a ray of hope
Gleams o'er the proſpect.

*Att.* True my deareſt Barce,
And yet I cannot raiſe my drooping heart.

My hope is not the gentle beam
Diffus'd from ſkies ſerene,
But 'tis a ſhort and languid gleam
From troubled meteors ſeen.

A gleam,

Digitized by Google

A gleam, we ſee by fits appear,
That ſhines but to diſtreſs,
That ſhews, alas! the danger near,
But never makes it leſs. [*Exit.*

## SCENE XV.

BARCE *alone.*

I ſeek to calm diſtreſs'd Attilia's boſom,
Would heal her fears and tremble with my own.
My heart was firmer when my hopes were leſs:
Uncertain fear then only made me ſuffer
For future ills; but now, alas! I dread
To loſe a bliſs, I deem'd ſecurely mine.

Whoe'er his dangerous path purſues
Through ſtormy ſeas, muſt riſk to loſe
His life on faithleſs billows toſt.
But luckleſs he, who ſcapes in vain
The dangers of the diſtant main,
To find a ſhipwreck near the coaſt.

[*Exit.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

Digitized by Google

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*A hall with a proſpect of the gardens.*

REGULUS, African *Guards.*

*Reg.* Why this delay? And knows not yet Amilcar
The Senate's purpoſe? Whither is he gone?
He muſt be found. Time warns us to depart.
Since nothing more remains for him to hope
Or me to wiſh, our longer tarriance here
Is criminal in both—Ah! come, my friend,
Come to my breaſt. [*ſeeing* Manlius.

## SCENE II.

*Enter* MANLIUS.

Without thy aid, my fame
Had been in danger: 'tis by thee I ſtill
Preſerve my chains: thou haſt ſecur'd the fruit
Of all my ſervitude.

*Man.* 'Tis true, but yet
Thou wilt depart: 'tis true, but we muſt loſe thee.

*Reg.* You loſe me, Manlius, if I ſtill remain.

*Man.* Ah! why did I begin ſo late to love thee?



Digitized by Google

Yet, Regulus, thou now receiv'ſt from Manlius
Too fatal proofs of friendſhip.

*Reg.* Greater proofs
I ne'er could hope from him, whoſe heart ſincere
Names me his friend; but if the noble Manlius
Would give me others, I ſhall taſk his friendſhip.

*Man.* O! name them.

*Reg.* Every duty thus fulfill'd
The citizen demands; at length, remembrance
Tells me I am a father. Well thou know'ſt
I leave behind two children here in Rome:
Theſe, Publius and Attilia, next my country
Are the dear objects of my heart's affection.
By nature virtuous both, but both appear
Two plants yet immature, that ſtill require
The cultor's watchful care. To effect this work
Has Heaven to me denied. Take, Manlius, then
The pious charge: do thou with uſury
Supply my loſs, and to thy noble heart
And prudent counſels let the father owe
His glory, and the children every aid
That youth derives from more experienc'd age.

*Man.* I pledge my truth: with jealous care I'll guard,
Thy dear remains; and both ſhall find in me
If not as noble, yet as kind a father.
I'll point them out the paths of Roman virtue,
Nor arduous this will prove: ſuffice for ſouls
By nature warm'd with every generous paſſion

To

Digitized by Google

To hear the ſtory of paternal deeds.

*Reg.* Then there's no more to wiſh.

## SCENE III.

*Enter* PUBLIUS *in haſte.*

*Pub.* Manlius! my father!

*Reg.* What has befallen?

*Pub.* All Rome is now in tumult;
The people rave, and with a general voice
Forbid you to depart. [*to* Reg.

*Reg.* And can it be
That Rome will e'er conſent to ſuch exchange,
Injurious to her fame?

*Pub.* No!—Rome rejects
Th' exchange and peace; but wills you to remain.

*Reg.* Who? I remain? and where is then my promiſe?
My ſolemn faith?

*Pub.* Each one declares no faith
Is due to thoſe, who ne'er by faith were bound.

*Reg.* Shall then one crime ſuffice to veil another?
And who will e'er be guilty, if example
Exculpates an offender?

*Pub.* Now the aſſembly



Digitized by Google

Of Augurs meet: the important queſtion there
Will be decided.

*Reg.* Think not I have need
Of oracles like theſe. Suffice for me
My word is plighted——I ſhall hence depart.
Rome may debate on peace, or on th' exchange;
It reſts with me to judge of my return;
The firſt concerns the public weal, the laſt
Reſpects myſelf alone: I am not now
The thing I was at Rome; and none can claim
A right to thoſe who wear another's chains.

*Pub.* At leaſt hear what our Augurs may decree.

*Reg.* No, Publius, if I wait for their deciſion
I give my ſanction to it. Guards lead on,
[*to the guards.*
Conduct me to the port—my friend, farewell.
[*to* Man. *going.*

*Man.* No, Regulus, forbear. Should'ſt thou encounter
The furious populace, by open force
Thou may'ſt be here detain'd, and make, thyſelf,
All Rome thus guilty of a breach of faith.

*Reg.* Shall I then fail?

*Man.* O! no—thou ſhalt depart.
But let me firſt go hence to appeaſe this tumult.
The Conſular authority ſhall check
Such ill tim'd raſhneſs.

*Reg.*

Digitized by Google

*Reg.* Manlius, on thy faith,
I ſhall remain—but if——

*Man.* I underſtand thee:
Enough; thy glory now is all my own,
And well I know thy heart——on mine rely.

On me rely, remember ſtill
I boaſt by birth a Roman name;
Like thee, within my breaſt I feel
The kindled warmth of glory's flame.

'Tis true that fate to me denies,
Like thee ſuch honour'd chains to bear;
But though in vain ſuch chains I prize,
At leaſt I merit ſuch to wear, [*Exit.*

## SCENE IV.

REGULUS, PUBLIUS.

*Reg.* And is it then ſo hard a taſk in Rome,
Such labour to preſerve our faith unſhaken?
Is then—Ah! Publius, ſtill thou linger'ſt here,
So little mov'd? And leav'ſt a friend alone
To reap the fame of joining toils with mine?
Go hence with him, make my departure ſure:
Fain would I ſtand indebted to a ſon
For what ſecures my glory.

*Pub.* Deareſt father,
I ſhall obey; but yet——

*Reg.*

Digitized by Google

*Reg.* Why ſighs my ſon?
That ſigh beſpeaks a mind oppreſs'd with anguiſh

*Pub.* Yes, I muſt own my ſuffering heart
The cruel conflict ſcarce ſurvives;
But greater ſurely my deſert
To act, though griev'd, the Roman part,
While duty with affection ſtrives.

What ſacrifice had I to make?
What praiſes, father, claim from you,
If paſſions, nature muſt awake,
Which now I quell for glory's ſake,
Were not ſo painful to ſubdue? [*Exit.*

## SCENE V.

*Enter* AMILCAR.

*Amil.* Then, Regulus, at length——

*Reg.* Without thy ſpeaking
I underſtand, Amilcar, thy reproaches.
Heed not this tumult: Regulus alive
Will not remain in Rome.

*Amil.* I know not yet
What tumult thou wouldſt mean. I am not here
On thee to vent reproaches: I am come
For thy ſupport. Think not on Tiber's banks
Are heroes only born; ſince we no leſs
Can boaſt, amongſt us, ſouls to cope with theirs.

*Reg.*

Digitized by Google

*Reg.* It may be ſo: but 'tis not now a time
For vain contention. Summon all thy train
And ſee that each be ready to depart.

*Amil.* Firſt hear and anſwer me.

*Reg.* [*aſide.*] I'll tim'd delay.

*Amil.* Is gratitude our glory?

*Reg.* Gratitude
Is ſure a duty: but this duty now
So little meets regard, that to fulfill it
May well be titled glory.

*Amil.* What if danger
Attend the grateful?

*Reg.* It may then be call'd
A god-like virtue

*Amil.* Then from me thou canſt not
With-hold this virtue: hear me now. Thy ſon,
Touch'd for himſelf with ſenſe of jealous honour,
Reſigns to me my Barce; yet his ſoul
Adores the lovely maid: from him I caught
The generous flame, and now am come to ſave
For him a father, and expoſe myſelf
To all the rage of Carthage.

*Reg.* Wouldſt thou ſave me?

*Amil.* I would.

*Reg.* And how?

*Amil.* By leaving thee the means
To eſcape at will. With art I ſhall remove

Theſe

Digitized by Google

Theſe guards to diſtance. Cautious thou conceal
Thyſelf in Rome, till, with diſſembled anger,
As if compell'd without thee to depart,
I looſe my anchors from the port.

*Reg.* [*aſide.*] Barbarian.

*Amil.* What ſayſt thou? Speak. Art thou not
ſtruck with wonder
At ſuch propoſal?

*Reg.* Doubtleſs.

*Amil.* Couldſt thou e'er
Have hop'd from me this offer?

*Reg.* No, Amilcar.

*Amil.* And yet my fate is not to be a Roman.

*Reg.* Full well indeed I ſee it.

*Amil.* [*to the guards.*] Leave us, guards.

*Reg.* [*to them.*] Not one depart.

*Amil.* And wherefore?

*Reg.* Think me grateful
For all thy kindneſs; but with thee I mean
Again to viſit Carthage.

*Amil.* Doſt thou then
Deſpiſe my mercy?

*Reg.* No: I pity thee,
Thou know'ſt not what is virtue: thou haſt now,
With ſpecious ſhew of zeal and ſeeming mercy,
Degraded me, thy country and thyſelf.

*Amil.* I, Regulus?

*Reg.*

Digitized by Google

*Reg.* Yes, thou:—what right is thine
To give me liberty? Am I a ſlave
To thee, or ſlave to Carthage?

*Amil.* 'Tis not ſure
For thee to weigh if benefits receiv'd—

*Reg.* Great is indeed the benefit! to make me
A criminal, a fugitive, a wretch
Alien from truth——

*Amil.* Thy preſervation now,
Thy life's at ſtake. Thou knowſt, at thy return
What torments Carthage has for thee prepar'd.
Thou know'ſt that there thou wilt to all be made
A dread example.

*Reg.* Doſt thou know, Amilcar,
What Romans are? And doſt thou know they live,
They breathe for honour. This the conſtant ſpur
Of every deed, its object and its end?
With looks unchang'd we here are taught to die,
And every ſuffering ſcorn that gives us glory,
While only baſe diſhonour cauſes fear.

*Amil.* High ſounding words and flattering to the ſenſe!
With me they little weigh: I know that life
Is dear to all, that thou thyſelf——

*Reg.* Too much
Thou doſt abuſe my patience. Let thy ſhips
Approach the ſhore: collect thy ſcatter'd train,
Complete thy taſk, barbarian, and be ſilent.

*Amil.*

Digitized by Google

*Amil.* Thy looks may thus intrepid ſhow,
Thy tongue inſult a noble foe,
And every foul reproach beſtow
Amilcar to defy.
On Tiber's banks thy words ſevere
Unanſwer'd paſs Amilcar's ear,
But ſoon, raſh man, expect to hear
In Afric his reply. [*Exit.*

## SCENE VI.

*Enter* ATTILIA.

*Reg.* [*to himſelf.*] Publius not yet return'd?
And Manlius too?
[*to* Att.] Attilia! ha! what brings thee hither thus
With haſty ſtep, and looks of ſeeming joy?

*Att.* Our fate, my father, now depends on thee.
Obſervant of thy counſels, Rome rejects
Th' exchange or peace; but thou may'ſt here remain.

*Reg.* Yes, with the ſhame——

*Att.* O! no: on this the Senate
Pronounce their ſentence thus: it reſts with thee
To ſtay or to depart. "Thine oath was pledg'd
"When thou wert captive, and a captive's oath
"Can never bind himſelf."

*Reg.* Who fears not death

Is

Digitized by Google

Is always free, and he who ſhall, to excuſe
His actions, plead conſtraint, will but confeſs
His own degenerate baſeneſs. Regulus
Swore what he will'd to ſwear, and having ſworn,
Will now depart.

## SCENE VII.

*Enter* PUBLIUS.

*Pub.* You hope it, ſir, in vain.

*Reg.* And what ſhall ſtay me then?

*Pub.* The united people.
My father, nothing longer can reſtrain them;
All fly impatient to the port to oppoſe
Your paſſage to the ſhips: the ſtreets of Rome
In other parts are all deſerted now.

*Reg.* And where is Manlius?

*Pub.* He alone has dar'd
To ſtem the general torrent; but in vain
He prayers and threats employs; none hear his voice,
And none obey. The people's headſtrong fury
Increaſes every moment. Pale with fear
The lictors ſcarcely in their hands ſuſtain
The trembling faſces; and, in ſuch diſtraction,
Not one attends the conſular command.

*Reg.* Farewell, Attilia—Publius, follow me.
[*going.*

*Att.*

Digitized by Google

*Att.* Ah! whither would you go?

*Reg.* To aſſiſt my friend;
To wipe away from Rome her foul diſgrace;
To keep for me the honour of my chains,
And hence depart, or on theſe ſhores expire.
[*going.*

*Att.* Ah! no, my father, ſhould you leave me thus— [*weeping.*

*Reg.* Attilia, to a daughter's tender name,
Much to thy ſex and years I have till now
Indulgent given—Enough—no more of ſorrow—
Let not thy woman's tears conſpire with Rome
To rob thy father of his promis'd triumph.

*Att.* Alas! for me ſuch anguiſh— [*weeping.*

*Reg.* Well I know
Thy anguiſh is to loſe me; but remember,
Such trials wives and daughters oft muſt feel
Who boaſt the honour of a Roman name.

*Att.* All other proofs with joy—

*Reg.* What proofs, Attilia?
Say, would'ſt thou go to meet the conſcript Fathers
Amidſt the aſſembled ſenate, with thy counſels
To regulate the deſtiny of Rome?
Or rather with the helmet o'er thy brows,
Would'ſt thou, in fighting to ſubdue the foe,
Endure the toil of arms? If thou'rt unfit
To meet misfortune for thy country's ſake
Without ſuch abject weakneſs, tell me, daughter,
What

Digitized by Google

What wilt thou do to ſerve her?

*Att.* O! 'tis true.
But yet ſuch conſtancy——

*Reg.* It is indeed
A virtue hard to practice; but, Attilia,
Thou art my daughter and thou wilt attain it.
[*going.*

*Att.* Yes, all I can I'll imitate my father,
Your great example—but, O Heaven! you leave me,
And leave me in diſpleaſure!—I have loſt
Your wonted love.

*Reg.* O! no, I love thee ſtill:
Believe me not diſpleas'd; and as a token,
Take this embrace—yet let not this embrace
Melt thee to ſoftneſs, but inſpire thy mind
With fortitude and honour.

*Att.* Ah! my father,
You leave me thus, and leave without a ſigh.

*Reg.* I bear for thee a father's love,
But little ſhould a father prove,
If leaving thee, I left behind
Th' example of an abject mind.

My

Digitized by Google

My breaſt, like every mortal, bears
A heart that feels a mortal's cares;
But paſſions in my heart obey,
And rule in thine with tyrant ſway.

[*Exit with* Pub.

## SCENE VIII.

ATTILIA *alone.*

Be firm, my heart! And O! be baniſh'd far
All weak affections; from their ſources dry
Theſe woman's tears: enough of uſeleſs ſorrow:
Enough of cruel doubts. My native virtue
Muſt kindle with a father's juſt reproof.
Let not Attilia be the only branch
Unworthy of the ſtock from which ſhe ſprings.

## SCENE IX.

*Enter* BARCE.

*Bar.* Is it then true, Attilia? In deſpite
Of Rome's united people, of the Senate,
The Augurs and his friends; of all the world;
Will Regulus depart?

*Att.* [*firmly.*] 'Tis all moſt true.

*Bar.* But whence proceeds ſuch unexampled
frenzy?

*Att.*

Digitized by Google

*Att.* With more reſpect let Barce ſpeak of heroes.

*Bar.* How! does Attilia then indeed approve
Her father's blind perverſeneſs?

*Att.* I adore
The unſhaken virtue of a father's heart.

*Bar.* A virtue that delivers him to chains,
To hoſtile fury, and a ſhameful death.

*Att.* Be ſilent. Know, thoſe chains, that hoſtile fury,
That ſhameful death, [*ſhe relapſes into tenderneſs*]
will prove my father's triumph.

*Bar.* Doſt thou exult at this?

*Att.* O Heaven! [*aſide, weeps.*

*Bar.* For me
I never can conceive——

*Att.* No: thoſe who drew
Their breath, ill-fated, in a barbarous clime,
Conceive not how a daughter's mind enjoys
A father's deathleſs name.

*Bar.* And yet you weep?

*Att.* Again may peace relieve the breaſt,
When grief, that late each thought oppreſs'd,
Is ſpent in kindly tears:
As ſhines the ſun ſerenely bright,
Whene'er the cloud that veil'd his light
In ſhowers diſſolv'd appears. [*Exit.*



Digitized by Google

## SCENE X.

BARCE *alone.*

What ſtrange ideas does the love of praiſe
Excite in Rome?—With envy Manlius views
His rival's chains; while Regulus abhors
The public pity that would ſave his life.
The daughter glories in her father's ſufferings;
And Publius, (this ſurpaſſes all belief)
Publius, my beauty's ſlave, for honour's ſake,
Reſigns the miſtreſs whom his ſoul adores.

The heart that thus can love's deſire
Without a ſigh reſign,
May ſhew a virtue I admire,
But never wiſh it mine.

In Rome a fond purſuit of fame
May every thought control;
But, thanks to Heaven, no Roman dame,
I boaſt no Roman ſoul. [*Exit.*

SCENE

Digitized by Google

## SCENE XI.

*Magnificent porticoes on the banks of the* Tiber; *ſhips ready for the embarkation of* REGULUS. *A plank laid to the neareſt ſhip. A numerous crowd of people that block up the paſſage to the ſhips. The* Africans *are ſeen on board. Lictors attending on the Conſul.*

MANLIUS, LICINIUS.

*Lic.* Rome never will conſent that Regulus
Should quit the port.

*Man.* The Senate and myſelf;
Are we no part of Rome?

*Lic.* The united people
Are far the greater part.

*Man.* But not the nobleſt.

*Lic.* At leaſt more generous and humane. Inſpir'd
With love and gratitude, we ſeek to ſave
The life of Regulus.

*Man.* And we—his honour.

*Lic.* His honour——

*Man.* 'Tis enough—I come not here
To hold debate with thee—What ho! let each
Leave free the paſſage. [*to the people.*



Digitized by Google

*Lic.* No—let none remove.

*Man.* 'Tis I command obedience.

*Lic.* I forbid it.

*Man.* Dar'ſt thou, Licinius, thus oppoſe the Conſul?

*Lic.* And dar'ſt thou, Manlius, thus oppoſe the Tribune?

*Man.* Soon ſhall we ſee—Now, lictors, clear the paſs.

[*the Lictors raiſe their faſces and advance.*

*Lic.* Defend it, Romans.

[*the people prepare to oppoſe them.*

*Man.* O ye Gods! with arms
Is thus my power reſiſted? Is it thus
The majeſty——

*Lic.* The majeſty of Rome
Dwells in the people: this thou haſt inſulted
By ſuch contention.

*People.* Regulus ſhall ſtay.

*Man.* [*to the people.*] Permit me but to ſhew what now miſleads
Your better judgment.

*People.* Regulus ſhall ſtill
Remain.

*Man.* Yet hear me——

*People.* Regulus ſhall ſtay.

SCENE

Digitized by Google

## SCENE LAST.

*Enter* REGULUS, *and with him* ATTILIA, AMILCAR, PUBLIUS *and* BARCE.

*Reg.* [*entering.*] Ha! Regulus ſhall ſtay! and is my ſenſe
Deceiv'd, or may I credit what I hear?
Is perfidy requir'd? Requir'd in Rome?
From me requir'd? What people has this land,
This wretched land produc'd? What lips avow
A wiſh ſo infamous? What heart conceives it?
Where, where are now the noble race of Brutus,
Fabritius and Camillus? Glorious names!
Shall Regulus then ſtay? For what offence
Have I deſerv'd to merit thus your hatred?

*Lic.* O ſir! our love would break your cruel chains.

*Reg.* And what were Regulus without his chains?
'Tis theſe will hand me down to lateſt times
A great example; to my foes a ſhame;
And to my country, honour: but of theſe
Deprive me, what muſt Regulus be nam'd?
A perjur'd ſlave, a worthleſs fugitive.

*Lic.* Your word was plighted to a faithleſs people,
And plighted when in bonds: the Augurs ſay—

*Reg.* No more. O! let us leave to ſavage nations,



Digitized by Google

The untutor'd Arab, and the cruel Moor,
Such ſhameful pleas to ſanction breach of faith.
Be Rome to all the world a pattern ſtill
Of uncorrupted honour.

*Lic.* What may Rome
Not fear to loſe, in loſing thee, her father?

*Reg.* Let Rome reflect that father is but mortal;
That now he ſtoops beneath the weight of years;
That life creeps languid thro' his ſhrivell'd veins;
That he no longer now can ſhed his blood,
Or toil for her; that nought for him remains
But, as a Roman ought, to meet his end.
Heaven opens to me now a ſplendid path;
I now can cloſe my latter days with glory:
It cannot be—I know, I know too well
The hearts of Romans. Every one whoſe birth
Gave him with me to breathe one common air
That fans the Capitol, from Regulus
Will not in thought diſſent. I know that each
Applauds me in his heart with generous envy;
That midſt th' emotions, by a tender feeling
Unwarily betray'd, he breathes to Heaven
His ardent vows for fortitude like mine.
No more of weakneſs then, but caſt to earth
Thoſe ill-tim'd weapons. O! delay no longer
The triumph I have ſought. My friends, my children,
My fellow-citizens! I, as a friend,
Entreat of each; as citizen exhort you,

And

Digitized by Google

And as a father let me now command.

*Att.* [*aſide.*] O Heaven! already each obeys his mandate.

*Pub.* O! mighty Powers! ſee every hand diſarm'd.

*Lic.* Behold the paſs is clear'd.

*Reg.* Accept my thanks,
Propitious Gods! the path is free. Amilcar,
Aſcend thy ſhip, I follow where thou lead'ſt.

*Amil.* [*aſide.*] I now begin to envy what I hear.
[*aſcends his ſhip.*

*Reg.* Romans, farewell! and let our parting now
Be worthy of us. Thanks to Heaven! I leave you,
And leave you Romans. Ah! preſerve unſullied
That mighty name, and be the arbiters
Of human kind, till all the world become,
By your example, Romans. Guardian Gods!
That watch this happy land; protecting Powers
Of great Æneas' offspring! I intruſt
To you this race of heroes. Still defend
This ſoil, theſe dwellings, theſe paternal walls.
O! grant that valour, glory, conſtancy,
Juſtice and truth may ever here reſide;
And ſhould ſome evil ſtar, with adverſe beams
E'er threat the Capitol, ſee, mighty Gods!
See Regulus—let Regulus alone
Be made your victim, and the wrath of Heaven
Be all conſum'd on my devoted head:



Digitized by Google

Let Rome unhurt—but why thoſe tears—
——Farewell!

CHORUS.

O! thou, the glory of our clime,
Father of Rome, farewell!
By thee our triumphs ſnatch'd from time
What future tongues ſhall tell?

But dearly muſt the glory coſt
To Rome that loſes thee:
An age again ſhall ſcarcely boaſt
A Regulus to ſee.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ROMULUS.

Digitized by Google

# ROMULUS AND HERSILIA.

Digitized by Google

## PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

ROMULUS, King and founder of ROME.

HERSILIA, a Sabine Princeſs.

VALERIA, a noble Roman lady, in love with ACRONTES, forſaken by him.

HOSTILIUS, a Roman patrician, friend to ROMULUS, in love with VALERIA.

CURTIUS, Prince of the ANTEMNATI, father of HERSILIA.

ACRONTES, Prince of the Ceninenſians, an implacable enemy to ROMULUS.

CHORUS of the Roman people.

The action is repreſented in the ancient city of ROME.

Digitized by Google

# ROMULUS AND HERSILIA.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*A great ſquare in Rome, ſurrounded with private and public buildings, part unfiniſhed, intermixed with trees. The Capitol, with a ruſtic appearance, an altar and a fire kindled before an ancient oak conſecrated to Jupiter, from which are paths leading down to the plain. The altar, the mountain, the buildings and the trunks of the trees adorned with feſtoons of flowers, in honour of the ſolemnization of the nuptials between the Roman youths and the Sabine virgins.*

*A numerous crowd of Warriors, Lictors, and People, ſpectators. While to the ſound of various inſtruments, that accompany the following Chorus, the new married couples deſcend by ſeveral paths from the hill, and mix in a dance upon the plain,* ROMULUS *with* HERSILIA, *and* HOSTILIUS *with* VALERIA, *by different paths ſlowly follow the proceſſion, and none remain above but a number of prieſts round the altar of* Jupiter.

CHORUS

Digitized by Google

CHORUS.

Propitious from Olympus' height,
On glad Tarpeia's rock alight,
And every happy nuptial rite
Protecting Powers! attend.

PART CHORUS.

O! God of arms! do thou inspire
In manly breasts the hero's fire,
And bid the virtues of the sire
From son to son descend.

CHORUS.

Propitious from Olympus' height
Protecting Powers! attend.

PART CHORUS.

O! Goddess! whose benignant care
Can man's decaying race repair,
The hearts of these, the brave and fair,
Inflame with faithful love.

CHORUS.

Propitious from Olympus' height,
On glad Tarpeia's rock alight,
And every happy nuptial rite,
Protecting Powers! attend.



Digitized by Google

*Rom.* At length, O! moſt ador'd, and conquering fair,
Who triumph o'er your victors, we behold
Your hands with Romans join'd in ſpouſal vows.
Since Heaven has granted to this infant kingdom
In you its deareſt hopes, Ah! make with us
The ſweet exchange of love: for not impell'd
By hatred or revenge, or heat of youth,
The Roman valour fought ſo dear a prize.
Ah! deem more nobly of us. With the bands
Of near alliance would we hope to change
Our enmity to friendſhip. Well you know.
That in a chaſte aſylum; midſt a train
Of holy matrons, in the guardian care
Of Heaven, you have reſided, till ſubdued
By every merit of reſpectful ſervice,
You willingly fulfill'd the ſolemn rites.
Diſdain not then theſe humble firſt attempts
To found a warlike race. The Gods preſcribe
No bounds for virtue. Yonder Capitol,
Now ruſtic and unknown, in times to come
May boaſt a mightier name. My heart dilates
With every glorious hope. And you, ye fair!
(Now Roman conſorts) will with us partake
One common fate; and while your minds revolve
The preſent nuptials and the future trophies,
O! ſecond with your love theſe happy omens.

CHORUS.

Digitized by Google

CHORUS.

Propitious from Olympus' height
On glad Tarpeia's rock alight,
And every happy nuptial rite
Protecting Powers! attend.

[*while this Chorus is ſinging the married couples join again in a dance and go out.*]

## SCENE II.

ROMULUS, HERSILIA, HOSTILIUS, VALERIA.

*Rom.* [*to* Her.] And midſt ſo many, whom this day has bleſs'd,
Belov'd Herſilia! muſt I ſtill remain
Uncertain of my fate?

*Her.* O! Heaven! [*aſide.*

*Hoſt.* [*to* Val.] And ſay,
Cannot the example of the Sabine rigour
Subdu'd at length, for me, Valeria, move
One Roman virgin's heart?

*Val.* Ill-fated love! [*aſide.*

*Rom.* Ah! princeſs, ſpeak.

*Her.* By thee I was requeſted,
Not as a bride, but as ſpectatreſs, here
To attend the ſacred rite: I yielded to thee:
What

Digitized by Google

What can I further ſay? To thee are known
The duties that engroſs Herſilia's thoughts:
Thou know'ſt I am a Sabine and a daughter.

*Rom.* I know I muſt not hope to obtain thy hand,
Unleſs 'tis granted by thy noble father;
And, truſt me, I in thee admire and love
A daughter's ſtrict obedience. Since he firſt
Repuls'd me harſhly, I've again renew'd
My earneſt ſuit. Ah! while I trembling wait
Th' eventful iſſue, give me comfort: ſay,
What ſhare have I, Herſilia, in thy heart?
Say, doſt thou love me? If the true affections
Of faithful lovers——

*Her.* Romulus, Ah! ceaſe,
And do not forfeit thus the former merit,
Of all thy generous cares.

*Rom.* What crime is mine?

*Her.* Freedom of ſpeech, like this, to Sabine dames,
Our country's uſage gives not: never words
Of fond endearment there eſcape the lips,
'Till firſt the altar ſanctifies the paſſion.

*Rom.* What charm has beauty when with virtue grac'd!
[*to* Hoſt.] Go, friend, and ſecond my impatience—go,
Aſk if the wiſh'd-for meſſenger returns;

Moments

Digitized by Google

Moments are ages to me.

*Hoſt.* More than you
The Roman people brook not this delay.
Eager they languiſh with their king to ſee
A conſort on the throne. Already now
'Tis whiſper'd thou ſhould'ſt in thy thoughts revolve
Some other bride more eaſy to be won.

*Rom.* Some other bride! Ah! never muſt they hope
Herſilia can be baniſh'd from this boſom.

Behold the fair, decreed by love
My fondeſt thoughts to claim:
'Tis ſhe, and ſhe alone ſhall prove
The object of my flame.

Till now the Gods, of all her kind
Ne'er fram'd a maid ſo fair:
But with the virtues of her mind,
No outward charms compare.

[*Exit with* Hoſt.

## SCENE III.

HERSILIA, VALERIA.

*Val.* And does not then our hero, my Herſilia,
Seem worthy to be lov'd? And if his rule
Cannot ſometimes reſtrain a headſtrong people,
At leaſt his wiſdom well atones for all.

*Her.*

Digitized by Google

*Her.* I ſee it truly.

*Val.* Does thy heart meantime
Plead nothing in his cauſe?

*Her.* I praiſe his virtues.

*Val.* But tell me; does Herſilia love or hate him?

*Her.* Alas! my friend; I know not what I feel:
A thouſand paſſions ſtruggle in my boſom,
Unknown before; and Romulus has left
His looks and words engraven in my ſoul.
To me he ſeems the greateſt, and the beſt
The firſt of mortals! But, alas! to me
What, what avails it? Shall Herſilia prove
A rebel to a father's ſacred will?
Forgetful of the Sabines' rigid duties,
Caſt off her wonted conſtancy of ſpirit
For which ſhe once was fam'd'd?—O! never, never!

Thou God, who rul'ſt the feeble mind,
Now vainly ſeek'ſt in me to find
What ſways ſo oft the female kind,
Thou art no God for me.
In vain thy threaten'd chains prepare:
With firmneſs arm'd to break the ſnare;
My ſoul, for ever free, ſhall dare
Thy boaſted chains and thee.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

Digitized by Google

## SCENE IV.

VALERIA *alone.*

Yes, ſage Herſilia, though ſhe little knows it,
Is warm'd with love, but warm'd with noble fire;
Whilſt I, unhappy as I am, adore
A falſe, ungrateful lover. Well I know
By many a proof Acrontes has deceiv'd me;—
What do I ſee!—He comes—
And yet, O! Heaven!—

## SCENE V.

*Enter* ACRONTES *in a* Roman *habit.*

*Acr.* [*ſees her as he enters.*] Ill-fated meeting.

*Val.* Whither doſt thou go?
O! unadvis'd—while all the Sabine race
Conſpire the fall of Rome; wilt thou, a Sabine,
In borrow'd veſture, riſk thy ſafety here?

*Acr.* I fear no riſk to bleſs my eyes with thee.

*Val.* Thou falſe one! Well I know thou heed'ſt not longer
Thy plighted faith to me. Thy boſom now
Glows only for Herſilia.

*Acr.* Mine, Valeria?

*Val.* Acrontes, thine. Think'ſt thou to me unknown
Thy

Digitized by Google

Thy ſuit in vain preferr'd, her ſire's refuſal,
Thy rage of diſappointment?

*Acr.* O! thou wrong'ſt me:
I call down Heaven to witneſs——

*Val.* Oh! forbear.
I would not bluſh at perjuries like thine—
Go—if thou heed'ſt not me, yet heed thyſelf,
If me thou doſt deſpiſe, deſpiſe not yet
My friendly counſel: worthleſs as thou art,
Let me not tremble to behold thy danger.

*Acr.* Canſt thou be thus alarm'd to ſee my danger,
And yet, Valeria, think me ſtill a traitor?

*Val.* Yes, I'm deceiv'd; and know too well
Who acts the traitor's part;
Yet cannot, O ye Power's! expel
His image from my heart.

Yes, cruel, thus by Fate oppreſs'd
Unheard-of woes I prove;
For while the treaſon I deteſt,
The traitor ſtill I love.

[*Exit.*



Digitized by Google

## SCENE VI.

ACRONTES *alone.*

This meeting is ill-omen'd to my purpoſe:
But let me ſtill be conſtant. Rome ſhall fall:
I only, with my Ceninenſian bands,
Prepar'd for inſtant action, will impel
The Sabines' tardy vengeance—But Herſilia—
She muſt be firſt ſecur'd; a hoſtage left
Like her, might check the ardour of my ſoul
With chilling doubts. Already have I one
To guide me to her—but as yet he comes not—
He muſt be ſought. [*going.*

## SCENE VII.

*Enter* CURTIUS.

Ha! Curtius!

*Cur.* Ha! Acrontes [*meeting and gazing at each other for ſome time.*

*Acr.* And art thou he?

*Cur.* And am I not deceiv'd.

*Acr.* The ſovereign of th' Antemnati in Rome?

*Cur.* And here the Ceninenſian prince?

*Acr.* At length
Impatient of your long-delay'd reſentment,
I gave

Digitized by Google

I gave the reins to mine. Myſelf, of all
Our injur'd Sabines, will alone revenge
The common cauſe. This day I mean to make
The aſſault on Rome; and hence it firſt behoves
To explore the weak and leaſt defended parts:
This taſk I truſt to none but to Acrontes.
O! if a zeal like mine inflame thy breaſt,
Unite with me; ſuſpend all former hatred.
I, from this hour, expunge from my remembrance
The wrong thou didſt me to refuſe Herſilia:
Now ſpeak we but of honour. Henceforth ceaſe
All rancour for our private injuries,
Till to the univerſal world be ſhewn
Our vow'd revenge for every public wrong.

*Cur.* But know'ſt thou not to-day what new affront
We muſt ſuſtain? This day they celebrate,
Between the Roman youth and Sabine maids,
The hymeneal rites. The certain tidings
Of this have reach'd us, and the feſtive ſhews
I ſee on every hand confirm the truth.
I cannot bear the thought: unconſcious yet
What courſe to take, I haſte to ſnatch my daughter
From theſe deteſted nuptials.

*Acr.* Curtius, now
Too late thou com'ſt.

*Cur.* Say'ſt thou?

*Acr.* The nuptials, prince,

Already are completed.

*Cur.* Heavenly Powers!
And was Herſilia too—It cannot be—
Too well I know her: ever was her mind
Reſpectful, duteous; and her life was led
In due obſervance of her ſex's laws,
And firm obedience to a father's will.

*Acr.* And yet is ſhe a bride.

*Cur.* Who dares affirm it?—
How know'ſt thou this?

*Cur.* But now, in this attire
Diſguis'd, and mingled with the crowd, I ſaw
The nuptial pomp.

*Cur.* And was Herſilia too——

*Acr.* Herſilia too was there amongſt the brides,
The joyous brides of Rome's ferocious youth.

*Cur.* O! cruel ſtroke!

[*ſits down in an agony of rage and grief.*

*Acr.* But wherefore linger now
In tardy ſloth? Prevention comes too late,
But vengeance ſtill is ours. Haſte then, unite
Thy ſcatter'd warriors, and with me combine
In impious Rome's deſtruction.

*Cur.* [*not attending to him.*] O! Herſilia!
The child of Curtius and a Sabine maid!

*Acr.* He hears me not—his madneſs of deſpair
May raiſe ſome tumult, or perchance obſtruct



Digitized by Google

My purpos'd ſcheme to bear Herſilia hence:
'Twere wiſdom to provide againſt this evil.
[*to* Cur.] Then tell me, Curtius, may I learn from thee——

*Cur.* O! leave me, leave me!

*Acr.* Muſt I leave thee, Curtius?
Then be it ſo—now to my great deſign. [*Exit.*

## SCENE VIII.

CURTIUS *alone.*

And is Herſilia then indeed become
A willing Roman wife? Midſt all my woes
This, this I little fear'd.—O! perjur'd girl!
Perfidious! vainly ſhalt thou hope to eſcape
Thy puniſhment: not earth ſhall yield to thee
A wiſh'd aſylum; think not e'er to find
A ſhelter from my rage, though plac'd beſide
Thy new-made ſpouſe, or in the arms of Jove!

Hence thoughts of every gentle kind,
Affections that my heart remind
I bore a parent's name:
To madneſs and revenge reſign'd,
The father I diſclaim. [*Exit.*

SCENE

Digitized by Google

## SCENE IX.

*Apartments in the palace deſtined for* HERSILIA, *on the* Palatine *hill.*

HERSILIA, HOSTILIUS.

*Hoſt.* But doſt thou know, Herſilia, all the merits
That Romulus can boaſt?

*Her.* I know them all.

*Hoſt.* And yet thou lov'ſt him not?

*Her.* With us, Hoſtilius,
Love is the child of duty.

*Hoſt.* Then for Rome
No hope remains but from a father's mandate.

*Her.* And that were vain to expect—I know my father.

*Hoſt.* If adverſe thus thy ſire reject our king;
If coldly thou, Herſilia, canſt receive him,
At leaſt thou may'ſt ſecure our nation's peace.

*Her.* Who I? Say how.

*Hoſt.* The people wiſh to ſee
Their king eſpous'd; and nearly this deſire
Degenerates into tumult. If the fates
Deny thee to our wiſhes, Romulus
May from thy counſel chooſe another bride.



Digitized by Google

*Her.* What mean'ſt thou? By my counſel?

*Hoſt.* Yes, Herſilia.

*Her.* But ſay what right have I—

*Hoſt.* That right which love
Claims o'er his heart; and who ſhall hope to guide
Like thee his ſoul's affection?

*Her.* Muſt Herſilia
Be call'd to fix the deſtiny of Rome?
Shall I, a ſtranger, ſeek for you a queen?

*Hoſt.* Thou need'ſt not ſeek: behold her near.

*Her.* Her name?

*Hoſt.* Valeria.

*Her.* Ha! Valeria?

*Hoſt.* Since the throne
Muſt not be honour'd with Herſilia's virtues,
At leaſt it never can receive diſgrace
From noble, chaſte Valeria.

*Her.* If thou think'ſt
Herſilia can avail—but ſure, Hoſtilius,
'Tis wondrous ſtrange—Valeria is a lover.

*Hoſt.* I know it well; and for her evil fate
She loves Acrontes: 'twere a deed of friendſhip
To break ſuch chains as ill beſeem Valeria.

*Her.* It may be ſo—yet—

*Hoſt.* Romulus this moment
In ſearch of thee approaches.

*Her.* Romulus!

*Hoſt.*

Digitized by Google

*Hoſt.* Even he: ſupport, Herſilia, my deſign;
Uſe every means——

*Her.* Thou would'ſt inſtruct me ſurely
To rave like thee—Who can divine thy purpoſe?
I till this moment deem'd thy ſighs of love
Breath'd for Valeria, yet thou bid'ſt me give
Her beauties to another. Doubtleſs firſt
Thou haſt deceiv'd, or muſt deceive me now.

*Hoſt.* Ah! no, believe not that I once deceiv'd,
Or I deceive thee now: beyond myſelf
I love Valeria; hence my warmeſt wiſhes
Purſue her honour, glory and her peace.

With lying boaſt thoſe lovers claim
The praiſe to faithful lovers due;
Who in the object of their flame
A ſelfiſh happineſs purſue.

What generous paſſions ſway his breaſt,
What love is to his fair-one ſhown,
Who when his power can make her bleſt
Derives not from her bliſs his own? [*Exit.*

## SCENE X.

HERSILIA *alone.*

'Tis virtue ſure to ſecond the deſign
Of generous love—but pauſe awhile, Herſilia,
And weigh the taſk enjoin'd. To Romulus
Shall

Digitized by Google

Shall I give counſel? Make him this requeſt?
And offer him a bride?—My heart revolts
From ſuch a thought—What words ſhall I employ
To ſpeak—Alas! what mean theſe ſudden doubts
That ſuit not Sabine honour? Whence the tumult
That reigns within this boſom?

## SCENE XI.

*Enter* CURTIUS.

*Cur.* Have I found thee?
Degenerate girl!

*Her.* What voice is that? My father!
O! ſir——

*Cur.* Be ſilent; nor with lips like thine
Profane that name.

*Her.* Alas! my father.

*Cur.* Caſt
Thoſe daring eyes to earth. A Roman wife
Can ne'er be Curtius' daughter.

*Her.* Ha! a wife!
A wife, Herſilia?

*Cur.* Perjur'd as thou art,
Add not a falſehood to increaſe thy guilt.
Wert thou not now, with thy rebellious friends,
Before the hated altar?

*Her.* A ſpectatreſs,

But

Digitized by Google

But not a bride.

*Cur.* And was not then thy hand——

*Her.* Herſilia's hand will never be beſtow'd
Without a father's ſanction.

*Cur.* Art thou then——

*Her.* I am a Sabine ſtill.

*Cur.* An offer'd throne
Will never change——

*Her.* A throne to me were vile,
Unleſs to thee I ow'd it.

*Cur.* And the threats
Of hoſtile rage——

*Her.* No other threats, my father,
Could make me tremble, but the threats alone
Deriv'd from thy diſpleaſure. Death itſelf
Were far leſs dreadful than the juſt reproach
Of him to whom I owe my life, my all!

*Cur.* Thou deareſt part! thou treaſure of my ſoul!
Come to my breaſt: forgive my haſty rage;
A happier day for me till now—Herſilia,
Thou trembleſt!

*Her.* 'Tis for thee, for thee, my father,
I tremble—On the inſtant Romulus
Is here expected—Should'ſt thou now be found
In this diſguiſe, amidſt a hoſtile city,
Alas! who knows—O! let us hence, my lord,
Where'er

Digitized by Google

Where'er thou goeſt I will purſue thy ſteps.

*Cur.* No, daughter, this might hazard all, and make
Our hopes abortive. We muſt patient wait
The favour of the night.

*Her.* Meantime—O Heavens!
Behold he comes! [*looking out.*

*Cur.* I go—take heed, my child,
Thy fears betray me not.

*Her.* Where canſt thou now
In ſafety wait?

*Cur.* A faithful friend is near
To ſecond my deſign. When time ſhall ſerve
Expect my quick return—'till then farewell!
[*Exit.*

## SCENE XII.

HERSILIA *alone.*

O! me unhappy! midſt my adverſe fortune
There wanted only this, of every evil
The worſt, to tremble for a father's ſafety.
In this diſtreſsful ſtate how ſhall I meet
The eyes of Romulus?—Alas! he comes—
Let me avoid his preſence. [*going.*

SCENE

Digitized by Google

## SCENE XIII.

*Enter* ROMULUS.

*Rom.* Doſt thou fly me?
Fly me, Herſilia?

*Her.* [*aſide.*] O ye Powers! aſſiſt me.

*Rom.* Fear not, O! princeſs, I ſhall ſpeak of love:
No, I too much reſpect the native manners
Held ſacred by thy ſex; yet ſurely theſe
Are more than virtue claims. To curb my paſſion
I muſt confeſs is pain; but greater pain
To hazard thy diſpleaſure.

*Her.* [*aſide.*] Generous prince!

*Rom.* It will not ſure be deem'd I ſpeak of love,
To ſay but this: if Heaven and if thy father
Had given me to poſſeſs Herſilia's hand,
No bliſs had equall'd mine.

*Her.* [*aſide.*] Alas! Herſilia.

*Rom.* Thou would'ſt have added ſplendor to the throne:
In thee had Rome beheld her guardian goddeſs,
And I the unrivall'd ſovereign of my heart.

*Her.* My lord—no more—permit me to retire.

*Rom.* Am I then hateful to thee?

*Her.*

Digitized by Google

*Her.* [*aſide.*] Cruel fate!

*Rom.* If with the Sabines 'tis a crime to love,
Yet ſure your laws compel you not to hate;
And 'twixt ſuch adverſe paſſions ſouls like yours
May reſt uncenſur'd; and though Heaven forbids me
To find in thee a lover and a wife,
Herſilia may be yet a grateful friend.

*Her.* [*aſide.*] Where am I?—Cruel Powers! ſhall I depart,
Or ſtill remain? How fain I would excuſe
My ſeeming rigour—but I dare not ſpeak,
And every accent that I ſtrive to utter
Converts between my lips to broken ſighs.

*Rom.* Is ſtill Herſilia ſilent? Will ſhe not
Vouchſafe me one poor look? Ah! tell me when
I have offended? Say, what crime is mine?

*Her.* Sir—if you think—[*aſide.*] O Heaven!

*Rom.* Why doſt thou pauſe?
Some new diſtreſs—for never till this hour
Thy heart has ſtruggled with ſuch varied paſſion.
Thou bluſheſt now, and now thy cheek is pale:
It ſeems thou fain would'ſt tell what yet thy tongue
In vain would ſpeak, while every look confeſſes
A boſom tortur'd with conflicting pangs.
In pity ſay——

*Her.* O ſir! I cannot ſpeak. [*weeps.*

*Rom.*

Digitized by Google

*Rom.* Alas! what mean thoſe tears that flow
From ſorrows of the heart?

*Her.* Ah me! I die—but dare not now
The pangs I feel impart.

*Rom.* Am I then guilty of thy grief?

*Her.* I would——farewell.

*Rom.* And wherefore go?

*Her.* My ſtay to neither yields relief.

*Rom.* Yet leave me not, Herſilia, ſo.

*Both.* Ah! who like me by fate oppreſs'd,
E'er knew ſuch cruel pain?
I ne'er till now, howe'er diſtreſs'd,
Have known ſuch paſſions rend my breaſt
As I this day ſuſtain. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

Digitized by Google

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*An inner apartment of the palace, from which is a view of the* Porta Carmentalis, *and the* Tarpeian Rock.

HERSILIA *alone.*

Alas! 'tis all too true, and nought avails
Still to conceal this weakneſs from myſelf.
I am no longer now the auſtere Herſilia;
The firſt of every thought is Romulus:
Unconſcious what I ſay, his name for ever
Dwells on my lips. If any, if my preſence,
But ſpeak of Romulus, I feel the glow
Of mantling bluſhes: oft as he approaches,
I am diſturb'd, the colour leaves my cheek:
I'm ſilent, I'm confus'd; while in my breaſt,
My heart beats quick with mingled grief and joy,
If this be not, ah! tell me what is love?
Since thou ſo ill canſt guard thee from the foe,
Contend no more, Herſilia—fly, O! fly;
And ſave at leaſt thy glory by thy flight,
For flight in love is victory.

SCENE

Digitized by Google

## SCENE II.

*Enter* CURTIUS.

*Cur.* My daughter—
Herſilia.

*Her.* Ah! my father, let us hence
Without delay—if now thou com'ſt to ſeek me,
Behold I am prepar'd.

*Cur.* I come, my child,
To warn thee of a danger unforeſeen,
That threatens thee. The Ceninenſian prince
Is now in Rome: with him I have convers'd,
He feign'd to quit the city: but this inſtant,
Near thy apartment, from afar again
I ſaw the inſidious prince: he doubtleſs plans
Some dark deſign: but late he ſought thy hand.
At my refuſal fir'd, he gives the reins
To mad reſentment, bending all his thoughts
To outward violence and fraud. Take heed.

*Her.* Ah! then, what longer ſhould detain us here?
Let us depart.

*Cur.* It is not yet the time,
But reſt in peace a few ſhort moments more.

*Her.* In Rome, alas! there is no peace for me.
I cannot bear this dwelling: take me, father,
Take me from all I ſuffer: let me fly

From

Digitized by Google

From every object here; and breathe at length
The tranquil Sabine air.
*Cur.* My dearest daughter,
How am I charm'd to hear thy fond impatience,
In which the Sabine virtue brightly shines.
Be calm: ere long expect me to return,
And give thee freedom. Let this thought meanwhile
Console thee, that thou may'st with conscious pride
Review thyself. Let every daughter learn
From thee, my dear Hersilia, to respect
Her country and her father; triumph o'er
Th' enfeebling perils of her sex and youth,
And, midst the flatteries of insidious love,
Preserve the free dominion o'er her heart:
My hope! my glory! and my best support!

When, I, ye Gods! to thought recall
That such a daughter's mine;
Whate'er may chance, I pardon all,
Nor more at Heaven repine,

On me let adverse Fortune frown,
And woes on woes increase;
That dear remembrance still shall crown
A father's days with peace.

[*Exit.*



Digitized by Google

## SCENE III.

HERSILIA *alone.*

Where ſhall I hide myſelf? Theſe praiſes given,
So ill deſerv'd, are to my ſoul reproaches.
And ſhall a father prize in thee, Herſilia,
That virtue which thou haſt not? Shall he thus
Deceiv'd, applaud thee, love thee, honour thee,
This canſt thou hear, and not with ſhame expire?
Does not thy conſcience ſhrink from ſuch approval,
Or feel a generous impulſe to deſerve it?
It ſhall be ſo—and flying ſhall ſecure thee.—
But in the ſight of Romulus, O! Heaven!
I dare not truſt myſelf—by proof I know
How cruel is the trial.—Then in me
Is love neceſſity? [*ſhe ſits.*] To me alone
Has Heaven denied the liberty of choice?
Ah! no—reſume, to guide the ſtubborn paſſions,
Thoſe reins, Herſilia, thou haſt thrown aſide:
A firm determin'd virtue conquers all.
My fears are vaniſh'd now: the greater trial,
The greater is my triumph; I abjure
The affections I condemn. Henceforth Herſilia
Decrees to be the miſtreſs of her will.
Now, where is Romulus? Hoſtilius, ſay.
[*riſes with firmneſs.*

SCENE

Digitized by Google

## SCENE IV.

*Enter* HOSTILIUS.

*Hoſt.* He comes this inſtant from the ſenate houſe,
And haſtes to his apartment.

*Her.* May Herſilia
Have leave to ſee him?

*Hoſt.* Leave to ſee him, princeſs?
Forgive me, but ſuch doubt were moſt unjuſt.

*Her.* I would converſe with him.

*Hoſt.* Then Rome perhaps
May cheriſh hopes propitious to her vows,
And Romulus moſt welcome to his love.

*Her.* Herſilia was not born for him or Rome.
But if, as thou haſt ſaid, indeed 'tis true,
The will of Romulus depends on mine;
This day ſhall thy Valeria be a queen.

*Hoſt.* Ah! then——

## SCENE V.

*Enter* VALERIA.

*Her.* [*to* Val.] My friend, if happy ſtars aſſiſt,
I go to obtain for thee a regal crown.

*Val.* For me!



Digitized by Google

*Her.* For thee: but think not mine the merit
Of ſuch a choice: I owe to good Hoſtilius
The generous thought: in thee has he propos'd
A conſort worthy of the king of Rome.
With reaſon I approve, and now aſpire,
In ſuch a work, to emulate his praiſe.

*Val.* Believe me grateful: but you both diſpoſe
Of that for me, which is not mine to give.
My love, you know, is plighted to a lover:
Though faithleſs I am his, and love becomes
In me neceſſity.

*Her.* The fond pretence
To excuſe our weakneſs. Let us uſe our will
To better purpoſe; or, if we refuſe
To break thoſe ties, which love has render'd dear,
Accuſe not Fate for errors all our own.

Let none againſt his ſtars exclaim,
Or midſt his ſufferings Fortune blame,
Who ſtill a willing ſlave remains.
Of what avail are tears and ſighs
To his relief, who only tries
To find his pleaſure in his chains?

[*Exit.*

SCENE

Digitized by Google

## SCENE VI.

HOSTILIUS, VALERIA.

*Val.* What can this mean, Hoſtilius? I believ'd
Herſilia's love for Romulus; but now,
By proof, I find my error. Once I deem'd
In thy affections I had borne a part;
But now I find thou didſt but mock my ear
With flattery feigning love. I own, Hoſtilius,
I know not what to think.

*Hoſt.* If you have err'd
In deeming love had touch'd Herſilia's heart,
I cannot well divine; but this I know,
I love Valeria with the tendereſt paſſion,
And ever will preſerve for her my flame.

*Val.* Then wherefore ſeek in me your future queen?

*Hoſt.* In what does your advancement to the throne,
Oppoſe my love? The paſſion that I feel,
Is far, far different in its purity
From that of vulgar lovers. Ever ſtill
The admirer of your virtues, jealous ever
Of all that may advance Valeria's honour,
Exulting in her fortune, I ſhall ſtill
Through life adore her, as I now adore.

*Val.* Ah! peace, Hoſtilius, ſpare me the remorſe



Digitized by Google

My heart muſt feel to be to thee ungrateful.
What lover e'er could boaſt a love like thine?
Ah! learn at leaſt that well I know thee now;
And were the ties, in which, alas! I languiſh,
Leſs hard to be diſſolv'd, the noble gift
Of ſuch a heart as thine, in my ambition
Would far outſhine the ſplendors of a throne.

When firſt a lover I became
A lover's ſighs to prove,
Why did I feed another flame,
And ſigh not for thy love?

Ah! why ſo little does the mind
Its firſt affections know,
That where we deem our bliſs to find
Too oft we find our woe? [*Exit.*

## SCENE VII.

HOSTILIUS *alone.*

O! Heaven, I'm not deceiv'd. Valeria now
Is more than grateful to me. My affection
In all its purity, to that dear breaſt
Is not a ſtranger. O! the certainty
Of ſuch a bliſs! What rapture do I feel!
In this exceſs of joy, my ſoul muſt own
No greater recompenſe awaits on love.

If

Digitized by Google

If one there be who little knows
The bliſs that now my ſoul o'erflows,
He well may pity claim:
And ſurely brief his joys muſt prove,
Who never knew ſuch thoughts as move
My panting heart, ſince gentle Love
Here kindled firſt his flame. [*Exit.*

## SCENE VIII.

*Apartments, with covered walks on the ſide of the* Palatine *hill.*

ROMULUS *alone.*

O! no—'tis not alone the Sabine rigour
That agitates Herſilia. In that face
And from thoſe lips methought I ſaw, I heard—
Ah! Romulus, begirt with threatening foes,
Amidſt a growing empire's many cares,
How has thy boſom found a place for love?
Such weakneſs—Surely 'tis not always weakneſs,
When love with reaſon joins; it changes then
Its former nature. My Herſilia ſhines
The friendly ſtar that regulates my thoughts
With more than mortal influence. Yes, her virtue,
The ancient ſplendor of her anceſtry,
The welfare of the realm, the people's ſuffrage—
But hark! what claſh of ſwords is this I hear?



Digitized by Google

What means the ſudden tumult? [*looking out.*

*Acr.* [*within.*] No—this weapon
Is not an eaſy conqueſt.

*Rom.* How? My guards
In conflict with a Roman?

## SCENE IX.

*Enter* ACRONTES.

*Acr.* Adverſe Gods! [*dropping his ſword as he enters.*

*Rom.* Forbear, my friends, and touch not him, who now
Has no defence.—Ye Powers! Am I deceiv'd?
Thou art not ſure Acrontes?

*Acr.* I am he. [*haughtily.*

*Rom.* Acrontes and in Rome? In my apartments?
In Roman veſtments? What is thy deſign?

*Acr.* Of this I render no account to thee.

*Rom.* Thy boldneſs ſuits but ill the preſent time:
Remember now Acrontes where thou art.

*Acr.* Where'er Acrontes is, with him he bears
His valour ſtill.

*Rom.* But, prince, ſuch valour here
In thee were raſhneſs. Speak: is it the love
Thou vainly bear'ſt Herſilia, or the hatred

Long

Digitized by Google

Long nouriſh'd againſt me, that blinds thy reaſon?

*Acr.* Spare, Romulus, thy queſtions: know I come not
To anſwer at thy bidding: uſe thy fortune.
I ſtand determin'd and prepar'd for all:
I know what treatment I decreed for thee,
Had now that ſtate been thine, to which the fates
(Adverſe to valour) have reduc'd Acrontes:
And hence I know what to expect from thee.

*Rom.* Thou doſt but ill preſage.—Lictors, return
His weapon to the Ceninenſian prince;
And you, ye warriors, give him conduct ſafe
Beyond the precincts of the Roman walls.

*Acr.* My ſword!

*Rom.* Receive it, and in yonder field
Regain, with this, what thou haſt loſt in Rome.

*Acr.* Thy folly, Romulus, may coſt thee dear:
Revenge, for oſtentation thus neglected,
Too late thou wilt repent.

*Rom.* Revenge? On whom?
If thou'rt a madman, I forgive thy frenzy:
If thou'rt a lover, thou haſt then my pity;
A foe, I heed thee not; and if thou com'ſt
A traitor, vers'd in treaſon, I deſpiſe thee.

*Acr.*

Digitized by Google

*Acr.* Contemn me now with haughty ſpeech,
This arm perhaps ere long may teach
Thy tongue an humbler ſtrain.
Then ſee if ſtill thy pride will dare
From yonder Capitol afar,
As here at Rome, in fields of war
To inſult me once again. [*Exit.*

## SCENE X.

*Enter* HERSILIA.

*Her.* [*entering.*] Behold him—To complete my victory
The time now calls upon me.

*Rom.* [*to himſelf.*] Wondrous ſtrange
Such courage and ſuch fierceneſs!

*Her.* [*to herſelf.*] Gods! what means
This new enchantment? In his preſence now
I feel again diſturb'd.

*Rom.* [*to himſelf.*] And can it be,
Such valour ſhould be found to inſpire a ſoul
Where dwells ſo little virtue?

*Her.* [*to herſelf.*] No, Herſilia,
Let not thy throbbing heart diſarm thy purpoſe:
The boldeſt warrior finds in every conflict,
The hardeſt trial in the firſt encounter.
[*advancing*

Digitized by Google

[*advancing to* Rom.] My lord, vouchſafe but for
a few ſhort moments
To give me audience.

*Rom.* Is it poſſible!
Do I not dream? The deareſt of my cares,
My only wiſh, the fair Herſilia comes,
And comes, ye Powers! to ſeek me.

*Her.* Romulus,
Wilt thou not hear me then? [*with a ſerious air.*

*Rom.* What means Herſilia?

*Her.* Thou know'ſt ſuch words offend me.
[*ſerious.*

*Rom.* In deſpite
Of all my beſt reſolves my heart will riſe
Spontaneous to my lips.

*Her.* If thou would'ſt have
Me preſent ſtill, ſpeak not in tender accents,
Nor ever ſay thou lov'ſt me.

*Rom.* [*aſide.*] Surely yet
She hates me not—[*to her.*] I ſhall obey—What
would'ſt thou?

*Her.* I come from Romulus to implore a grace.

*Rom.* A grace from me! And muſt thou yet be
told,
That from the moment I beheld thee firſt,
Thou hadſt dominion o'er my heart and throne;
O'er all—forgive me—I will curb my fondneſs,
And

Digitized by Google

And never more tranſgreſs.

*Her.* [*aſide.*] Be firm, Herſilia,
And urge him to receive Valeria's hand.

*Rom.* What would Herſilia? Speak.

*Her.* That Romulus
Would deign from me to accept another bride.

*Rom.* I?—I, Herſilia? [*with ſurpriſe.*

*Her.* Yes—I offer thee
My friend Valeria.

*Rom.* Me! [*diſturbed.*

*Her.* Thou know'ſt Valeria
Deſerves to ſhare thy heart.

*Rom.* And doſt thou thus,
Ingrate, inſult my love? Does then my faith,
My candid truth and conſtancy deſerve
This recompenſe? And canſt thou, cruel, thus
Diſtract a heart that bears thy image grav'd;
Where, cruel as thou art, thou ſtill ſhalt reign?

*Her.* [*aſide.*] Ye rigid Sabine laws! ſupport me ſtill.

*Rom.* Give me another bride! Almighty Powers!
Could not thy cold indifference then ſuffice?
To heap contempt and anguiſh on the man
Who lives not but in thee!

*Her.* [*aſide.*] My breaking heart!

*Rom.* Inſenſate as I was! I fondly deem'd
My love return'd by thine: thoſe broken accents,
Thoſe

Digitized by Google

Thoſe changing looks, involuntary tears,
That ſeem'd to ſpeak ſome paſſion ill conceal'd;
And theſe, Herſilia, were deception all! [*tenderly.*

*Her.* Ah! theſe were no deception. [*tenderly.*

*Rom.* How, Herſilia!
And was I not deceiv'd? [*with pleaſing ſurpriſe.*

*Her.* [*aſide.*] Eternal Powers!
What have I ſaid?

*Rom.* Thou treaſure of my ſoul!
[*with warmth of affection.*
Is it then true? And have I then thy love?

*Her.* O! hold——nor triumph o'er Herſilia's weakneſs.

*Rom.* But could'ſt thou, loving Romulus, propoſe
To him another bride?

*Her.* O! Heavenly Powers!
No more diſtract me—Could'ſt thou read my heart,
Ah! didſt thou know how much it felt to make
The harſh propoſal, (unavailing effort
Of tyrant duty!) which to thee appear'd
A woman's cruel inſult: ſhould I tell thee
What dreadful conflict of contending paſſions
Has rent my ſoul—Ah! Romulus, 'twould raiſe
Thy pity and thy wonder.

*Rom.* Rather ſay
My tenderneſs and love. What mortal ever
Was bleſt like me? The ador'd Herſilia's mine!

Behold

Digitized by Google

Behold the ſtar to bleſs my growing empire!
O! happy Rome!

*Her.* Alas! it cannot be.
Vain is that hope—a hope that muſt deceive thee:
I never can be thine.

*Rom.* Not mine, Herſilia!
Say, what forbids it now?

*Her.* I am a daughter.

Let this ſuffice; by thee ſubdued,
My rigour now is o'er:
By thee my inmoſt heart is view'd;
But ah! exact no more.

Still conſtant ſhall my ſoul remain
Her duty to fulfil;
Though every effort prov'd in vain
Her weakneſs to conceal. [*Exit.*

## SCENE XI.

ROMULUS *alone.*

Ah! Romulus, no longer doubt thy triumph;
Thou haſt conquer'd all Herſilia's rigid coldneſs:
Her father ſhall forget his enmity,
And yield at length conſent. Entreaties, offers,
With every 'vantage; nothing ſhall be left
Untried to gain her.

SCENE

Digitized by Google

## SCENE XII.

*Enter* HOSTILIUS *haſtily.*

*Hoſt.* Romulus, to arms!

*Rom.* What means Hoſtilius, ha!

*Hoſt.* Rome is in danger.
Acrontes, mindleſs of thy generous treatment,
Had ſcarcely gain'd his freedom when he threaten'd,
With all his force conjoin'd, to aſſail the city.

*Rom.* What force is his?

*Hoſt.* His Ceninenſian bands.
All theſe in ambuſh did he hold prepar'd
In various quarters: at his ſignal given
I ſaw the neighbouring country fill'd with arms;
A thouſand unexpected weapons blaze,
And open'd banners ſtreaming to the wind.

*Rom.* The inſenſate thinks to find us unprepar'd:
His puniſhment ſhall teach him other thoughts.
[*going.*

*Hoſt.* I at thy ſide—— [*preparing to follow.*

*Rom.* No: here remain, Hoſtilius:
Rome I intruſt to thee. Defend thy country;
Defend Herſilia: who can tell what next
The traitor may attempt? Some ſecret guile,
As yet to act, perhaps remains behind.

Go,

Digitized by Google

Go, but delay not.

*Hoſt.* On my faith repoſe. [*Exit.*

## SCENE XIII.

ROMULUS *alone.*

All thanks to thee, O God of arms! to thee,
Mother of mighty Love! from whom my blood
Derives its deathleſs ſource. My happineſs
Is all your gift, and yours the noble warmth
That now my boſom feels: in every trial
Be near me ſtill, and let your favouring preſence
For me ſtill open every path to fame.

Amidſt the toils of arms I go
A double wreath to find;
And with the amorous myrtle ſhow
The martial laurel twin'd.

A victor and a lover bleſt,
Shall I returning home,
With either conqueſt proudly grac'd,
Triumphant enter Rome. [*Exit.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

Digitized by Google

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*A wild part of the* Palatine *gardens, amongſt high craggy rocks, watered by a falling ſtream, and ſhaded with a number of thick trees.*

*Enter* CURTIUS *in haſte.*

Where ſhall I find her? Let me not neglect
The proſperous moment Fortune offers now—
Behold ſhe comes.

## SCENE II.

*Enter* HERSILIA.

My deareſt daughter, thanks
To all the Gods! at length we may depart;
The time is now arriv'd.

*Her.* Alas! you know not
A dreadful battle rages now between
The Romans and the Ceninenſian bands
Behind the Palatine: the quarter there
Is throng'd with arms and men, and every way
Barr'd from acceſs to reach the Sabine land.

*Cur.* Not all are barr'd.

*Her.* Yes, doubt it not, my father:



Digitized by Google

I from my lofty dwelling view'd beneath
The furious combatants; and from the fight
With terror flying——

*Cur.* What thy fear has form'd
An obſtacle to our intended flight,
But makes it eaſier. Rome, in tumult now,
Pours all her numbers to the threaten'd hill,
While, on the other ſide, Tarpeia's rock
Is left deſerted. Well thou know'ſt the Tiber
Runs at its foot: while on the ſide oppos'd
The combat ſtill continues, we on this
May paſs the ſtream: the further bank preſents
Etruria's friendly land; ſecurely thence
We to our native country may return.

*Her.* Behold me ready to attend your ſteps.

*Cur.* No: here I leave with thee a truſty guide;
With him depart. My followers, now conceal'd,
Collected firſt, I'll join thee on the way:
Nought can remain to fruſtrate our deſigns.
Behold the ſun is reddening in the weſt:
We, unobſerv'd, may ſafely go from Rome;
And where the river bathes Carmenta's gate
A bark will then expect us.

*Her.* [*aſide.*] Cruel parting!

*Cur.* Thou trembleſt ſtill—fear not, confide in me;
I've weigh'd it all, Herſilia, and remov'd
Whate'er

Digitized by Google

Whate'er might thwart our purpoſe: calm once more
Thy troubled boſom: liberty is near.

He breathes again, who ſees once more
The long'd-for port he left before;
Who ne'er again to view the ſhore
Had hop'd his wiſh'd return.
When paſt the gloom of dreary night,
We deem, an object dear to ſight,
The early beam of dawning light,
That tells the approach of morn. [*Exit.*

## SCENE III.

HERSILIA *alone.*

O! Tiber! Rome! and O! delightful ſhores
On which I breath'd my earlieſt ſighs of love,
I now forſake you; but with you I leave
My heart's far dearer part! How oft your name
Will to my lips return! How oft my thoughts
Haunt the dear paths of thoſe frequented hills!
Unbleſt Herſilia! never was a ſtate,
A deſtiny ſo cruel—Yes, I know
The ſoul of Romulus; and he, like him
To whom all, all he hop'd has Heaven denied,
Muſt feel an anguiſh that ſurpaſſes mine.
—Could I, ere yet I go, at leaſt but learn—



Digitized by Google

## SCENE IV.

*Enter* VALERIA.

Valeria, tell me—if thou know'ſt—O! tell me
The fortune of the fight; nor let me longer
Remain in anxious doubt.

*Val.* The fight is ended.

*Her.* And who has conquer'd?

*Val.* Romulus had firſt
Obtain'd the palm.

*Her.* But now?

*Val.* 'Tis yet unknown
Whoſe brows the laſt deciſive wreath will crown.

*Her.* Alas! what means Valeria?

*Val.* Patient hear,
Thou ſhalt know all.

*Her.* Speak then.

*Val.* The battle's fate
Seem'd near determin'd, and on every ſide
The foes, with broken ranks, no longer fac'd
The Roman ſwords: a thouſand ſigns declar'd
Their courage loſt; and falling, as they fled
They cruſh'd each other with promiſcuous ſlaughter;
When fierce Acrontes, bearing in his looks
The rage of furies, 'midſt the wounded ſteeds
And

Digitized by Google

And gaſping warriors, breaking through the tide
Of fugitives, and trampling under foot
The dead and dying, clear'd his deſperate way,
And call'd from far on Romulus by name;
Then join'd him ſoon, and with inſenſate boldneſs
Defied the victor to a ſingle trial.

*Her.* O! raſhneſs!—What enſued?

*Val.* Our hero then
Diſdaining all advantage, with a glance
Bade every warrior ceaſe to wield his arms.
The battle paus'd; an ample ſpace was left:
Alone, with look ſedate, he then advanc'd
To meet the foe and anſwer to his challenge.

*Her.* What follow'd then?

*Val.* Of that I know not yet.
When he, from whom I learn'd what I've imparted,
Had left the field the victory was doubtful.

## SCENE V.

*Enter* HOSTILIUS.

*Hoſt.* 'Tis ſo no longer—Romulus has conquer'd.

*Her.* Is it then true?

*Hoſt.* Thyſelf ſhalt ſoon behold
The firſt rich trophies, borne by ſolemn vow,
In triumph offer'd to the king of Gods.

*Val.* The trophies!—Heaven! Acrontes then—

*Hoſt.*

Digitized by Google

*Hoſt.* By proof
Acrontes ſhew'd how blinded rage muſt yield
To art and valour. All-athirſt for blood,
He ſtruck at random, heedleſs of defence,
While Romulus ſtood wiſely on his guard,
And let the madman waſte his ſtrength in vain.
When now he ſaw him panting, and perceiv'd
His blows leſs fierce and frequent, cloſe he preſs'd
Th' enfeebled foe; who yielding to the ſhock,
Retreated ſlowly, trembled, reel'd and fell;
And falling, loſt his ſword: to him ſerene
The victor haſted, rais'd him from the ground,
And gave him back his weapon.

*Her.* Generous prince!

*Hoſt.* And ſoon forgetting enmity, he thought
To claſp him to his boſom, when he ſaw
At him Acrontes aim a treacherous blow:
Then rous'd to wrath, all terrible he ruſh'd
Upon the traitor, drove the conquering ſteel,
As yet unſtain'd with his perfidious blood,
Deep through his breaſt, and lifeleſs left the foe.

*Val.* O! help me or I faint! [*ſinks down.*

*Her.* Valeria, now
Exert thy fortitude—A ſtroke like this—
—O Heaven! my father waits me. [*aſide.*] Thou, Hoſtilius,
Watch o'er a hapleſs maiden. Give, my friend,
From thee another proof of generous love:
This pious office well becomes Hoſtilius.

The

Digitized by Google

The guſh of ſudden grief forgive,
Since love to thee is known:
Nor let the fair unpitied live
For ſorrows like thy own.

If ſhe muſt ever hope in vain
To ſee her peace return;
Yet let her now at leaſt obtain
The liberty to mourn. [*Exit.*

## SCENE VI.

VALERIA, HOSTILIUS.

*Hoſt.* Ador'd Valeria! ſuffer me to own
I envy him his fate, who thus receives
The glorious tribute of ſuch precious tears.

*Val.* Hoſtilius, go: too much I feel my ſhame
To view in thee ſuch witneſs of my weakneſs.

*Hoſt.* Thy will to me is law; but know, Valeria,
I blame not thy diſtreſs, and ſhould I ſpeak
My ſecret ſoul, perhaps a firmer heart
Would charm me leſs, than ſoftneſs ſuch as thine.

Amidſt thoſe pearly drops of woe
That trickling down thy features flow,
Through which thine eyes more lovely ſhow
Thy

Digitized by Google

Thy tender heart appears.
The charms of that enchanting face,
Where pity blends a ſoftening grace,
More powerful ſeem in tears. [*Exit.*

## SCENE VII.

VALERIA *alone.*

Whom doſt thou mourn, Valeria? Ah! this grief
Makes thee partaker in another's guilt. [*riſes.*
Call, call to mind the errors of Acrontes,
And call to mind thy wrongs—Awake thy virtue;
Forget an impious—O ye Powers! to ſhed
Oblivion o'er a paſſion long indulg'd,
Demands full many a pang of lingering ſorrow!

One inſtant may the affections bind
In love's reſiſtleſs power;
But not one inſtant can the mind
To liberty reſtore.

The bird, though 'ſcap'd the vicious ſnare,
The clammy juice retains:
So feeble Virtue long will wear
Her cuſtomary chains. [*Exit.*

SCENE

Digitized by Google

## SCENE VIII.

*A ſpacious part at the foot of the* Palatine *hill, decorated for the nuptials with the* Sabine *dames. A magnificent flight of ſteps aſcending to the palace of* ROMULUS, *ſituated on the hill.*

*A numerous crowd of people aſſembled to welcome the return of the victor.* ROMULUS *enters crowned with laurel, preceded by the* Lictors *and the* Sabine *priſoners, with the trophies of ſlain* ACRONTES, *followed by his victorious army.*

CHORUS.

Our hero's glory to ſuſtain,
Ye Gods! your favour ſhow:
O! teach him every art to reign,
And triumph o'er the foe.

Still thrive the laurel that may frame
The wreaths his brow ſhall wear,
And ever his victorious name
Let earth and ſeas declare.

*Rom.* O Rome! in conqueſt learn to read
The future will of Fate;
What honour'd paths thy ſons may lead
To exalt the Roman ſtate.

If

Digitized by Google

If ſome the ſoul with knowledge fire;
To ſtars their titles give;
Bid figur'd bronze with life reſpire,
And ſculptur'd marble live:

For thee by friendly Fate deſign'd
Shall Tiber laws proclaim,
To exalt the lowly of mankind,
And haughty nations tame.

CHORUS.

Our hero's glory to ſuſtain,
Ye Gods! your favour ſhow:
O! teach him every art to reign
And triumph o'er the foe.

*Rom.* O! Rome, in conquering, learn to read
The future will of Fate——

## SCENE IX.

*Enter* VALERIA *in haſte.*

*Val.* O! help, my gracious lord! thy preſence now
Is needful to us——we have foes in Rome.

*Rom.* Ha! foes in Rome?

*Val.* Alas! 'tis true.

*Rom.* Say, where?

*Val.* Towards Carmentas' gate are all in arms:



Digitized by Google

Some thither run, while ſome with terror fly;
And every moment wider ſpreads the tumult.

*Rom.* Follow me, Romans.

## SCENE X.

*Enter* HOSTILIUS.

*Hoſt.* All is now at peace,
Reſerve your valour for a nobler cauſe.
[*to* Rom.

*Rom.* What cauſe——

*Hoſt.* Would'ſt thou believe it, Romulus?
One has but now been found to make the attempt
To bear Herſilia hence.

*Rom.* But how, enclos'd
Within the city, could the raviſher
E'er hope to eſcape?

*Hoſt.* Already had he brib'd
The guards that watch'd the gates, but could not thus
Deceive my vigilance; my charge was given
The centinels ſhould take their poſt by turns;
And hence they never long remain'd the ſame.
The traitor, coming with Herſilia, found
The paſs defended, which he ſtrove to force.
His followers all, though fiercely bent on conqueſt,
Were ſlain, and he himſelf remain'd a priſoner.

*Val.*

Digitized by Google

*Val.* O! wondrous daring!

*Rom.* And Herſilia then——

*Hoſt.* Herſilia panting then and wild with terror——

## SCENE XI.

*Enter* HERSILIA.

*Her.* Ah! Romulus, have pity—mercy! pardon! [*goes to kneel to* Rom.

*Rom.* O! princeſs, riſe [*prevents her.*] What would'ſt thou? Calm thy terror,
Thou art now in ſafety here.

*Her.* Preſerve my father:
Preſerve him from the ſoldier's inſolence;
Preſerve him from the people's rage.

*Rom.* Thy father?

*Hoſt.* O! Heaven! was he who held thy hand, whoſe valour
I mark'd with wonder in the fight, was he—

*Her.* He is my father.

*Rom.* Say Hoſtilius, then
What has befallen him?

*Hoſt.* He remains a priſoner.
I deem'd it prudent to ſecure in him
The means of more diſcovery; while his aſpect
And valour claim'd reſpect

*Rom.* But where is now
The prince diſpos'd?

*Hoſt.*

Digitized by Google

*Hoſt.* I left him 'midſt the guard.

*Rom.* Conduct him inſtant hither.

*Hoſt.* See—he's here.

## SCENE LAST.

*Enter* CURTIUS *guarded.*

*Rom.* O! valiant prince! and muſt our enmity
For ever laſt? Shall daily cauſe of ſtrife
Divide too warlike nations, form'd by Heaven
To rule the ſubject world? Here end at length
Our mutual hatred. To its place reſtor'd,
Return thy honour'd weapon: thou art free,
For Romulus has now no claim on Curtius.

*Cur.* [*aſide.*] What unexpected words are theſe
I hear?

*Rom.* Thou anſwer'ſt not, O! prince!

*Her.* [*aſide.*] Alas! my father
Remains implacable.

*Rom.* Ah! ſince thy power,
With ſuch a gift as Heaven on thee beſtow'd,
Can happineſs confer; neglect not now
The bleſt occaſion. Should'ſt thou grant to me
Herſilia's hand, what treaſure would be mine,
Mine by thy goodneſs! Aſk me then whate'er
A grateful heart can pay: thyſelf preſcribe
The laws to bind our friendſhip; Curtius, then
Direct my future fate.



Digitized by Google

*Cur.* [*aſide.*] O! mighty Gods!
Why was not Romulus a Sabine born?

*Her.* [*aſide.*] Alas! he ſtill is ſilent.

*Rom.* Speak, Herſilia.

*Her.* O! Heaven! What can I ſay? I am a daughter;
I know my father's will, and this to obey
I need not tell thee is my firſt of duties.

*Rom.* My fate is then decided; ſince no leſs
His ſilence, than thy ſpeech, declares his purpoſe.
Ah! Curtius! every hope I ſee is vain
To ſhake thy conſtancy. Though nought avails
To conquer Curtius, ſtill to me remains
The conqueſt o'er myſelf. Go hence in freedom,
And bear thy daughter to her native land.

*Cur.* And doſt thou then reſtore Herſilia to me?

*Rom.* I do.

*Cur.* O Gods!

*Rom.* A lover and belov'd,
A conqueror, I reſtore her to thy arms.

*Cur.* [*aſide.*] O! virtue more than human!

*Rom.* O! farewell! [*to* Her.
Farewell my only joy! Heaven ſtill preſerve thee
Thy ſex's pride, thy noble father's honour,

My

Digitized by Google

My ſoul's fond worſhip and the world's example.

*Her.* [*aſide.*] Support me, Heaven!

*Cur.* [*aſide.*] And who can hate this Roman?

*Rom.* Yet ſpeak, O! prince, at leaſt vouchſafe a look

Ere yet we part; and ſince thou will not own
A father's name, yet deign to part a friend,
And let our former enmity ſubſide.

*Cur.* Enough, enough, my ſon, Herſilia's thine;

Thou haſt conquer'd.

*Rom.* Do I dream?

*Her.* Can this be true?

*Cur.* I have not in this boſom, O! my children,
A heart of flint. Who loves not Romulus
That knows his virtues? Love him, my Herſilia,
I love him too, adore him, and am thankful
To Heaven that ſav'd me for ſo bleſt a day.

*Rom.* O! happy Rome!

*Her.* My father and my huſband!

CHORUS.

Ye Gods! whoſe power directs below
Th' events of mortal men;
By whom their fortunes mingled flow,
The cloudy and ſerene.

Propitious

Digitized by Google

Propitious days by you be given
To bleſs this faithful pair;
Since nuptial chains for theſe in Heaven
Were fram'd beneath your care.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

Digitized by Google

# THE DISCOVERY OF JOSEPH:

## A

## SACRED DRAMA.



Digitized by Google

## PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

JOSEPH.

BENJAMIN,
JUDAH,
SIMEON, } his Brethren.

ASENETHA, Wife to JOSEPH.

THANETES, Confidant of JOSEPH.

CHORUS of JACOB'S Sons.

SCENE, MEMPHIS.

Digitized by Google

# THE DISCOVERY OF JOSEPH.

## PART THE FIRST.

JOSEPH, THANETES.

*Joſ.* None of the Hebrew brethren yet return'd?

*Than.* None yet, my lord.

*Joſ.* Haſt thou diſpatch'd, to explore
The public ways?

*Than* I have; but ſent in vain
Full many a meſſenger.

*Joſ.* Yet not ſo far
Is Mambre's valley from theſe regal walls,
But ſince they parted hence, their tardy feet
Might long ere this have meaſur'd back the way.

*Than.* Forgive me, if I know not what to think
Of ſuch concern: a few poor ſimple ſhepherds
Appear an object far beneath your care.

*Joſ.* [*aſide.*] Thanetes little thinks theſe ſimple ſhepherds

Are

Digitized by Google

Are Joſeph's brethren—[*to him.*]—I'm offended, friend,
To find myſelf deceiv'd: to theſe I gave
In charge to bring with them, at their return,
Young Benjamin, old Jacob's lateſt born.
Thou heard'ſt with what unwilling lips they vow'd
To do my bidding.

*Than.* But your wiſdom well
Secur'd compliance, by detaining one
A hoſtage for their faith: if this ſhould fail,
The force of famine muſt again compel
Theſe Hebrews back. The barren provinces
Yield not ſufficient nurture to ſuſtain
The pale inhabitants: the blighted corn
Dies in the blade, or ſhoots not from the ſoil.
The feeble ſhepherd mourns his leſſening flock,
The famiſh'd cattle chew the unſavoury ſtubble
Unmeet for nouriſhment: the huſbandman,
With trembling feet, each field explores in vain
For life-ſuſtaining food; while Memphis only
(Such thanks to you we owe) abounds with plenty
Of well-ſtor'd harveſt, and the afflicted world
To fly from famine, all repair to Egypt.

*Joſ.* If Benjamin, a victim to the rage
Of envious brethren, ſhould no longer live,
What hopes to ſee him here?

*Than.* And whence, my lord,

Can

Digitized by Google

Can ſuch ſuſpicions riſe within your breaſt?

*Joſ.* The boy was Jacob's hope.

*Than.* What then?

*Joſ.* Myſelf,
Myſelf, like him, have known the calumny,
The treacherous wiles of deep fraternal envy.—
O! powerful King of Heaven! protect and ſave him.

*Than.* What means this tenderneſs for one unknown?

*Joſ.* My life with Benjamin's is nearly pair'd,
His fortune bids me recollect my own,

By nature to compaſſion mov'd,
We feel the griefs of thoſe,
Whoſe hapleſs deſtiny has prov'd
The touch of kindred woes.

A ſympathy the heart conſtrains
To pity the diſtreſt;
When, by our own, we judge the pains
That rend another's breaſt.

*Than.* And this, ſhall this ſuffice to make you wretched!
Alas! how true, that here on earth is found
No perfect happineſs: for if to paſs
From life's worſt evils to the higheſt rank
Of human honours, be indeed a bleſſing,
Who ſhould like you rejoice? A ſlave, a ſtranger



Digitized by Google

You came to Memphis; ſlander'd by a baſe
Unhallow'd tongue and bound in cruel chains,
Your life was forfeited, when righteous Heaven
Declar'd itſelf for Joſeph: future time
Was open'd to your view: to one your words
Greatneſs preſag'd, to one they menac'd death.
All Memphis heard your propheſies: the king
Perplex'd recurr'd to you; your wiſdom ſolv'd
His anxious doubts; diſclos'd the impending evils,
And ſhew'd the remedies: th' event declar'd
Your counſels juſt. Behold you now remov'd
From priſon to the palace; ſee your fetters
Exchang'd for glittering gems and coſtly robes,
Sublimely ſeated on the regal car,
You paſs thoſe ways, which once your feet had trod
A ſhackled priſoner; hear your name proclaim'd
The SAVIOUR OF MANKIND. Now miniſter
Of king and people, ripe with blooming honours,
Rich in a beauteous offspring, bleſt by all
The grateful world, and highly lov'd of Heaven,
It ſeems that nought is wanting to your wiſhes;
And yet amidſt this unexampled flow
Of earthly bleſſings, your inventive mind
Can for itſelf create unthought-of evils.

Did every outward feature ſhow
The inward pangs of ſecret woe,
How oft would thoſe our pity know,
That now our envy move.

'Twould

Digitized by Google

'Twould then be ſeen, in many a breaſt,
What cruel foes their peace moleſt;
And thoſe, who ſeem to us ſo bleſt,
As wretched then would prove.

*Joſ.* Thanetes, go—Aſenetha approaches.
Forget not my command: if Jacob's ſons,
If Benjamin ſhould come, return with ſpeed
To welcome their arrival.

*Than.* I obey.
My gracious lord, henceforth be to yourſelf
What you are ſtill to others; every comfort
You give to them, but to yourſelf diſtreſs,
You heal another's pains, but feed your own.

ASENETHA, JOSEPH.

*Aſen.* My conſort, is Aſenetha permitted
To aſk a boon.

*Joſ.* The doubt, my love, offends me.

*Aſen.* Releaſe the Hebrew priſoner from his bonds.

*Joſ.* Simeon?

*Aſen.* The ſame.

*Joſ.* But what excites thy pity
For one thou know'ſt not?

*Aſem.* And what rigour, ſay,
Has mov'd you to the puniſhment of one,
Who ne'er to you was guilty?

*Joſ.*

Digitized by Google

*Joſ.* And how know'ſt thou
That he is innocent?

*Aſen.* His crime I ſee not:
His puniſhment is preſent to my ſight.

*Joſ.* And is it leſs a crime becauſe unknown?

*Aſen.* But yet it merits ſure, forgive me Joſeph,
A judge more merciful.

*Joſ.* But not unjuſt.

*Aſen.* Alas! my lord, without the touch of pity,
Juſtice were cruelty.

*Joſ.* And but for juſtice,
Pity were weakneſs.

*Aſen.* Let us imitate
The CAUSE of ALL, who ſheds his kindly rain
Alike on good and wicked: equal HE
Wills that his bleſſed ſun ſhould ſhine on both.

*Joſ.* Who ſeeks to be like him, ſometimes muſt ſcourge,
For their correction, thoſe whom moſt he loves.

*Aſen.* But what you feel for Simeon, pardon ſir,
By outward ſigns more hatred ſeems than love.

*Joſ.* Condemn me not too ſoon. How apt is man
To judge of others harſhly! Wretched fruit
Of blind ſelf-love! The blame we caſt on others
Is flattery to our pride: we ſeem to gain
That

Digitized by Google

That which we take from them; and ever ſeek
To find companions of our faults in others,
Or faults which we have not; and hence it comes
We change the names of things: fear, in ourſelves,
Is prudence call'd, and meanneſs, modeſty.
But ſeen in others, modeſty is meanneſs,
And prudence fear. 'Tis hence we ever prove
So partial to ourſelves; and hence it comes
With ſlow belief we join the voice of praiſe,
While cenſure ever finds our open ear.

Ah! ſtill with haſty judgment fear
To view another's deed;
For what may cruelty appear,
From mercy may proceed.

More cautious weigh whate'er can move
Your thoughts to vain ſurmiſe:
As cruelty may mercy prove,
So mercy may chaſtiſe.

*Aſen.* If you refuſe to ſet the priſoner free,
At leaſt conſent to hear him: this, my lord,
You will not ſure deny.

*Joſ.* I grant thy ſuit:
Bring Simeon hither. [*to a ſervant*] Little does ſhe know
The ſecret treaſon once employ'd againſt me;
That Simeon is my brother and my foe. [*aſide.*

*Aſen.*

Digitized by Google

*Aſen.* Thus by his ſpeech, his action and his looks
You may divine his innocence or guilt.

*Joſ.* Fallacious ſigns, Aſenetha, are theſe.
'Tis not for us to penetrate the ſecrets
That lurk within the heart: the mortal ſight
Views but the outward ſemblance: God alone
Beholds the ſoul of man.

*Aſen.* But oft the ſoul
That actuates life, impreſſes on the body
Such ſtrong emotions, that the paſſions lie
Unveil'd, and looks and geſtures ſpeak the man.

Each tree will by its aſpect ſhow
Whate'er defect is hid below:
By leaf and fruit and flower we know
What from the eye the root conceals.
In vain the face may features wear
To veil the mind's corroding care;
While borrow'd ſmiles would peace declare,
A look the war within reveals.

JOSEPH, ASENETHA, SIMEON.

*Joſ.* See, Simeon comes—[*aſide.*] O! could he but divine
That Joſeph lives in me—Eternal Juſtice!
Behold him in my power; behold him bound,
Bound in a brother's chains whoſe life he ſought!



Digitized by Google

—Shepherd, draw near.

*Sim.* Thus proſtrate, mighty lord,
Thus humbly at your feet——

*Joſ.* Riſe.

*Sim.* [*aſide.*] Sure that voice—
What means that likeneſs? Wherefore do I tremble?
Why have I loſt all courage?

*Aſen.* Speak.

*Sim.* I dare not:
I feel, I feel in preſence of your lord
A ſudden coldneſs freezing at my heart.

*Joſ.* [*aſide.*] Remorſe has touch'd him, yet he knows not why.

*Joſ.* Shepherd, thy name——

*Sim.* Thou know'ſt it well—'tis Simeon.

*Joſ.* Thy country?

*Sim.* Carra.

*Joſ.* And thy father?

*Sim.* Jacob.

*Joſ.* Thy mother?

*Sim.* Leah.

*Joſ.* Who are thoſe that came
With thee companions at thy firſt arrival?

*Sim.* My brethren.

*Joſ.* Was not Jacob then a father

To

Digitized by Google

To more than theſe?

*Sim.* Alas! alas! he was:
The beauteous Rachael bore him other ſons.

*Joſ.* Their names were? Say.

*Sim.* Joſeph and Benjamin.

*Joſ.* Why came not theſe with thee?

*Sim.* The youngeſt ſtay'd
To cheer his aged father.

*Joſ.* And the elder?

*Sim.* O! powerful God!—the elder—

*Joſ.* Speak—what follows?

*Sim.* I know not what befel——

*Joſ.* [*aſide.*] But well I know.

*Aſen.* [*aſide.*] The colour leaves his cheek.

*Joſ.* Tell me at leaſt—
Does Joſeph live?

*Sim.* His father mourns his death.

*Joſ.* Is he then dead?

*Sim.* To us his fate's unknown.

*Joſ.* Thy words but ill agree.

*Sim.* Yet truly ſpoken.

*Joſ.* But what was Joſeph's fortune?

*Sim.* Mighty lord,
Speak not of Joſeph more—his name alone
Is tenfold anguiſh to the heart of Simeon.

*Joſ.*

Digitized by Google

*Joſ.* What crime has he committed?

*Sim.* None—O! none.

*Joſ.* Perhaps, ungrateful to a tender father,
Falſe to his brethren's love, with impious guile
He ſought your lives, and merits now your hatred.

*Sim.* O! he was innocent, was juſt to all—
Ah! ſir, what have you aſk'd? How wak'd remembrance
To dreadful images! Diſmiſs me hence;
For pity's ſake diſmiſs me to my dungeon:
You know not how you rack me—O! that look
Has wither'd all my ſtrength, and every queſtion
Infixes in my breaſt a thouſand ſtings.

O! mighty God! I now behold
The tears that down his features roll'd;
The tears of innocence and truth.
I hear his ſighs, I hear him mourn,
Thus from a ſire's embraces torn,
In all the bloom of early youth.

*Joſ.* [*aſide.*] My ſoul is mov'd!—O! let me now, to give
His ſorrows eaſe, reveal the brother—no—
Time is not yet mature—[*to him*] Thy doubtful words
Increaſe my firſt ſuſpicions; while to this
Thy brethren's long delay——

JOSEPH,

Digitized by Google

JOSEPH, ASENETHA, SIMEON, THANETES.

*Than.* His brethren, ſir,
Are now arriv'd.

*Joſ.* And Benjamin?

*Than.* Behold him;
Obſerve that ſtripling who with tardy ſteps
Now lags behind the reſt.

*Joſ.* [*looking out.*] O! powerful nature!
How do I trace in him a mother's likeneſs! [*aſide.*
—Thanetes, go; prepare the friendly banquet:
Let Simeon be releas'd from bonds, and you,
Ye ſhepherds, now draw near—[*aſide.*] Betray me not,
My yearning heart!

JOSEPH, ASENETHA, SIMEON, THANETES, JUDAH, BENJAMIN, *and the reſt of* JOSEPH'S *brethren.*

*Judah.* Our promiſe, mighty lord,
Behold fulfill'd: behold us once again
Thus proſtrate at your feet: then caſt aſide
Your former doubts, and now vouchſafe to take,
With every zealous vow of grateful homage,
Theſe preſents offer'd here.

*Joſ.* What preſents? Say.

*Judah.*

Digitized by Google

*Judah.* Accept our humble tribute here,
The balm of many an odorous tear
Diſtilling from the Arabian tree:
The liquor ſweet, as cryſtal clear,
The produce of the labouring bee.
In gifts like theſe no wealth is ſhown;
But what we give we boaſt our own,
The fruits of ſimple induſtry.

*Joſ.* I take your offer'd preſents: riſe, my friends,
Say, is your father well? The hoary Jacob
Of whom ye ſpake, ſay does the good man live?

*Judah.* He lives, your ſervant lives, but bow'd beneath
The weight of years.

*Joſ.* And Benjamin, the youth
Of whom ye ſpake?

*Judah.* Behold him here.

*Joſ.* My ſon——
[*aſide.*] O! how his ſight alone affects my ſoul!
[*to him.*] Heaven! O my ſon, be watchful o'er thy days,
And keep thee ſtill.—[*aſide.*] O God! what ſudden tumult
Of burſting paſſion! [*to him*] Still, my ſon, preſerve——

[*aſide.*]

Digitized by Google

[*aſide.*] My eyes o'erflow with tears——I can no longer
Reſtrain their courſe—O! let me ſeek elſewhere
To hide me from their preſence.

[*retires with* Thanetes.

JUDAH, SIMEON, BENJAMIN, *and the reſt of the brethren.*

*Benj.* Does he then
Abruptly leave us thus?

*Judah.* I know not, brethren,
What mean thoſe broken accents.

*Sim.* Ah! too ſurely
He has till now conceal'd, beneath the veil
Of placid looks, the anger in his boſom.

*Judah.* Who knows for us what Fate has next prepar'd?

*Benj.* Whither, my brethren, would you lead me now?

*Sim.* We merit all we feel: for Joſeph's ſufferings
The Almighty now purſues us: prayers and tears
Alas! avail'd not him.

*Judah.* In vain I urg'd,
Touch not the guiltleſs youth, and lo! from us
His blood is now requir'd.

JUDAH,

Digitized by Google

JUDAH, SIMEON, BENJAMIN, *the reſt of* JOSEPH'S *brethren*, THANETES.

*Than.* Shepherds, my lord
Requires your preſence; he would have you ſhare
With him the ſocial banquet.

*Sim.* Ah! ſome ſnare
Is ſurely laid for our unhappy lives.

*Benj.* O! what a day is this!

*Judah.* O! fatal banquet!

*Than.* Why loiter thus? Come ſhepherds, let us go.

JUDAH, SIMEON, BENJAMIN, *and the reſt of* JOSEPH'S *brethren.*

*All.* Great GOD of Iſrael! hear; defend thy people.

CHORUS.

Great GOD of Abraham! we confeſs our guilt,
But we are ſtill thy people: deal not then
Thy judgments ſtrictly; for before thy ſight
What living ſoul ſhall e'er be juſtify'd?
And whither, whither ſhall we fly to ſhun
A GOD incens'd but to a gracious GOD?
Our hopes, our fears, on thee alike depend,
On thee our Judge, our Father and our Friend!

END OF THE FIRST PART.



Digitized by Google

## PART THE SECOND.

JOSEPH, THANETES.

*Joſ.* Haſt thou obſerv'd my bidding?

*Than.* All is done.
From me the Hebrew brethren have receiv'd
The corn thou gav'ſt in charge, and in the portion
Conſign'd to Benjamin I have conceal'd
The ſilver chalice, us'd by thee at banquets
And ſolemn auguries; and this to them
Unknown, the ſhepherds are with joy departed;
But from amongſt thy menials one at diſtance
Purſued their ſteps; and ſcarce they ſhall have paſs'd
The city's gates, when he will ſeize and queſtion
Of their imputed theft, and then conduct them
As criminals before thee.

*Joſ.* As I bade,
Thou duly haſt diſcharg'd—but whence the wonder
Thy looks declare?

*Than.* Who would not, gracious lord,
But marvel at the ſtrange diſcordant paſſions,
Which I have mark'd in you? I've ſeen you loſt
In tender feelings and inflam'd with anger,

All

Digitized by Google

All in the ſelf-ſame moment. As a friend
You welcome Jacob's ſons, and then confus'd
Abruptly leave them: to the feſtive banquet
You bid them gueſts, and then with ſecret ſnares
Would ſeem to ſeek their ruin. Benjamin
You have diſtinguiſh'd by a thouſand tokens
Of tenderneſs and love; and yet on him
Would fix'd the proof of this imagin'd crime.

*Joſ.* 'Tis not permitted thee, Thanetes, yet
To fathom Joſeph's thoughts. Go, bring once more
Theſe shepherds to my ſight. Without enquiry
To know my counſels, blindly thou obey
My will unqueſtion'd, tho' obſcure; nor think
On thee my laws too rigidly impos'd.
Each man, by ſocial compact, muſt be ſubject
To powers ſuperior: theſe degrees are fram'd
By God's high ordinance, and he whoſe will
Reſiſts his mightier's will, reſiſts his God.

*Than.* My zeal would not be raſh, but when permitted
Would humbly ſpeak, or ſilently obey.
Thy laws I honour, nor am yet to learn
What duties ſuit the ſtation of Thanetes.

The ſervant ill his lord obeys,
And forfeits all a ſervant's praiſe,
Who each command preſuming weighs,
And firſt approves or blames.



Digitized by Google

He ſlights th' eternal laws that bind
The various ſtations of mankind,
Who, mindleſs of his place aſſign'd,
Himſelf a judge proclaims.

JOSEPH *alone.*

O! thou ETERNAL TRUTH! who read'ſt the ſecrets
Of every heart, thou know'ſt if e'er I cheriſh'd
Againſt my brethren aught of fell revenge.
Almighty Power! for ever from my breaſt
Avert ſuch dire deſign, which ſtill returns
To plague its author; which employ'd on thoſe
Above our ſtrength, is folly; on our equals,
At leaſt is dangerous: and on thoſe beneath us,
Is abject tyranny. The feign'd reſentment
My features wore, ſought only from my brethren
Repentance for the paſt: I only wiſh'd
To ſet before them all the dreadful ſufferings,
To which the wicked tend, that thus the fear
Of juſt reproach awaiting on guilty deeds,
Might henceforth teach them to abhor the crime.

A mother ſuch reſentment wears,
Soft pity in her eyes;
Each moment threats, but ſtill forbears
Her darling to chaſtiſe.

She

Digitized by Google

She lifts her hand, but lifts in vain,
For ere her hand deſcends,
In act to ſtrike, her love reſtrains,
And love the ſtroke ſuſpends.

JOSEPH, ASENETHA.

*Aſen.* Alas! my lord, too truly have you ſpoken;
I now reproach my own too eaſy faith.

*Joſ.* What ſince has chanc'd?

*Aſen.* 'Tis now a time for rigour.
Thy gueſts ungrateful, who but late have left us,
By fraud contriv'd to ſteal the ſacred chalice
Employ'd by thee to read events to come.

*Joſ.* What ſays Aſenetha?

*Aſen.* I ſpeak but truth.
When by thy menials ſeiz'd, they firmly firſt
Denied the charge. "Let him, whoe'er is guilty,
Let him (they cry'd) be puniſh'd, let him die;
And let the reſt remain in Egypt ſlaves."
Thy miniſters purſued their ſearch, and found
The unworthy theft conceal'd amid'ſt the corn
Conſign'd to Benjamin. The brethren then
Loſt all their courage: breathleſs, pale and ſilent,
Without defence, they all with one accord
Their veſtures rent and wept in floods of anguiſh.

*Joſ.* Perhaps they are not guilty.

*Aſen.*

Digitized by Google

*Aſen.* Do my words
Deſerve ſo little faith?

*Joſ.* It was but now
You thought them innocent, and now affirm
That you were then deceiv'd. Who knows but ſoon
You may, Aſenetha, repeat the ſame,
And call your preſent thought a new deception.

*Aſen.* Forgive me, conſort, ſure your frequent doubts
Are carried to the extreme.

*Joſ.* And yet we never
Exert ſufficient caution: outward objects
Are known but dimly by the ſoul, enclos'd
"Within this wall of fleſh." Our partial knowledge
The ſenſes give, fallacious miniſters!
For theſe are ever ſubject to miſtake:
Yet, on their faith, we pardon or condemn
With doubtful judgment.

*Aſen.* Ever muſt the ſoul
Remain uncertain of the truth; and live
Blind in her ſtate of darkneſs?

*Joſ.* Yes, in vain
We hope for light, unleſs in HIM we ſeek it,
The ſole, immutable, eternal fount
Of light eternal! HIM the firſt, the greateſt,
The cauſe of every cauſe: in whom alone

We

Digitized by Google

We move and live; who centers in himſelf
Whate'er is good; light, ſpirit, peace and juſtice,
And wiſdom infinite, and truth and life!

*Aſen.* What heavenly ſplendor lightens in thy features!
While, as thou ſpeak'ſt, thine accents ſtrike my ſenſe
With more than mortal ſounds! I ſhake with awe
To hear thy voice, and while thy ſoul ſeems rapt
To GOD's high preſence, here I lag below
And feel the clog of this "ſin-tainted mold."

As loſt in gloomy woods I ſtray,
I view beſide me pale Diſmay,
Nor know what path muſt yet be tried:
O! thou, my ſun, reveal thy light;
For who but thee can lead me right,
My faithful counſellor and guide?

JOSEPH, ASENETHA, THANETES, JUDAH, SIMEON, BENJAMIN, *and the reſt of* JOSEPH's *brethren.*

*Than.* Behold the criminals.

*Aſen.* See where they lie,
Stretch'd humbly at thy feet.

*Than.* And not a tongue
Dares break the ſolemn ſilence.

*Joſ.* Thoughtleſs men,

What

Digitized by Google

What have ye done? Inſenſate! not to know
My ſkill in divination.

*Judah.* Mighty lord,
How ſhall we anſwer? What can words avail?
What plead in our behalf? Th' Eternal Power
Too well remembers now our paſt offences—
This day exacts the forfeit.—Mighty GOD!
I feel thy hand avenging: well I ſee
The ſecret workings of thy juſtice, arm'd
Againſt the hidden deeds of ſinful man.

Behold the man with guilt oppreſt!
By day, by night he mourns;
By thee, his conſcience, ne'er at reſt,
With flames unceaſing burns,
Till every treaſon in his breaſt
Upon himſelf returns.

*Joſ.* Forbid it heaven, that Joſeph e'er ſhould take
Such rigorous meaſures. No, the theft was prov'd
On Benjamin: let him alone remain
With me in ſervitude; and you, ye brethren,
Return in freedom to your father's preſence.

*Judah.* How can we e'er return to Jacob's ſight?

*Benj.* Return, return! and I alone remain
A ſlave in Egypt?

*Joſ.* Only thou: the reſt
This inſtant muſt depart.

*Benj.*

Digitized by Google

*Benj.* A little ſtay:—
Ah! Judah, tell me, Judah, is it thus
You keep your promiſe given? At leaſt, my brethren,
Refuſe me not one tender laſt embrace.
Alas! you all depart, and leave me here
A guiltleſs priſoner! What will now become
Of Jacob, aged Jacob, when he learns
The fate of Benjamin his darling child?

If yet your breaſts compaſſion know,
And feel a wretched brother's woe,
For me to mourning Jacob go,
And kiſs for me a father's hand.
Tell him his child alive remains,
And ſtill for him his love retains ——
But tell him not I live in chains,
A ſlave, O! Heaven, in Egypt's land!

*Joſ.* [*aſide.*] Be ſtill my beating heart!

*Judah.* And is there none,
No hope to appeaſe you?

*Joſ.* None: the word is given
And muſt be now obey'd.

*Judah.* Hear me at leaſt
Without reſentment: hear me, gracious lord.

*Joſ.* What canſt thou ſay? Diſpatch.

*Judah.* You well remember
When firſt I came to Memphis.



Digitized by Google

*Joſ.* I remember
I gave thee then in charge to bring before me
Thy brother Benjamin: thou mad'ſt reply,
His mourning father will not live, depriv'd
Of him, his age's hope. I anſwer'd then:
Think not without the child to ſee me more.

*Judah.* On this condition we return'd to Jacob.
Again he urg'd us to reviſit Egypt:
"In vain" (I cry'd) "our journey, if the youth,
If Benjamin remain." "And how (he ſaid)
Can Jacob live, depriv'd of all his ſons?
Alas! alas! I bore of Rachel's love
Two pledges only: one, O! Heaven! the firſt,
Was made to ſavage beaſts a bleeding prey:
You knew it well, for you, my ſons, you brought
The fatal tidings—him I ſaw no more!
If now this ſecond leave me, ſhould ſome chance,
Some diſmal chance, o'ertake him on the way,
You haſten to the grave my hoary age."
Meantime the famine now increas'd: what then,
What then could wretched Jacob? If he ſtill
Retain'd his Benjamin, he died with want;
And ſhould he part from Benjamin, the grief
Of ſuch a parting kills him: "O! my father,"
(I thus at length) "O! father moſt belov'd!
To me intruſt him: if I ſee thy face
Without the child, to all ſucceeding time
Impute to me the guilt." He heard, believ'd
My plighted faith. I parted and fulfill'd



Digitized by Google

Your ſtrict command. Now hear me, gracious lord;
Thou art a father and haſt been a ſon:
O! for a moment to thyſelf tranſplant
Thy ſervant's feelings: can I ſtand before
My father's ſight without his truſted pledge?
Ah! no——O! then let Benjamin return
To ſorrowing Jacob; I, and I alone,
Will here in ſervitude for him remain:
Ah! rather let me ſuffer all, than witneſs
The frantic ravings of paternal ſorrow.

*Joſ.* [*aſide.*] My heart is rent—I cannot bear—

*Judah.* Ah! why,
Why doſt thou hide thy face? Alas! in pity,
If not for me, yet ſure a wretched father
At leaſt may claim it——O! my gracious lord,
Had you been preſent at this cruel parting!
It ſeem'd as if his life and darling ſon
At once were raviſh'd from his aged breaſt.
"Farewell" (he cried) and once again embrac'd him;
Again to this, to that he recommends
The weeping innocent; then calls on Rachel,
Then recollects his Joſeph; finds them both
Trac'd in the features of his Benjamin;
And finds in them his every loſs renew'd,
All!—all!—you weep—what means this gracious ſign?
Our woes have touch'd your heart—O! mighty God?

Improve

Digitized by Google

Improve thoſe kindly tears.

*Joſ.* Enough, enough—
I can no longer hold—my deareſt brethren,
Know your own blood—I here abandon all
My late aſſum'd reſentment—come, O! come,
Come to your brother's boſom—I am Joſeph.

*Judah.* Joſeph!

*Benj.* Eternal GOD!

*Sim.* Ah! wretched we,
Where ſhall we hide us now?

*Than.* O! ſtrange events!

*Aſen.* Moſt wonderful!

*Joſ.* No, let not the remembrance
Of Joſeph ſold to bondage now afflict you:
To that event, both Egypt and yourſelves
Have ow'd your preſervation: to this land
GOD ſent me firſt but to prepare your way.
Return, return, my brethren, to your father,
Tell him the greatneſs of his ſon, and tell him
To haſte and ſhare it with me. Silent ſtill?
Perhaps you yet may doubt me? Anſwer, Judah.
Simeon, be comforted: draw near, my brother,
My Benjamin!

*Aſen.* Was ever ſeen, Thanetes,
A ſpectacle like this? Obſerve how all
The impatient brethren crowd around my lord,
While mingled paſſions ſtrive in every face
Of fear and gladneſs; On his forehead one
Imprints

Digitized by Google

Imprints an eager kiſs; that, on his hand;
This on his cheek, and that his veſt, whilſt he
With equal warmth would anſwer all their loves
And give them all himſelf. Their tongues can find
No words diſtinct, and in th' exceſs of joy,
Inſtead of words, they mingle tender tears.

How well thoſe ſtruggling paſſions ſhow,
What language ſcarce reveals:
From ſuch a ſilence well I know,
Whate'er the breaſt conceals.

A joy ſincere requires not words
Its feelings to diſcloſe;
And little aid the tongue affords
When bliſs the heart o'erflows.

*Judah.* O! merciful as juſt!

*Sim.* O! generous brother!

*Benj.* O! happy Joſeph!

*Judah.* Lo! thy dreams are now
At length fulfill'd.

*Sim.* Eternal Providence!
To thee all human wiſdom is but folly.
By us was Joſeph ſold leſt future time
Should ſee us ſubject to him; and behold
The ſame unfeeling act that gave him bonds,
Has brought us here to worſhip at his feet!

*Judah.* So GOD, the great diſpoſer of events,
In wiſdom plans, that they who moſt oppoſe,



Digitized by Google

Fulfill his ſecret purpoſe.

*Joſ.* O! my brethren,
The ſtrange viciſſitudes of Joſeph's life
Muſt veil ſome ſecret truths. To you I came
In love ſincere, commiſſion'd from my father;
You ſought my death; you ſold me for a price
To rude barbarians: then, a ſlave in Egypt,
Accus'd and innocent, I bore the ſhame
Without defence, and ſuffer'd puniſhment
Due to my falſe accuſer: plac'd between
Two hapleſs criminals; to one my lips
Predicted death, to one a happier change.
In friendſhip now with them, ſo late my foes,
I miniſter'd the food of life to them
Who ſought my death. I heard myſelf proclaim'd
THE SAVIOUR OF THE EARTH. Am I the image
Of one far greater? Sure ſome mighty work
Is ripening now, and Joſeph's life is given
A type and ſhadow by myſterious Heaven.

CHORUS.

Inſenate he, whoſe impious folly dares
Oppoſe his GOD: he falls into the ſnares
He laid for others, that at laſt encloſe
The wiſeſt with inextricable woes.
True Virtue, like a palm, all force defies,
And, more oppreſt, ſhall ſtill more vigorous riſe.

END OF THE SECOND PART.

Digitized by Google

# CANTATAS.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

# CANTATAS.

## FISHING.

Already evening ſhades prevail,
And hover o'er the darkening ſeas:
Come, Nyſa, come, with me inhale
From placid waves the freſhening breeze.

Of pure delights they little know,
Who ne'er, along this ſhore reclin'd,
Have watch'd the peaceful waters' flow,
Light curling to the gentle wind.

Come, Nyſa, leave awhile thy calm retreat,
Leave thy favour'd ruſtic ſeat;
For pleaſure dwells not there alone,
Theſe rocks and waves have pleaſures of their own.

Here, when the night has veil'd each eye,
In yonder ſea, that ſeems another ſky,
The innumerous ſtars that gild the ſphere,
Bright and more bright, increaſing ſtill, appear:
And look, the moon's reflected beams
Sparkle, with broken light, amidſt the briny ſtreams.



Digitized by Google

At morn I'll ſound the twiſted ſhell,
Which not our oaten pipes excel:
And ſince, alas! my Nyſa's ear
Diſdains her lover's plaints to hear,
I'll ſing of Glauce, Doris' name,
I'll Galatea's pains proclaim,
And Thetis better known to fame.
Thou, from the beach, ſhalt view thy harmleſs breed
Of favourite lambs on tender herbage feed,
And twixt the ſheltering branches ſhun
The fervors of a mid-day ſun:
Meantime thy hand the tapering reed may bear,
And with inſidious hook the fiſh inſnare:
So ſhall my fair in either province ſhine,
To hold the rural crook, or guide the angler's line.

No more in ocean's weedy caves
The ſcaly tribe remains;
All cut, with eager fin, the waves,
All ruſh impatient to be ſlaves
In lovely Nyſa's chains.

The nymphs, in cryſtal waters bred,
Shall cull their precious ſtore,
Fair ſhells, and coral ſhining red,
In Nyſa's lap to pour.

THE

Digitized by Google

## THE DREAM.

SINCE oft in ſlumber comes the fair
To ſooth, with kindneſs, every care
I ſuffer for her ſake:
Ah! Love, my ſtate with juſtice view;
Make all my bliſsful viſions true,
Or let me never wake!

Upon the margin of a lonely ſtream,
I ſate at early morn's firſt purple beam,
And dream'd (though yet methought 'twas not a dream)
I ſaw thee, Phyllis, at my ſide:
I ſeem'd the notes of birds to hear,
The tinkling ſound of waters near,
And whiſpering leaves that to the wind replied.
Then gazing on thoſe lovely eyes,
I ſoon perceiv'd the wonted tumults riſe:
My pulſe beat quick; but when my Phyllis ſhow'd
A pity, ne'er till then beſtow'd,
I fear'd, alas! the whole might prove
An idle phantom of deluding love.
What flattering words my fair one ſpoke!
And from her lips what rapturous accents broke!
Ah! how thoſe trembling glances ſeem'd to impart
The tendereſt wiſhes of the heart.



Digitized by Google

O! didſt thou know what power thoſe eyes can arm,
When pity gives their beams a ſofter charm;
Ah! Phillis, never, never more
Should I thy cruelty deplore.
What then within my boſom wrought,
What then I ſaid, what then I thought,
No tongue can tell—but this I know,
On that dear hand of living ſnow
A thouſand kiſſes I beſtow'd,
While on thy cheek the modeſt roſes glow'd.
When ſudden from the neighbouring brake
I heard the rattling branches ſhake:
I turn'd, and turning I beheld
My rival, half from view conceal'd;
Philenus, who with looks of jealous ſpite,
And envy in his ſoul, had mark'd my ſtoln delight.
With mingled anger and ſurpriſe,
My ſtruggling paſſions ſeem'd to riſe,
Till ſleep diſpell'd and all the viſion paſt,
I found that, even in dreams, my joys could never laſt!

'Tis true, that with the fleeting ſhades
My tranſient pleaſures fly;
But never, though the ſemblance fades,
Shall love, my Phyllis, die.

If

Digitized by Google

If ſleep, with momentary power,
Can bliſs in dreams excite;
feel, alas! my ſorrows more,
With day's returning light.

THE

Digitized by Google

## THE NAME.

On thee that name belov'd I write,
Inſcrib'd within my breaſt;
Fair laurel, Phœbus' chief delight,
By Phœbus ever bleſs'd!

As ſtill thy leaves unchang'd remain,
May Chloris prove to me:
But never let my hopes be vain,
Unfruitful found like thee.

Yes, happy plant! exalt thy ſtately head,
And with freſh verdure all thy branches ſpread;
While, with thy trunk below,
The name ador'd ſhall grow.
The nymphs who dwell in limpid floods,
The nymphs, who haunt the hanging woods;
And every Sylvan power,
In grot or tufted bower,
With one accord, ſhall each returning year,
To honour thee, in ruſtic dance appear.
To thy ſuperior claim ſhall yield
The leafy tenants of the wood and field:
The knotty oak and pine ſhall bend to thee,
The Idumæan palm and towering Alpine tree.



Digitized by Google

No wreath, but thine, ſhall bind my hair;
Shelter'd by thee, each live-long day,
I'll ſit and tune my amorous lay,
And every ſecret of my love declare.
'Tis thou, dear plant! alone ſhalt know
The grace my fair-one may beſtow:
To thee her anger I'll reveal;
Whate'er I think, whate'er I feel;
And all my varied ſcenes of mingled bliſs and woe.

May ſpring, in every charm array'd,
With conſtant bloom be thine;
And ſtretch'd beneath thy peaceful ſhade,
May never faithleſs ſwain be laid,
Or cruel Nymph recline.

No bird, of unpropitious flight,
Amidſt thy branches reſt;
But Philomel there only light,
To build her tuneful neſt.

SPRING

Digitized by Google

## SPRING.

O! HEAVEN! Philenus, ſee the mead renew
Its cheerful robe of verdant hue,
While every gladden'd eye perceives
The trees put forth their tender leaves;
And Zephyrus, with purple wing,
Flutters amid the boughs, the harbinger of ſpring.
The genial ſeaſon now, that nature warms,
Calls thee, alas! to camps and hoſtile arms;
How wilt thou then, diſtreſs'd Irene, give
Thy days to grief, and how without Philenus live!

Ye gentle gales! forbear to blow
In pity of Irene's woe;
Nor groves ſo ſoon your verdure ſhow
To clothe the naked ſpray.
For every flower's reviving bloom,
For every breeze that wafts perfume,
What ſighs my love muſt pay!

Ah wretch! who firſt from harmleſs ſteel deſign'd
A murderous weapon to deſtroy mankind,



Digitized by Google

And made of cruelty an art:
Sure baniſh'd from that ruthleſs heart,
Were ſoft humanity and love:
What more than madneſs could his boſom move,
A tender fair-one's fondneſs to forego,
For the ſtern threatenings of a ſavage foe?
Be not deceiv'd, Philenus; if the alarms
Of war and tumult for thy ſoul have charms,
Each lover has his wars and Love has too his arms.
In love muſt toil, through heat and cold,
Th' experienc'd, artful and the bold:
In love, ſurprizals, ſnares we meet;
Defence and ſkirmiſh and defeat;
Conqueſts and triumph in their turn:
We ſmile in peace, in anger burn;
But anger, ſwiftly put to flight;
And peace, that ever gives delight;
And triumph, undiſtinguiſh'd here,
Alike to vanquiſh'd and to victor dear:
And even the pains of love—but hark! from far
The trumpet ſounds a peal of war—
It calls thee hence—Ingrate! Ah! why
So ſudden from Irene fly?
I ſeek not to diſgrace thy name,
Ah! cruel! ſmall the boon I claim;
O! grant me but a look, and quit me then for fame.

Go,

Digitized by Google

Go, beſt belov'd! but ſtill in thine
  Preſerve Irene's days:
Go, but return in ſafety mine
  With all a victor's praiſe.

Where'er thou art, to me forlorn
  Some kind remembrance give;
And ſay, "My abſence doom'd to mourn,
  "Does poor Irene live?"

Digitized by Google

## THE RETURN.

WHAT means Irene, thus to meet,
And thus return'd Philenus greet?
Thy own Philenus, who ſo long believ'd
His diſtant exile mourn'd, is coldly thus receiv'd!
The ſame am I, but thee, alas! I find
Far different from the maid I left behind:
I left thee gentle then, but ſee thee now unkind!
What can this mean? Perchance the tongue
Of rival guile has done me wrong;
And thou, too eaſy to deceive,
Againſt thy lover's truth could lying tales believe.
But would Irene give to theſe an ear?
Irene, who ſo oft has prov'd my faith ſincere—
Ah! no—a rival's words deſpiſe,
And truſt alone thy piercing eyes;
They beſt can ſearch my ſoul through all diſguiſe.
By theſe my cauſe be tried;
My features read, and then decide.

Ah! who ſhall e'er this heart explore
Where all its ſecrets lie,
But ſhe, whoſe eyes with ſovereign power,
My inmoſt thoughts deſcry?

She

Digitized by Google

She firſt, when love, by fear ſuppreſs'd,
Scarce own'd the lover's name,
Could only pierce Philenus' breaſt,
Where glow'd the ſecret flame.

O! ill advis'd! for while my erring mind
In others ſeeks the cauſe to find
Of all my woes, in her alone
The cauſe of all my woes is known.
Not rigour now that boſom arms,
But pride, alas! of female charms.
When laſt we parted, ripening time
Had ſcarce matur'd her beauty's prime:
Her care was then her conqueſts to maintain,
And not perhaps the loweſt of her train,
To hold Philenus in her chain:
Meantime her form more lovely grew,
(Ill chance for me) and round her numerous lovers drew.
One calls her his delight, and THIS proclaims
The fair his life, and THAT his Goddeſs names.
In gentle murmurs one complains;
One pours his grief in dying ſtrains:
Her lips, that like the ruby glow,
Some praiſe; and ſome her breaſt of ſnow.
A thouſand cheeks grow pale before her glancing eye;
Her ſmile can make a thouſand ſigh:
She feels her ſway with ſecret joy,
And while new ſchemes her thoughts employ
On

Digitized by Google

On numbers ſtill to increaſe her power,
Ah me! ſhe ſcarce remembers poor Philenus more.

Still, fair Irene, call to mind
The faith to me you vow'd;
Reſtore, O! lov'd of all your kind,
The love you once beſtow'd.

O! Heaven, can life a comfort give?
Can hope henceforth be mine?
For whom, unhappy, ſhall I live,
If I your heart reſign?

FIRST

Digitized by Google

## FIRST LOVE.

ALAS! 'tis true, the gentle flame
That warms the bosom first and gives the lover's name,
Can ne'er with length of years expire,
Within still burns the smother'd fire:
But fearless while we danger court,
And with the sleeping embers sport,
A slender breath the sparks can raise,
Till from its ashes bursts the sudden blaze.

Ah! let me but a moment view
My dear, my lovely foe,
I feel the former warmth anew
Within my bosom glow.

For her again I breathe my sighs,
For her my death implore;
And ever in my fair-one's eyes
My destiny adore.

Not only in my Nysa's sight I burn
For Nysa's charms, but ah! where'er I turn,
New fuel for the flame I find;
And now I here recall to mind
How first she made my heart her slave;
And there, how first to me she gave

Her

Digitized by Google

Her plighted faith. This place has known
To me, O! Heaven! her anger ſhown;
And that has, in my happier thought,
Her kindneſs to remembrance brought.
That place preſents a lively ſcene of ſtrife;
And this of peace, that ſweetens life.
What more? The nymphs, whom oft to ſooth my pains,
I ſeem'd to woo in amorous ſtrains,
Even theſe remind me of the fair:
When Chloris' ſhape, or Sylvia's air,
Sometimes I praiſe, admire their grace
Of flowing locks or beauteous face;
Oft as my lips, in flattery tell
How theſe, how thoſe by turns excel,
My heart in whiſpers ſtill replies:
"But Nyſa, lovely Nyſa bears, from all, the prize."

Let her, who ſtill unrivall'd reigns,
Who taught me firſt the pleaſing pains,
My laſting homage take.
Whate'er I feel, no more I mourn,
Since bleſs'd is he, by fortune born
To ſigh for Nyſa's ſake.

TIMID

Digitized by Google

## TIMID LOVE.

WHAT would'ſt thou, O! my heart? What power
Has waken'd tumults there, unknown before?
And now thou ſtruggleſt in my breaſt
That ſcarce retains its panting gueſt,
And now thou ſeem'ſt awhile compos'd to reſt.
Ah! heart, that feels ſuch change by turns:
It freezes now, and now it burns;
And (ſtranger ſtill) can often find
At once th' effect of fire and froſt combin'd!
Is pain or pleaſure thine? O! ſay,
Does fear depreſs thee, or does courage ſway?
Ah! me, I now recall to mind the day
When firſt incautious I receiv'd the flame,
That from a piercing eye conſumes my vital frame.

Ah! well I know my heart betray'd
By beauty's powerful wiles,
Laments itſelf a priſoner made
To love's endearing ſmiles.

But ah! without a murmur ſtill
Be every pang ſuppreſs'd;
Nor dare, though wretched, to reveal
The affections of thy breaſt.

Then

Digitized by Google

Then muſt I ever languiſh, keep untold
My ſecret pains?—No, Love befriends the bold.
To her my lips ſhall now diſcloſe
The nymph for whom my paſſion glows:
I'll ſay thoſe eyes at firſt inſpir'd
My ſoul with love, and then to raſhneſs fir'd:
The guilt was theirs; yet nature's law allows
To plead compaſſion for our woes.
But ſhould ſhe thus my ſuit requite,
To drive me ever from her ſight!——
Inſtruct me, Heaven! I now would fain reveal
My ſecret love, and now as fain conceal.

Should'ſt thou, mild Zephyr, flutter nigh
The maid that rais'd my flame,
O! call thy breath a lover's ſigh,
But tell not whence it came.

Dear ſtream, if e'er thy waters glide
To grace my fair's abode,
O! ſay a lover's eyes ſupplied
The tears to ſwell thy cryſtal tide,
But tell not whence they flow'd.



Digitized by Google

## THE NEST OF LOVES.

Ask me thy beauties to admire,
Irene fair, thy ſuit obtain:
From me the ſighs of love require,
Irene fair thy ſuit is vain.

Thy winning wiles to conquer hearts,
Thy charms from me may wonder claim;
But neither charms nor winning arts
For me can amorous ſhackles frame.

Blame me not, courteous nymph, if I decline
Thy profferr'd grace,
To accept a place
In ſuch a heart as thine;
Irene's heart, a fruitful neſt that breeds
Innumerous Loves, where each to each ſucceeds.
One ſcarcely yet is pois'd upon his wings,
Swift-darting from the ſhell another ſprings,
While theſe, already born, the nurture give
To thoſe who but begin to live;
And theſe, ere long, their nurſelings find
In thoſe who yet remain behind.
And now, with thickening preſs,
The numbers ſo increaſe,

Archytas

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google